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# ANECDOTES

OF

# LITERATURE

AND

# SCARCE BOOKS.

BY THE REV.

*WILLIAM BELOE,*

TRANSLATOR OF HERODOTUS, &c.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

London:

PRINTED FOR F. C. AND J. RIVINGTON,
NO. 62, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH YARD;
*By Bye and Law, St. John's Square, Clerkenwell.*

1807.

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Few, if any, of these are to be found in the Collections of Songs which have been compiled by Dalrymple, Aikin, Ellis, Ritson, and others. Many seem well worth preserving, and from the extreme and increasing rarity of the works from which they are taken, are little likely to be presented to the inspection of the common reader. Nevertheless, I have not inserted them from my own judgment only. Many intelligent friends have thought with me, that they would form an acceptable portion of the work.

### SONG.

Let us sip, and let it slip
And go which way it will a;
Let us trip, and let us skip,
And let us drink our fill a.

*GBH
Beloe

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### SONG.

Let us sip, and let it slip
  And go which way it will a;
Let us trip, and let us skip,
  And let us drink our fill a.

Take the cup, and drink all up,
Give me the can to fill a;
Every sup, and every cup,
Hold here and my good will a.
Gossip mine and gossip thine,
Now let us gossip still a;
Here is good wine, this ale is fine;
Now drink of which you will a,
Round about, till all be out,
I pray you let us swill a.
This jolly grout is jolly and stout,
I pray you stout it still a;
Let us laugh, and let us quaff,
Good drinkers think none ill a;
Here is your bag, here is your staffe,
Be packing to the mill a.

## SONG

Though pinching be a privie pain,
To want desire, that is but vain,
Though some be curst, and some be kind,
Subdue the worst with patient mind.

Who sits so hie, who sits so low?
Who feels such joy, that feels no wo?
When bale is bad, good boot is ny,
Take all adventures patiently.

To marrie a sheep, to marrie a shrew,
To meet with a friend, to meet with a foe,
These checke of chance can no man flie,
But God himself that rules the skie.

Which God preserve our noble Queen
From perilus chance that hath been seen,
And send her subjects grace, say I,
To serve her Highnesse patiently.

From the Play of Tom Tyler and his Wife, in black letter, of which the original edition was printed in 1598; and the second impression, from which the above was copied, in the Garrick Collection, is dated 1661.

## SONG

### OF NIGHT.

1.

In wet and cloudy mists I slowly rise,
As with mine owne dull weight opprest,
To close with sleep the jealous lovers eyes,
And give forsaken virgins rest.

2.

Th' adventrous merchant and the mariner,
Whom stormes all day vex in the deep,
Beginne to trust the windes when I appeare,
And lose their dangers in their sleep.

3.

The studious that consume their brains and sight,
In search where doubtful knowledge lies,
Grow wearie of their fruitlesse use of light,
And wish my shades to ease their eyes.

4.

The ambitious toyling statesman that prepares
Great mischiefes ere the day begins,
Nor measures day by houres, but by his cares,
And Night must intermit his sinnes.

5.

Then why when my slow chariot used to clime,
Did old mistaking sages weepe?
As if my empire did usurpe their time,
And houres were lost when spent in sleep.

6.

I come to ease their labours, and prevent
That wearinesse which would destroy;
The profit of their toyles are still mispent,
Till rest enables to enjoy.

The above is taken from LUMINALIA or the Festival of Light. A Masque, presented at Court, on Shrove Tuesday night. 1637.

## SONG.

1.

Now fie on Love, it ill befits,
Or man and woman know it,
Love was not meant for people in their wits,
And they that fondly shew it
Betray their too much featherd brains,
And shall have only Bedlam for their pains.

2.

To love is to distract my sleep,
And waking to wear fetters;
To love is but to go to school to weep;
I'll leave it for my betters.
If single love be such a curse,
To marry is to make it ten times worse.

From the Careless Shepherdess, a Tragi-Comedy, acted before the King and Queen, and at Salisbury Court. 1656.

SONG.

Golden slumbers kisse your eyes,
Smiles awake you when you rise;
Sleepe, pretty wanton, doe not cry,
And I will sing a lullabie,
Rock then, rock then, lullabie.

Care is heavy, therefore sleepe you;
You are care, and care must keepe you;
Sleepe, pretty wanton, doe not cry,
And I will sing a lullabie.
Rocke then, rocke then, lullabie,

From The Pleasant Commody of Patient Grissil. 1603.

SONET.

His golden lockes Time hath to silver turned;
O Time too swift, O swiftnesse never ceasing:
His youth gainst Time and Age hath ever spurned,
But spurnd in vain, Youth waineth by increasing.
Beauty, Strength, Youth are flowers, bnt fading seen,
Dutie, Faith, Love, are roots, and ever greene.

His helmet now shall make a hive for bees,
And lovers sonets turned to holy psalmes;
A man at arms must now serve on his knees,
And feede on praiers which are age his almes.
But though from court to cottage he depart,
His saint is sure of his unspotted heart.

And when he saddest sits in homely cell,
Heele teach his swaines this carroll for a song:
*Blest be the hearts that wish my Sovereign well,*
*Curst be the soules that think her any wrong.*
Goddesse allow this aged man his right,
To be your beadsman now that was your knight.

From POLYHYMNIA, describing the honourable triumph at Tylt, before Her Majestie on the 17 of Nov. &c. &c. 1590.

## SONG *at the* Lord Mayor's *Table.*

1.

*The storm is all over, a Halcyon Calm*
*Has smooth'd the rough face of the Sea:*
*Crown every glass with a garland of Palm,*
*The emblem of victory.*
*Great* Jove *the proud* Titans *subdu'd in a trice,*
That we might for ever, for ever rejoyce.

CHORUS.

Then a health to that one whom Heav'n to the Throne,
Did in spite of Pretenders restore:
May the friends of the Crown be install'd with renown,
And his enemies hang at the door.

2.

With courage and conduct our Cæsar endow'd,
Did the factious band overcome,
Surprize their great Dagon, the God of the Crowd,
And brought him a captive home.
Great Jove has the Cyclops a sacrifice made,
No more on the rights of his throne to invade.
Then a health, &c.

3.

When steel-daring giants made war with the Gods,
Their thunder the slaves did despise;
But when the Cælestials had gotten the odds,
Their throne they secur'd in the skies.
His friends have exalted our Jove in his sphear,
But the fall of the rebels hath setled him there.
Then a health, &c.

From Londons Annual Triumph, by Matt. Taubman. 1685.

## SONG.

Haymakers, rackers, reapers and mowers,
Waite on your Summer-Queen;
Dresse up with musk-rose her eglantine bowers
Daffadills strew the greene.
Sing, dance, and play,
Tis holy day;
The sun does bravely shine
On our ears of corn;
Rich as a pearle
Coms every girle.

This is mine, this is mine, this is mine;
Let us die, ere away they be born.

Bow to the Sun, to our Queen, and that fair one,
Com to behold our sports,
Each bonny lasse here is counted a rare one,
As those in princes courts.
These and wee,
With countrie glee,
Will teach the woods to resound,
And the hills with ecchos hollow;
Skipping lambs,
Their bleating dams,
Mongst kids shall trip it round,
For joy thus our wenches we follow.

Winde jolly huntsmen your neat bugles shrilly,
Hounds make a lustie crie,
Spring up you faulconers the partridges freely,
Then let your brave hawks flie.
Horses amain,
Over ridg, over plain,
The dogs have the stag in chace,
'Tis a sport to content a king.
So ho ho through the skies,
How the proud bird flies.
And sowcing kills with a grace,
How the deer falls, hark how they ring.

From the Suns Darling, by John Foard and Thomas Decker. 1656.

SONG.

## SONG.

1.

You powerful Gods, if I must be
An injured offring to Loves Deity,
Grant my revenge, this plague on men,
That women ne'er may love agen.
Then I'le with joy submit unto my fate,
Which by your justice gives their empire date.

2.

Depose that proud insulting boy,
Who most is pleased when he can most destroy.
O let the world no longer governed be
By such a blind and childish Deity:
For if you Gods be in your power severe,
We shall adore you, not from love, but fear.

3.

But if you'll his divinity maintain,
O're men, false men, confine his tort'ring reign;
And when their hearts loves greatest torments prove,
Let that not pity, but our laughter move.
Thus scorned and lost to all their wishes aim,
Let Rage, Despair, and Death, then end their flame.

From Marcelia, or the Treacherous Friend, by Mrs. F. C. Boothby. 1670.

## TOBACCO.

Tobaccos a Musician,
And in a pipe delighteth;
It descends in a close,
Through the organs of the nose,
With a rellish that inviteth.
This makes me sing so ho, so ho boyes,
Ho boyes sound I loudly,
Earth neer did breed
Such a jovial weed,
Whereof to boast so proudly.

Tobacco is a Lawyer,
His pipes do love long cases,
When our braines it enters,
Our feete do make indentures;
While we seale with stamping paces.
This makes me sing, &c.

Tobaccos a Physician,
Good both for sound and sickly;
Tis a hot perfume,
That expells cold rheume,
And makes it flow downe quickly.
This makes me sing, &c.

Tobacco is a Traveller,
Come from the Indies hether;
It passed sea and land,
Ere it came to my hand,
And scaped the wind and weather.
This makes me sing, &c.

TOBACCO is a Critticke,
That still old paper turneth,
Whose labour and care,
Is as smoke in the aire,
That ascends from a rag when it burneth.
This makes me sing, &c.

TOBACCOS an ignis fatuus
A fat and fyrie vapour,
That leads men about
Till the fire be out,
Consuming like a taper.
This makes me sing, &c.

TOBACCO is a Whyffler,
And cries huff snuff with furie,
His pipes, his club and linke,
Hes the wiser that does drinke;
Thus armed I fear not a furie.
This makes me sing so ho, so ho, boyes,
Ho boyes sound I loudly;
Earth nere did breed
Such a jovial weed,
Whereof to boast so proudly.

From TEXNOTAMIA, or the Marriage of the Arts, by Barten Holiday. 1618.

## SONG.

### TO HIS LUTE.

And then sweete muse, from whence there flowes,
Wordes able to expresse our ill,
Teach me to warble out my woes,
And with a sigh each accent fill.

Infuse

Infuse my breast with doleful straines,
Whose heavy note may speake my paines.
Oh let me sigh, and sighing weepe,
Till night deprive my woes with sleepe.

The pleasing murmurers of the ayre,
That gently fanne each moving thing,
I being heard, straight doe repayre,
And beare a burden whilst I sing;
An heavy burden, doleful song,
The fathers griefe, the subjects wrong.
Oh let me sigh, and sighing weepe,
Till night beguiles my woes with sleepe.

The grieved FLORA hangs the head
Of every youthful plant and tree;
And flowry pleasures are starke dead,
At my lamenting melody.
Then all you muses keepe my straine,
To reach the depth of bitter paine.
Oh let me sigh, and sighing weepe,
Till night beguiles my woes with sleepe.

Methinkes I heare the singing spheares,
Tune their melodious straines to mine,
The deawie clouds dissolve in teares,
As if they grieved to see me pine.
Thus each thing joynes to helpe my moane,
Thus seldom come true sighs alone.
Then let me sigh, and sighing weepe,
Till night beguiles my woes with sleepe.

From the Raging Turke, or Bajazet the Second, by Thomas Goffe. 1631.

SONG.

## SONG.

Though little be the God of Love,
Yet his arrows mighty are,
And his victories above
What the valiant reach by war.
Nor are his limits with the skie,
Ore the milky way he'll fly,
And sometimes wound a Deity.
Apollo once the Python slew,
But a keener arrow flew
From Daphnes eye, and made a wound,
For which the God no balsome found.
One smile of Venus too did more
On Mars than armies could before:
If a warme fit thus pull him downe,
How will she shake him with a frown.
Thus Love can fiery spirits tame,
And when he please cold rocks inflame.

From Cupid and Death. A Private Entertainment, by T. S. 1659.

## SONG.

Victorious men of earth, no more
Proclaime how wide your empires are.
Though you bind in every shore,
And your triumphs reach as far
As night or day;
Yet you proud monarchs must obey,
And mingle with forgotten ashes, when
Death calls ye to the croud of common men.

Devouring

Devouring famine, plague, and war,
Each able to undo mankind,
Deaths servile emissaries are;
Nor to these alone confined,
He hath at will,
More quaint and subtle waies to kill,
A smile or kiss, as he will use the art,
Shall have the cunning skill to break a heart.

From the same.

## SONG.

It hath bene a proverbe before I was borne,
Yong doth it pricke that wyll be a thorne.

Who will be evill, or who will be good,
Who geven to truth, or who to falshood,
Eche bodies youth sheweth a great likelihood,
For yong doth it pricke that will be a thorne.

Who so in youth will no goodnesse embrace,
But folow pleasure, and not vertues trace,
Great mervaile it is, if such come to grace,
For yong doth it pricke that will be a thorne.

Suche as in youth will refuse to be taught,
Or will be slacke to work as he ought,
When they come to age, their proofe will be nought,
For yong doth it pricke that will be a thorne.

If a childe have bene given to any vice,
Except he be guided by such as be wyse,
He will thereof all his lyfe have a spice,
For yong doth it pricke that will be a thorne.

It hath bene a proverbe before I was borne,
For yong doth it pricke that wyll be a thorne.

From A newe mery and wittie Comedie or Enterlude, treating upon the Historie of Jacob and Esau. 1568.

CANTUS.

1.

If I freely may discover
What would please me in my lover,
I would have her faire and wittie,
Savouring more of Court than Cittie;
A little proude, but full of pittie,
Light and humourous in her toying;
Oft building hopes, and soone destroying,
Long but sweete in the enjoying;
Neither too easie nor too harde,
All extreames I would have barde.

2.

Shee should be allowed her passions,
So they were but usd as fashions;
Sometimes froward, and then frowning;
Sometimes sickish, and then swowning,
Every fit with change still crowning;
Purely jelous I would have her,
Then only constant when I crave her,
Tis a vertue should not save her.
Thus nor her delicates would cloy mee,
Neither her peevishnesse annoy mee.

From Poetaster, by Ben Jonson. 1602.

## LOVES DUET.

Cupid all his arts did prove
To invite my heart to love,
But I alwayes did delay
His mild summons to obey,
Being deaf to all his charms.
Strait the God assumes his arms,
With his bow and quiver he
Takes the field to duel me.
Armed like Achilles, I
With my shield alone defie
His bold challenge, as he cast
His golden darts, I as fast
Catchd his arrows in my shield,
Till I made him leave the field;
Fretting and disarmed then,
The angry God returns agen
All his flames; stead of a dart
Throws himself into my heart;
Useless I my shield require,
When the fort is all on fire;
I in vain the field did win,
Now the enemys within.
Thus betrayd, at last I cry,
Love, thou hast the victory.

From Loves Labyrinth, or the Royal Shepherdess, by Thomas Forde. 1660.

## SONG.

## SONG.

How I laugh at their fond wish,
Whose desire
Aymes nō higher
Than the bayts of Midas dish.

What is gold but yellow durt?
Which th' unkind
Heavens refined,
When they made us love our hurt.

Would to heaven that I might steepe
My faint eyes
In the wise
In the gentle dew of sleepe,

Whose effects doe frese us so,
That we deeme
It does seeme
Both deaths brother and his foe.

This does always with us keepe,
And being dead,
Thats not fled,
Death is but a longer sleepe.

From the very excellent Tragedy of SFORZA, Duke of Milan, by Robert Gomersall. 1633.

## SONG.

Come ye young men, come along,
With your musique, dance and song,

Bring your lasses in your hands,
For tis that which Love commands;
Then to the Maypole come away,
For it is now a holiday.

It is the choice time of the year,
For the vi'lets now appear;
Now the rose receives its birth,
And prettie primrose decks the earth.
Then to the Maypole come away,
For it is now a holiday.

Here each batchelor may chuse
One that will not faith abuse,
Nor repay with coy disdain,
Love that should be loved again.
Then to the Maypole, &c.

And when you well reckoned have,
What kisses you your sweethearts gave,
Take them all again, and more,
It will never make them poor.
Then to the Maypole, &c.

When you thus have spent the time,
Till the day be past its prime,
To your beds repaire at night,
And dreame there of your days delight.
Then to the Maypole come away,
For it is now a holiday.

From Actæon and Diana, by Robert Cox. No date.

## SONG.

What bird so sings, yet so does wail,
Tis Philomel the Nightingale.
Jugg, jugg, jugg, Terue she cries,
And hating earth to heaven she flies—Cuckow.
Ha ha hark, hark, the Cuckows sing
Cuckow to welcom in the spring.

Brave prick song, who ist now we hear,
Tis the larks silver leer a leer.
Cherup the sparrow flies away,
For hee fell toot ere break of day.
Ha ha hark, hark, the Cuckows sing
Cuckow to welcom in the spring.

From the Suns Darling. A moral Masque, by John Foard and Thomas Decker. 1657.

This song also occurs in Lylys Alexander and Campaspe.

## ON THE DEPARTURE OF SPRING.

Here lies the blith Spring,
Who first taught birds to sing,
Yet in April herself fell a crying.
Then May growing hot,
A sweating sickness she got,
And the first of June lay a dying;
Yet no month can say
But her merry daughter, May,

Stuck her coffin with flowers great plenty.
The Cuckow sung in verse
An Epitaph ore her herse,
But assure you the lines were not dainty.

From the same.

## SONG.

Ye little birds that sit and sing
Amidst the shadie valleyes,
And see how Phillis sweetly walkes
Within her garden alleyes.
Goe pretie birds about her bowre,
Sing pretie birds, she may not lowre.
Ah me, me thinkes I see her frowne,
Ye pretie wantons warble.

Go tell her through your chirping billes,
As you by me are bidden,
To her is only knowne my love,
Which from the world is hidden.
Goe pretie birds and tell her so,
See that your notes straine not too low,
For still me thinke I see her frowne;
Ye pretie wantons warble.

Goe tune your voices harmonie,
And sing I am her Lover;
Straine lowde and sweet, that every note,
With sweet content may move her;
And shee that hath the sweetest voyce,
Tell her I will not change my choice,
Yet still me thinkes I see her frowne;
Ye pretie wantons warble.

O flie, make haste, see see she falles
Into a pretie slumber;
Sing round about her rosie bed,
That waking she may wonder;
Say to her tis her lover true,
That sendeth love to you to you;
And when you heare her kinde reply,
Returne with pleasant warblings.

From the Fayre Maide of the Exchange. 1615.

## SONG.

Goe walke the path of plaint; goe wander wretched now
In uncoth waies, blind corners, fit for such a wretch as thou.
There feede upon thy woe, fresh thoughts shall be thy fare;
Musing shall be thy waiting maide, thy carver shall be care;
Thy dainty dishe shall be of fretting melancholie,
And broken sobs, with hollow sighs, thy savery sauce shall be.

From the Rare Triumphs of Love and Fortune. A unique copy in possession of Lord Stafford.

## SONG.

Peace, wayward bairn: O cease thy mone,
Thy far more wayward daddys gone,
And never will recalled be,
By cries of either thee or me.

For should we cry
Until we dye,
We could not scant his cruelty.
Bellow, Bellow, &c.

He needs might in himself foresee
What thou successively mightst be,
And could he then though me foregoe,
His infant leave, ere he did know
How like the dad
Would be the lad,
In time to make fond maidens glad.
Bellow, Bellow.

From the Northern Lass, or the Nest of Fools, 1606,

## SONG.

Come pious mourner, pray no more,
But let the Gods alone,
You favours endlessly implore,
But will be granting none.

Can you expect from any king,
To gain whatere you crave;
Who dare, when you your offerings bring,
Torment and wound his slave?

You ask of heaven eternal crowns,
As your devotions due;
And yet can wound me with your frowns,
For asking smiles of you.

From

From the Destruction of Jerusalem, by Mr. Crowne. 1677.

## BEGGARS SONG.

To the wedding, to the wedding, to the wedding go we,
To the wedding a begging, a begging all three,
Tom Beggar shall brave it, and Willy will too,
Simplicite shall knave it where ever we go,
With lustily bravado take care that care will,
To catch it and snatch it we have the brave skill.

Our fingers are lime twigges, and barbers we be,
To catch sheetes fra hedges most pleasant to see;
Then to the alewife roundly we set them to sale,
And spend the money merily upon her good ale.
To the wedding, to the wedding, to the wedding go we,
To the wedding a begging, a begging all three.

From a pythie and pleasant Comœdie of the Three Ladies of London. In black letter. Written by R. W. 1592.

## SONG.

New broomes, greene broomes, will you buy any;
Come maidens, come quickly, let me take a penny.
My broomes are not steeped
But very well bound,
My broomes be not crooked
But smooth cut and round,

I wish it should please you
To buy of my broome,
Then would it well ease me
If market were done.

Have you any old bootes
Or any old shoes,
Pouch, rings, or bussins,
To cope for new broomes?
If so you have maydens,
I pray you bring hither,
That you and I friendly
May bargen together.
New brooms, greene broomes, will you buy any,
Come maydens, come quickly, let me take a penny.

From the same.

## SONG.

Happy times we live to see,
Whose master is simplicity;
This is the age where blessings flow,
In joy we reape, in woe wee sow;
Wee doe good deeds without delay,
Wee promise and we keepe our day;
We love for vertue, not for wealth;
Wee drinke no healths, but all for health;
Wee sing, wee dance, wee pipe, wee play,
Our works continuall holiday;
Wee live in poore contented sort,
Yet neither beg nor come at Court.

From

From a Courtly Masque, or the World lost at Tennis. By Middleton and Rowley. 1620.

## SONG.

We care not for money, riches or wealth,
Old sack is our money, old sack is our health.
Then lets flock hither
Like birds of a feather,
To drinke, to fling,
To laugh and sing,
Conferring our notes together,
Conferring our notes together.

Come let us laugh, let us drinke, let us sing,
The winter with us is as good as the spring.
We care not a feather
For wind or for weather,
But night and day
We sport and play,
Conferring our notes together,
Conferring our notes together.

From Aristippus, or the Jovial Philosopher, in 1630.

## SONG.

Slaves are they that heape up mountains,
Still desiring more and more;
Still lets carouse in Bacchus fountaines,
Never dreaming to be poore.

Give

Give us then a cup of liquor,
Fille it up unto the brim,
For then methinkes my wits grow quicker,
When my braines in liquor swim.

From the same.

## DUET.

### PARIS AND ŒNONE.

ŒNONE.

Faire and fayre, and twise so faire,
As fayre as any may be;
The fayrest sheepeherd on our greene,
A love for anie ladie.

PARIS.

Faire and faire, and twise so fayre,
As fayre as anie may bee;
Thy love is fayre for thee alone,
And for no other ladie.

ŒNONE.

My love is faire, my love is gaie,
As fresh as vine, the flowers in May;
And of my love my roundelaye,
My merrie, merrie, merrie roundelaye
Concludes with Cupids curse.
They that doe chaunge olde love for newe,
Pray Gods they chaunge for worse.
My love can pype, my love can sing,
My love can manie a prettie thing;
And of his lovelie praises ring

My

My merrie, merrie roundelayes,
Ambo—They that do chaunge,
&c. &c. &c.

From the Araygnement of Paris. 1584.

## ŒNONES COMPLAINT.

Melpomenie, the muse of tragicke songes,
With moornefull tunes in stile of dismall hue,
Assist a sillie nymph to wayle her woe,
And leave thy lustie companie behinde.

Thou luckles wreath becomes not me to weare,
The poplar tree for triumphe of my love;
Then as my joye, my pride of love is lefte,
Be thou uncloathed of thy lovelie greene.

And in thy leaves my fortune written bee,
And then some gentle winde let blowe abroade,
That all the worlde may see how false of love,
False Paris hath to his Œnone bene.

From the same.

## SONG.

Have pitty, Griefe, I cannot pay
The tribute which I owe thee, teares;
Alas, these fountaines are growne dry,
And tis in vain to hope supply
From others eyes, for each man beares
Enough about him of his owne,
To spend his stock of teares upon.

Wooe

Wooe then the heavens gentle love
To melt a cloude for my reliefe,
Or wooe the deepe, or wooe the grave,
Wooe what thou wilt, so I may have
Wherewith to pay my debt, for griefe
Has vowd unlesse I quickly pay,
To take both life and love away.

From the Rival Friends, by Pet. Hausted. 1632.

## SONG.

A beggars a prince, we gather from hence,
We are not confined as some princes be;
Though we are not so rich,
We've as princely an itch,
And my mind, my mind is a kingdom to me.

We loose no great purses,
Nor have not the curses
Of orphans, or widowes, or poor courtiers;
And before that I shall from a dignity fall,
Till be eight times, nine times, ten hundred years.

We scorn at their jears,
And live not in fears
Of being impressed by black rod or tower;
And for the stocks, of itself it unlocks
Within the space of a mery short hour.

From the Life of Mother Shipton, by T. T. 1610.

SONG.

## SONG.

Be not so cruell, fairest boy,
But unstring thy golden bow;
In love we must expect no joy,
Nothing there but sorrows flow.
If thy flaming arrow did
But touch, yet it still appeares,
We must for ever after bid
Farewell joyes and welcome teares;
Tell us, then tell us, where doth grow,
The harbe that cures the wounded eye;
Else we must cry alas and woe,
Theres no such herbe that growes and dyes.

From the Swaggering Damsell, by R. C. 1640.

## SONG.

Vertues braunches wither, vertue pines,
O pittie, pittie, and alacke the time,
Vice doth florish, vice in glorie shines,
Her gilded boughes above the cedar clime.
Vice hath golden chekes, O pittie, pittie,
She in every land doth monarchize,
Vertue is exiled from every cittie;
Vertue is a foole, Vice onely wise;
O pittie, pittie, Vertue weeping dies.
Vice laughs to see her faint, alacke the time,
This sinckes, with painted wings the other flies.
Alacke, that best should fall, and bad should clime.
O pittie,

O pittie, pittie, pittie mourne, not sing,
Vice is a saint, Vertue an underling.
Vice doth florish, Vice in glorie shines,
Vertues braunches wither, Vertue pines.

From the Comedie of Old Fortunatus. In black letter. 1600.

## SONG.

With amorous wiles and perjured eyes,
False Damon did me move,
Like charming winds his kindling sighs
First fanned me into love;
My thriving passion he did feed
Whilst it was young and slight;
But ah! when there was greatest need,
Alas! he starves it quite.

Was ever more injustice known,
O Damon, prithee say,
To fit my heart for thee alone,
And cast it now away:
Henceforth my passion I shall hate,
Cause it gained none for me;
Yet love it too, such is my fate,
Because it was for thee.

Thy heart I never will upbraid,
Altho it mine did kill;
Ah! think upon an injured maid
Thats forced to love thee still.

But Justice may the tables turn
In vindicating me;
And then with equal torments burn
For one who loves not thee.

From Henry the Third of France, by Thomas Shipman. 1678.

SONG.

Life is but short, hope not therein,
Vertue immortall seek for to win.
Who so to vertue doth apply,
Good fame and honour must obtain,
And also live eternally,
For vertuous life this is the gaine.
Life is but short, &c.

Gods promise sure will never faile,
His holy word is a perfect ground,
The forte of vertue, oh man assaile,
Where tresure alway doth abound.
Life is but short.

To thee alone be laud and praise,
Oh Lord, thou art so mercifull,
Who never failed at all essaies,
To aid and help the pitifull.
Life is but short, &c.

From a pleasant Enterlude, entitled Like will to Like, quoth the Devill to the Collier. In black letter. 1587.

SONG.

## SONG.

Love for such a cherrie lip
Would be glad to pawne his arrows;
Venus heere to take a sip
Would sell her doves and teeme of sparrows.
But they shall not so,
Hey nony, nony no,
None but I thy lip must owe,
Hey nony, nony no.

Hey nony, nony no:
Did Jove see this wanton eye,
Ganemede must waite no longer;
Phœbe heere one night did lye,
Would change her face and looke much younger.
But they shall not so,
Hey nony, nony no,
None but I this lip must owe,
Hey nony, nony no.

From Blurt Master-Constable, or the Spaniards Night Walke. 1602.

## SONG.

When Celadon gave up his heart
A tribute to Astreas eyes,
She smiled to see so fair a prize,
Which beauty had obtained more than art,
But jealousy did seemingly destroy
Her cheerful comfort and her cheerful joy.

Base

Base jealousy, that still dost move
In opposition to all bliss,
And teachest those to do amiss,
Who think by thee they tokens give of love;
But if a lover ever will gain mee,
Let him love much but fly all jealousy.

From the Villain, a Tragedy, by T. Porter, Esq. 1663.

## SONG.

What thing is Love? for sure I am it is a thing,
It is a prick, it is a thing, it is a prettie prettie thing,
It is a fire, it is a coale, whose flame creeps in at every hoale.
And as my wits do best devise,
Loves dwelling is in ladies eies.

From Doctor Dodepoll. 1600.

## SONG.

Hey dery dery, with a lusty dery,
Hoigh Mistresse Mary, I pray you be mery.

Your pretie person we may compare to Lais,
A morsel for princes and nobler kynges,
In beautie you excell the fayre ladie Thais,
You excede the beautifull Helene in all thyngs,
To behold your face who can be wearie?
Hoigh my Mistresse Mary, I pray you be merie.

The haire of your head shyneth as the pure gold,
Your eyes as glasse, and right amiable;
Your smylyng countenance, so lovely to behold;
To us all is moste pleasant and delectable;
Of your commendations who can be wearie?
Hussa, my Mistresse Mary, I pray you be merie.

Your lyps are rudde as the reddy rose,
Your teeth as white as ever was the whales bone;
So cleare, so swete, so fayre, so good, so freshe, so gay;
In all Jurie truely at this day there is none.
With a lusty voyce sing we dery dery.
Hussa, Mistresse Mary, I pray you be merie.

From the Enterlude of the Life and Repentaunce of Maria Magdalene, by Lewis Wager. 1567.

O lustie lovesome lamp of licht,
Your bonynes, your bewtie bricht,
Your staitly stature trym and ticht,
With gesture grave and gude,
Your countenance, your collour cleir,
Your laughing lips, your smyling cheir,
Your properties doss all appeir
My senses to illude.

When I your bewtie doe behold,
I must unto your fairnes fold;
I dow not flie, howbeit I wold,
But bound I must be yours.

For you, sweit hart, I wold forsaik
The Empryce for to be my maik;
Therefore, dear dove, some pitie take,
And save me from the showres.

Dame na ill of my age my dow,
Ile play the youkeris part to yow,
First try the trueth, then may ye trow,
If I minde to desave.
For gold nor geir ye sall not want,
Sweit hart with me theeres be no scant,
Therefore some grace unto me grant,
For courtesie I crave.

From a verie excellent and delectable Treatise, intitulit Philotus. Edinburgh. 1612.

## SONG.

Weepe, weepe, ye wod-men waile,
Your hands with sorrow wring,
Your master Robin Hood lies deade,
Therefore sigh as you sing.

Here lies his primer and his beades,
His bent bowe, and his arrowes keene,
His good sworde, and his holy crosse.
Now cast on flowers fresh and greene.

And as they fall, shed teares and say,
Wella, wella day, wella, wella day,
Thus cast yee flowers, and sing,
And on to Wakefield take your way.

From the Death of Robert, Earle of Huntington. 1601.

## BRIDAL SONG.

Comforts lasting, loves increasing,
Like soft houres never ceasing,
Plenties pleasure, peace complying,
Without jarres or tongues envying,
Hearts by holy union wedded,
More than theirs by custome bedded,
Fruitful issues, life so graced,
Not by age to be defaced,
Budding as the year ensueth,
Every spring another youth,
All that thought can add beside,
Crowne this bridegroome and this bride.

From the Broken Heart. 1633.

## SONG.

Now what is love I will thee tell,
It is the fountain and the well,
Where pleasure and repentance dwell;
It is perhaps the passing bell,
That rings all into heaven or hell;
And this is love, and this is love, as I heare tell.

Now what is love I will you show,
A thing that creeps and cannot goe,

A thing

A thing for me and a thing for moe;
And he that proves shall find it so:
And this is love, and this is love, sweet friend I tro.

From the Rape of Lucrece, by Thomas Heywood. 1630.

## SONG.

Why since we souldiers cannot prove,
And griefe it is to us therefore;
Let every man get him a love,
To trim her well, and fight no more.

That we may taste of lovers blisse,
Be mery and blith, embrace and kisse,
That ladies may say, some more of this,
That ladies may say, some more of this.

Since Court and Cittie both grow proud,
And safely you delight to heare,
Wee in the country will us shroud,
Who lives to please both eye and eare.

The nightingale sings jug, jug, jug,
The little lamb leaps after his dug,
And the prety milk-maids the looke so snug,
And the prety milk-maids the looke so snug.

From the same.

## SONG.

O cruel Love, on thee I lay
My curse, which shall strike blinde the day;
Never may sleepe with velvet hand,
Charme these eyes with sacred wand,
Thy jaylours shall be hopes and feares,
Thy prison mates, grones sighes and teares,
Thy play to weare out weary times,
Phantastike passions, vowes and rimes,
Thy bread bee frownes, thy drinke bee gall,
Such as when you Phao call.
Thy sleepe fond dreames, thy dreames long care,
Hope, like thy foole at thy beds head,
Mockes thee till madnesse strike thee dead.
As Phao thou dost mee with thy proud eyes,
In thee poore Sapho lives, for thee she dies.

From Lilys Sapho and Phao.

## SONG BY VULCAN.

My shag-haire Cyclops, come, lets ply
Our Lemnian hammers lustily.
By my wifes sparrowes
I sweare these arrowes,
Shall singing fly
Through many a wantons eye.

These headed are with golden blisses,
These silver ones featherd with kisses.

But

But this of lead
Strikes a clowne dead,
When in a dance
Hee falls in a trance.
To see his black-brown lasse not busse him,
And then whines out for death t'untrusse him.

From the same.

## SONG TO CUPID BOUND.

O yes, O yes, if any maid,
Whom lering Cupid has betraid
To frownes of spite, to eyes of scorne,
And would in madnesse now see torne
The boy in pieces, let her come
Hither, and lay on him her doome.

O yes, O yes, has any lost
A heart which many a sigh hath cost,
Is any cozened of a teare,
Which as a pearle disdaine does weare;
Here stands the thiefe, let her but come
Hither, and lay on him her doome.

Is any one undone by fire,
And turned to ashes through desire.
Did ever any ladie weepe,
Being cheated of her golden sleepe
Stoln by sicke thoughts, the pirats found,
And in her teares he shall be drown'd.
Read his inditement, let him heare
What hees to trust to. Boy give eare.

From Lilys Gallathea.

## SONG.

My Daphnes haire is twisted gold,
Bright starres a piece her eyes do hold,
My Daphnes brow enthrones the Graces;
My Daphnes beauty staines all faces.
On Daphnes cheeke grow rose and cherry,
But Daphnes lip a sweeter berry.
Daphnes snowy hand but touchd does melt,
And then no heavenlier warmth is felt.
My Daphnes voice tunes all the spheres,
My Daphnes musick charmes all eares.
Fond am I thus to sing her prayse,
These glories now are turned to bayes.

From Lilys Midas.

## SONG BY PAN.

Pans Syrinx was a girle indeed,
Though now shees turned into a reed.
From that deare reed Pans pipe does come,
A pipe that strikes Apollo dumbe;
Nor flute, nor lute, nor gitterne can
So chant it as the pipe of Pan.
Crosse-gartered swaines and dairie girles,
With faces snug and round as pearles,
When Pans shrill pipe begins to play,
With dancing weare out night and day;
The bagpipes drone his hum layes by,
When Pan sounds up his minstrelsie.

His minstrelsie, O base! this quill,
Which at my mouth with winde I fill,
Puts me in minde though her I misse,
That still my Syrinx lips I kisse.

From the same.

## SONG.

Sing to Apollo, God of day,
Whose golden beames with morning play,
And make her eyes so brightly shine,
Auroras face is called divine.
Sing to Phœbus and that throne
Of diamonds which he sits upon.
Io Pœans let us sing
To Physickes and to Poesies king.

Crowne all his altars with bright fire;
Laurels bind about his lire,
A Daphnean coronet for his head.
The Muses dance about his bed,
When on his ravishing lute he playes;
Strew his temple round with bayes.
Io Pœans let us sing
To the glittering Delian king.

From the same.

## SONG.

O Cupid, monarch over kings,
Wherefore hast thou feet and wings?

Is it to shew how swift thou art,
When thou woundst a tender heart?
Thy wings being clipd, and feete held still,
Thy bow so many could not kill.

It is all one in Venus wanton schoole,
Who highest sits, the wise man or the foole.
Fooles in loves college
Have farre more knowledge
To reade a woman over,
Than a neate prating lover:
Nay, tis confest
That fooles please women best.

From Lilys Mother Bombie.

SONG.

So beauty on the waters stood,
When love had severed earth from flood;
So when he parted ayre from fire,
He did with concord all inspire;
And there a matter he then taught,
That elder then himself was thought;
Which thought was yet the child of earth,
For Love is older than his birth.

From the Queens Masque, by Ben Jonson. 1605.

The Garrick Copy of this Masque was the Presentation Copy of Ben Jonson to the Queen, and has this inscription in the Poet's own writing:

D. Annæ

D. Annæ
M. Britanniarum Insu. Hib. &c.
Reginæ
Feliciss. Formosiss.
Musæo
S. S.
Hunc librum vovit
Famæ et honori ejus
Servientiss.
imo addictissimus
BEN. JONSON.

Victurus Genium debet habere liber.

## SONG.

If all these Cupids now were blind,
As is their wanton brother,
Or play should put it in their mind
To shoot at one another,
What pretty battayle they would make,
If they their objects should mistake,
And each one wound his mother.

From the same.

## SONG.

Walking in a shadowe grove,
Neere silver streames fayre gliding,
Where trees in ranks did grace these banks
And nymphes had their abiding;

Here

Here as I stayde I saw a mayde,
A beauteous lovely creature,
With angels face and goddesse grace,
Of such exceeding feature.

Her lookes did so astonish me,
And set my heart a quaking,
Like stagge that gaz'de was I amaz'de,
And in a stranger taking.
Yet rouzed myself to see this elfe,
And loe a tree did hide me;
Where I unseene beheld this queene
A while, ere she espied me.

Her voyce was sweet melodiously,
Shee sung in perfect measure;
And thus she said with trickling teares;
Alas, my joy and treasure,
Ile be thy wife, or lose my life,
Theres no man els shall have me;
If God say so, I will say no,
Although a thousand crave me.

Oh stay not long, but come, my deare,
And knit our marriage knot;
Each houre a day, eache month a yeare,
Thou knowest I think God wot.
Delay not then, like worldly men,
Good works till withered age:
Bove other things, the King of Kings
Blest a lawful marriage.

Thou art my choice, I constant am,
I mean to die unspotted;
With thee ile live, for thee I love,
And keepe my name unblotted.
A vertuous life in maide and wife,
The spirit of God commends it;
Accursed he for ever be,
That seekes with shame to offend it.

With that she rose like nimble roe,
The tender grasse scarce bending,
And left me there perplext with feare
At this her sonnets ending.
I thought to move this dame of love,
But she was gone already;
Wherefore I pray that those that stay
May find their loves as steddy.

From Hans Beer-Pot his invisible Comedie of See me and see me not. 1618. A copy of this Song, wanting the fifth stanza, is printed in Ellis's Specimens.

The following seems worth insertion, as being the burden, or to use the language of the time, *the Foote* of many popular old songs.

## SONG

BY MOROS, OR THE FOOL.

Bromè, brome on hill,
The gentle brome on hill hill,
Brome brome on hive hill,

The

The gentle brome on hive hill,
The brome standes on hive hill a.
Robin lende to me thy bowe, thy bowe,
Robin, the bow, Robin, lend to me thy bowe a

There was a mayde came out of Kent,
Deintie love, deintie love.
There was a mayde came out of Kent,
Daungerous be.
There was a mayde came out of Kent,
Fayre, proper, small and gent
As ever upon the ground went,
For so it should be.

By a banke as I lay I lay,
Musing on things past hey how,
Tom a Lin and his wife and his wives mother,
They went over a bridge all three together:
The bridge was broken, and they fell in.
The devil go with all, quoth Tom a Lin.

Martin Swart and his man sodle dum, sodle dum,
Martin Swart and his man sodle dum bell
Com over the boorne Besse,
My pretie little Besse,
Come over the boorne Besse to me.
The white dove set on the castell wall,
I bend my bow, and shoote her I shall;
I put hir in my glove, both fethers and all,
I layd my bridle upon the shelfe,
If you will any more sing it yourselfe.

From a very merry and pythie Comedie, called "The longer thou livest the more Foole thou art," by W. Wager. In black letter. No date.

In

In another part of the same play, the Fool gives also the Foote of other popular songs.

MOROS. THE FOOL.

I have twentie mo songs yet,
" A fond woman to my mother,"
As I war wont in her lappe to sit,
She taught me these and many other.

I can sing a song of Robin Redbreast,
And my little pretie Nightingale,
There dwelleth a jolly Foster here by the West,
Also, I com to drink som of your Christmas ale.
Whan I walke by my selfe alone,
It doth me good my songs to render.

In another part of the same Play, the Fool sings what follows, as a Catch, with other voyces:

FOOL. I have a prety tytmouse
Come pecking on my to.
THREE OTHERS. Gossuppe with you I purpose
To drinke before I go.
FOOL. Litle pretie nightingale,
Among the braunches greene.
THREE OTHERS. Geve us of your Christmasse ale,
In the honour of Saint Steven.
FOOL. Robin Redbrest with his noates
Singing a lofte in the quere,
THREE OTHERS. Warneth to get you frese coates,
For Winter then draweth nere.
FOOL.

Fool. My brigle lieth on the shelfe,
If you will have any more,
Vouchsafe to sing it yourselfe,
For here you have all my stoare.

## SONG.

Spring, the sweete spring, is the yeres pleasant king
Then bloomes eche thing, then maydes daunce in a ring,
Cold doeth not sting, the pretty birds doe sing
Cuckow, jugge, jugge, pu we to witta woo.

The palme and may make countrey houses gay,
Lambs friske and play, the shepherds pype all day,
And we heare aye birds tune this merry lay,
Cuckow, jugge, jugge, pu we to witta woo.

The fields breathe sweete, the dayzies kisse our feete,
Young lovers meete, old wives a sunning sit,
In every streete these tunes our eares doe greete,
Cuckow, jugge, jugge, pu we to witta woo.
Spring, the sweet spring.

From a pleasant Comedie, called Summers Last Will and Testament, by Thomas Nash. 1600.

## SONG.

### OF NYMPHS TO DIANA.

Haile, beauteous Dian, queene of shades,
That dwells beneath these shadowie glades,
Mistresse of all these beauteous maids,
  That are by her allowed.
Virginitie we all professe,
Abjure the worldlie vain excesse,
And will to Dyan yield no lesse
  Then we to her have vowed.
The shepheards, satirs, nymphs and fawnes,
For thee will trip it ore the lawnes.

Come, to the forrest let us goe,
And trip it like the barren doe,
The fawnes and satirs still do so,
  And freelie thus they may do.
The fairies daunce, and satirs sing;
And on the grasse tread manie a ring,
And to their caves their venson bring;
  And we will do as they do.
The shepheards, satirs, &c. &c.

Our food is honie from the bees,
And mellow fruits that drop from trees.
In chace we clime the high degrees
  Of everie steepie mountaine.
And when the wearie day is past,
We at the evening hie us fast,
And after this our field repast
  We drinke the pleasant fountain.
The shepheards, satirs, &c.

From the Golden Age, by Thomas Heywood. 1611.

## SONG.

SYLVIA. DELIA.

S. Tell me what you thinke on earth
The greatest blisse?
D. Riches, honor, and high birth.
S. Ah what is this,
If love be banished the heart,
The joy of nature, not of art?
Whats honor, worth, or high descent,
Or ample wealth,
If cares do breed us discontent,
Or want of health?
D. It is the order of the fates,
That these should wait on highest states.

CHORUS. Love only does our soules refine,
And by his skill
Turnes humane things into divine,
And guides our will.
Then let us of his praises sing;
Of love that sweetens every thing.

From the Shepheards Holy-day. 1635.

## SONG.

BY VENUS AND THE GRACES.

Come, lovely boy, unto my court,
And leave these uncouth woods, and all
That feed thy fancy with loves gall,
But keepe away the honey and the sport.

CHOR. Come unto me,
And with variety
Thou shalt be fed, which nature loves and I.

There is no musique in a voice
That is but one and still the same.
Inconstancy is but a name
To fright poore lovers from a better choice.
CHOR. Come then to me, &c.

Orpheus that on Euridice
Spent all his love, on others scorne,
Now on the bankes of Heber torne,
Finds the reward of foolish constancy.
CHOR. Come then to me—

And sigh no more for one love lost,
I have a thousand Cupids here,
Shall recompence with better cheere
Thy mis-spent labours and thy better cost.
CHOR. Come then to me—

From the same.

## SONG.

What need we use many beseeches,
Or trouble our brain with long speeches;
If we love, tis enough,
Hang poetical stuff,
As the rule of honesty teaches.
CHO. If we love, &c.

Why should we stand whining like fools,
Or woe by platonical rules;
If they love, we'll repayt,
If not, let em sayt,
What need they the help of the schools.
CHO. If they love, &c.

But they must be won by romances,
And that by verse and fine dances:
A third do's delight
In a song, yet at night
You must crack a string which she fancies.
CHO. If they love, &c.

This must be extolled to the sky
That you get, do but flatter and lye:
But that ladis for me,
That loves fine and free,
As real and ready as I.
CHO. But that ladis for me, &c.

From the English Rogue, by T. Thompson. 1668.

SONG.

## SONG.

Fond Love, no more
Will I adore
  Thy feigned Deity.
Go throw thy darts
At simple hearts,
  And prove thy victory.

Whilst I do keep
My harmless sheep,
  Love hath no power on me.
Tis idle soules
Which he controules,
  The busie man is free.

From Loves Labyrinth, or the Royal Shepherdess, by Tho. Forde Philothal. 1660.

## SONG.

Thine eyes to me like sunnes appeare,
  Or brighter starres their light,
Which makes it summer all the yeare,
  Or else a day of night:
But truely I do think they are
But eyes—and neither sunne nor starre.

Thy brow is as the milky way,
  Whereon the gods might trace
Thy lips ambrosia, I dare say,
  Or nectar of thy face.

But to speake truely, I doe vowe,
They are but womans lips and browe.

Thy cheeke it is a mingled bath
Of lillyes and of roses;
But here theres no man power hath
To gather loves fresh posies.
Beleeve it here the flowers that bud,
Are but a womans flesh and blood.

Thy nose a promontory faire,
Thy necke a necke of land;
At natures giftes that are so rare,
All men amazed do stand.
But to the cleerer judgment, those
Are but a womans necke and nose.

For foure lines in passion I can dye,
As is the lovers guise,
And dabble too in poetry,
Whilst love possest the wise.
As greatest statesmen, or as those
That know love best, get him in prose.

From the Variety. A Comedy. 1649.

## SONG.

Not hee that knows how to acquire,
But to enjoy, is blest;
Nor does our happinesse consist
In motion, but in rest.

The Gods passe man in blisse, because
They toile not for more height,
But can enjoy, and in their own
Eternall rest delight.

Then, princes, do not toile nor care,
Enjoy what you possesse,
Which whilest you do, you equallize
The gods in happinesse.

From the Tragedie of Cleopatra, by Thomas May. 1654.

## SONG.

BY ACHITOPHEL, A CHARACTER SOMEWHAT RESEMBLING AUTOLICUS IN SHAKSPEARES WINTERS TALE.

Come will you buy? for I have heere
The rarest gummes that ever were;
Gold is but drosse, and features dye,
Els Æscupalius tells a lie.
But I,
Come will you buy?
Have medicines for that malady.

Is there a lady in this place,
Would not bee maskt, but for her face?
O doe not blush, for heere is that
Will make your pale cheeks plumpe and fat.
Then why
Should I thus crye,
And none a scruple of me buye?

Come buy, you lusty gallants,
These simples which I sell;
In all our dayes were never seene like these,
For beauty, strength, and smell.
Heres the king cup, the panzee, with the violet,
The rose that loves the shower.
The wholsome gilliflower,
Both the cowslip, lilly,
And the daffadilly,
With a thousand in my power.

Heres golden amaranthus,
That true love can provoke,
Of horehound store, and poysoning elebore,
With the polipode of the oake;
Heres chast vervine, and lustful eringo,
Health preserving sage,
And rue which cures old age,
With a world of others,
Making fruitful mothers;
All these attend mee as my page.

From the True Tragedy of Herod and Antipater, by Gervase Markham and William Sampson. 1622.

To the above I might easily have added other specimens of equal merit, but my object was to produce a performance of miscellaneous entertainment. It may be objected, that what I have inserted are not sufficiently select, and that far better examples of the poetry of the times in which

which these songs were composed, have already appeared in the compilations of Cooper, Headley, Aikin, Ellis, Ritson, and others. This may be conceded; but I do not think that any of the specimens I have here printed, are to be found, but in the particular old dramas which I have had before me. They will at least, therefore, have the merit of novelty to those, who may not have the opportunity of seeing the rare and curious volumes from which they have been taken.

## PARKHURST.

*Johannis Parkhursti Ludicra sive Epigrammata Juvenilia.* 4*to. Apud Johannem Dayum Typographum.* 1573.

OF this remarkably rare book we have no copy in the British Museum. I am indebted to my friend Mr. Douce for the use of one.

There is no account of John Parkhurst in any of our biographical dictionaries. I subjoin, therefore, the following brief description of him and his writings.

He

He was born at Guildford in Surrey, and was sent, at a very early age, to Oxford. In 1529 he was a probationary Fellow of Merton College. He was in due time Rector of Cleve in Gloucestershire, which, on account of its great value, was usually denominated Bishops Cleve. After the death of Edward the Sixth, actuated by conscientious motives, he left his preferment, and retired to Zurich, where he continued till the decease of Queen Mary. At the accession of Elizabeth he returned to his native country, and was made Bishop of Norwich.

He wrote and published the following works:

1. Epigrammata in mortem duorum fratrum Suffolciensium Caroli et Henrici Brandon. 4to. 1552.

These brothers were the sons of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, who died of the Sweating Sickness.

2. Ludicra-sive Epigrammata Juvenilia.

3. John Sheproves "Distichs on the New Testament."

4. Epigrammata Seria. 8vo. 1560.

Parkhurst also, at the command of Queen Elizabeth, translated the Apocrypha, from The Book of Wisdom to the end. He died in 1574, and was buried in the Cathedral Church of Norwich. There is this inscription on his monument;

"Johannes Parkhurstus, Theologiæ Professor, Gylfordiæ natus, Oxoniæ educatus, temporibus Mariæ

Mariæ Reginæ pro nitida conscientia Tigurenæ vixit exul voluntarius. Postea Præsul factus sanctissime hanc rexit ecclesiam 16 annos et mortuus est secundo die Februarii an. 1574 ætatis suæ 63."

There is another inscription to him on one of the pillars of the cathedral, in these terms:

" Viro bono, docto, et pio Johanni Parkhursto Episcopo vigilantissimo, Georgius Gardiner posuit hoc."

This George Gardiner was Dean of Norwich.

I subjoin two or three specimens of Parkhurst's work.

## AD CANDIDUM LECTOREM.

Cum legis hunc nostrum, Lector, studiose libellum,
Decedat vultu tetrica ruga tuo.
Non sunt hæc tristi conscripta Catonibus ore,
Non Heraclitis, non gravibus Curiis:
Sed si Heracliti, Curii, si forte Catones,
Adjicere huc oculos et legere ista velint,
Multa hic invenient, quæ possint pellere curas,
Plurima quæ mœstos exhilarari queant.

## AD AMICUM QUENDAM.

Quidam placentas optimas,
Dulci resparsas Zaccharo,
Mihi vorandas præbuit.
Aliquid comedi protinus,

Plus

Plus esitare dum paro,
En cerno forte araneum,
Nigerrimum, fœdissimum
Inter placentas: proh scelus
Glutiverim an quicquam illius
Sum nescius, sed hoc scio,
Lautos cibos et pemmata
Quandoque habere tristia,
Et condimenta noxia.

## DE SKELTONO VATE ET SACERDOTE.

Skeltonus gravidam reddebat forte puellam,
Insigni forma quæ peperit puerum.
Illico multorum fama hæc pervenit ad aures
Esse patrem nato sacrificum puero.
Skeltonum facti non pœnitet, aut pudet; ædes
Ad sacras festo sed venit ipse die;
Pulpita conscendit, facturus verba popello,
Inque hæc prorupit dicta vir ille bonus:
Quid vos, oh scurræ, capit admiratio tanta?
Non sunt eunuchi, credite, sacrifici.
O stolidi, vitulum num me genuisse putatis.
Non genui vitulum, sed lepidum puerum.
Sique meis verbis non creditis, en puer, inquit,
Atque e suggesto protulit ac abijt.

The above humourous anecdote is also related in Skelton's Jests, a book so very scarce, that I never heard of but one copy, which is in the possession of Mr. Heber.

This

This copy of Parkhurst, in the possession of Mr. Douce, was given by the author to "Thomas Buttes," who has written in it the following curious Acrostic on his own name:

T-he longer lyfe that man on earth enjoyes,
H-is God so much the more hee dooth offende;
O-ffending God, no doubt, mannes soule destroyes;
M-annes soule destroyed, his torments have no ende,
A-nd endles torments sinners must endure,
S-ith synne Gods wrath agaynst us doth procure.

B-eware, therefore, O wretched sinfull Wight
U-se well thy toongue, doo well, think not amysse;
T-o God praye thou to guyde thee by his spright,
T-hat thou mayest treade the path of perfect blisse.
E-mbrace thou Christe, by faythe and fervent love,
S-o shalt thou reyne with hym in heaven above.

Thomas Buttes
havyng the first letter of everie lyne
begynnyng with a letter of his name.

The reader who wishes for farther particulars of Parkhurst and his book, may consult

Herbert's Ames, vol. I. p. 656.

Warton's History of English Poetry, vol. III. p. 432.

Wood's Athenæ Oxonienses, vol. I. p. 179.

Parkhurst's work is also quoted in Boys's tenth Sermon after Trinity, p. 447.

## ROWLANDE BROUGHTON.

THIS personage adds another name to the Catalogue of English Poets. I do not find him any where mentioned, and yet he was the author of other productions than this about to be described. At least it may be so presumed from the following stanza in the commencement of this poem.

> What hath bewitched late thy powers,
> Whiche thou wast wont to use,
> Or where is now becom the fruite
> Of thy acquainted muse.

I give the title page of this poem.

" A Briefe Discourse of the Lyfe and Death of the late Right High and Honorable Sir William Pawlet, Knight, Lord Saint John, Erle of Wilshire, Marques of Winchester, Knight of the honorable Order of the Garter, one of the Queenes Majesties Privie Counsel, and Lorde Highe Treasurer of Englande.

Which deceased the tenth day of Marche, Anno 1571, and was buried at Basing the 28 day of Aprill.

Anno. MDLXXII.

Printed

Printed at London by Richard Johnes.
Anno 1572."

## SPECIMEN.

I am content to bend my pen,
In rurall ryme to paynte
The tale that thou haste toulde to me,
And of thy hevy playnt;

And wyll denie in hermonie
Contention for to make;
I bet the playne songe, no whit els
To pricke do undertake.

To set in partes the learned must,
That art can rightly use,
And let them descant who so list,
That my good wyll refuse.

Thou toldest me of his vertuous lyfe
A tale both long and wyse,
And how that God preserved hym
In many an enterprise.

How styll by friendship he dyd seeke
His foes his friends to make;
And their redoubled shames came on,
As they dyd brew to bake.
&c. &c.

# JO. DAVORS.

PERHAPS there does not exist in the circle of English Literature a rarer book than this which I am about to describe. It is quoted no where but by Isaac Walton, in his Complete Angler, where it is ascribed to Jo. Davors, esq. Of this person I can no where find any account. He has even escaped the indefatigable penetration and industry of Ritson. The book is so rare that Sir John Hawkins confesses he could never procure a sight of it.

My friend Mr. Douce had given me the opportunity of describing it, when I afterwards found a less perfect copy in the British Museum.

" THE SECRETS OF ANGLING.

TEACHING

The choicest tooles, baits and seasons for the taking of any fish, in pond or river, practised, and familiarly opened in three Bookes. By J. D. Esquire.

Augmented with many approved experiments, by W. Lauson.

London. Printed by T. H. for John Harison, and are to be sold by Francis Coles, at his Shop in the Old Bayly. 1652."

As

As I never heard of any other copies than that of Mr. Douce, and one belonging to the Museum, and as I know the book has eluded the diligent researches of some of our most acute and persevering collectors, I think the following specimen will be acceptable, at least to the lovers of the Art of Angling:

## TO KNOW EACH FISHES HAUNT.

Now that the Angler may the better know
Where he may find each fish he may require;
Since some delight in waters still and slow,
And some do love the mud and slimy mire;
Some others where the stream doth swiftly flow,
Some stony ground, and gravell some desire:
Here shall he learn how every sort doth seeke
To haunt the layre that doth his nature like.

Carp, Eele, and Tench do love a muddy ground,
Eeles under stones or hollow roots do lie,
The Tench among thick weeds is soonest found,
The fearfull Carp into the deep doth flie,
Bream, Chub, and Pike, where clay and sand abound,
Pike loves great pooles and places full of frie:
The Chub delights in stream or shady tree,
And tender Bream in broadest lake to be.

The Salmon swift the rivers sweet doth like,
Where largest streams into the sea are led,
The spotted Trout the smaller brooke doth seek,
And in the deepest hole there hides his head,
The prickled Pearch in every hollow creek
Hard by the banke and sandy shore is fed,

Pearch, Trout, and Salmon love clean waters all,
Green weedy roots, and stony gravel small.

So doth the Bulhead, Gudgion, and the Loch,
Who most in shallow brooks delight to be;
The Ruffe, the Dace, the Barbell, and the Roch,
Gravell and sand do love in lesse degree,
But to the deep and shade do more approach,
And over head some covert love to see
Of spreading poplar, oake, or willow green,
Where underneath they lurke for being seene.

The mighty Luce great waters haunts alway,
And in the stillest place thereof doth lie,
Save when he rangeth forth to seek his prey,
And swift among the fearful fish do flie;
The dainty Humber loves the marley clay,
And clearest streams of champion country nigh.
And in the chiefest pooles thereof doth rest,
Where he is soonest found, and taken best.

The Cavender amidst the waters faire,
In swiftest streams doth most himself bestowe,
The Shad and Tweat do rather like the laire
Of brackish waves, where it doth ebb and flow,
And thither also doth the Flock repaire,
And flat upon the bottome lieth low.
The Peele, the Mullet, and the Suants good
Do like the same, and therein seek their food.

But here experience doth my skill exceed,
Since divers countries divers rivers have,
And divers rivers change of waters breed,
And change of waters sundry fish do crave,
And sundry fish in divers places feed,
As best doth like them in the liquid wave.

So that by use and practice may be known,
More than by art or skill can well be shown.

So then it shall be needlesse to declare
What sundry kinds there lie in secret store,
And where they do resort, and what they are,
That may be still discovered more and more;
Let him that list no pain nor trouble spare
To seek them out as I have done before,
And then it shall not discontent his minde
How choice of place and change of game to finde.

This curious tract has been ascribed to the pen of the celebrated Dr. Donne. See Sir John Hawkins's edition of Walton's Complete Angler, 1775. p. 153, note. At the end of this volume is a sort of Appendix, having the signature of R. R. This Sir John supposes to mean R. Roe. It should seem, that scarce as it really is, there were two editions of this work.

## RICHARD BARNFIELD.

THIS old English Poet is slightly mentioned by Ritson, in his Catalogue of English Poets, and somewhat more at length by Mr. Bridges, in his improved edition of Philips's Theatrum Poetarum. Mr. Ellis had probably not seen any of his per-

formances, at least he has given no specimen of his works yet he is spoken of as a writer, by no means inelegant, by Warton in his History of Poetry, vol. III. p. 405.

I have discovered in a very curious and valuable volume of Miscellaneous Poetry, belonging to Sion College Library, the performance of Richard Barnfield, alluded to by Warton; and for the benefit of collectors in this line, subjoin a description, with a specimen.

## THE AFFECTIONATE SHEPHEARD.

Containing the complaint of Daphnis for the Love of Ganymede.

Amor plus mellis quam fellis est.

London.

Printed by John Danter, for T. G. and E. N. and are to bee sold in Saint Dunstones Church Yeard, in Fleet Street. 1594.

The author appears to have had in view, for imitation, the second Eclogue of Virgil, but it must be confessed that much cannot be said in favour of his Poetry.

Remember age, and thou canst not be prowd,
For age pulls downe the pride of every man.
In youthfull yeares by nature tis allowde
To have selfe-will, doo nurture what she can.

Nature

Nature and nurture once together met,
The soule and shape in decent order set.

Pride looks aloft, still staring on the starres,
Humility looks lowly on the ground,
Th' one menaceth the gods with civil warres,
The other toyles till he have vertue found.
His thoughts are humble, not aspiring hye,
But Pride looks haughtily, with scorneful eye.

Humility is clad in modest weedes,
But Pride is brave and glorious to the show;
Humility his friendes with kindness feedes,
But Pride his friendes in neede will never know.
Supplying not their wants, but them disdaining,
Whilst they to pitty never neede complayning.

Humility in misery is relieved,
But Pride in neede, of no man is regarded;
Pitty and mercy weepe to see him grieved,
That in distresse had them so well rewarded;
But Pride is scornd, contemnd, disdaind, derided,
Whilst Humbleness of all things is provided.

Oh then be humble, gentle, meeke, and milde,
So shalt thou be of every mouth commended;
Be not disdainfull, cruell, proude, sweet childe,
So shalt thou be of no man much condemned.
Care not for them that vertue doo despise,
Vertue is loathde of fooles, lovd of the wise.

## AN OULD FACIONED LOVE.

From the same curious volume, belonging to Sion College, I am enabled to give an account of the following very rare tract:

"AN OULD FACIONED LOVE, or a Love of the Ould Facion. By T. T. Gent.

At London. Printed by P. S. for William Mattes, dwelling in fleetstrete, at the signe of the Hand and Plough. 1594."

This Poem is inscribed to the Author's "Worshipfull and singular good friend Mistres Ann Robertes."

The Poem commences thus:

Countries delight, sweet Phillis, beutes pride,
Vouchsafe to read the lines Amyntas writeth,
And having red, within your boosome hide
What first of love my fearfull muse inditeth.

When once my mother set me flockes to keepe,
Bare fifteen years of age, in lether clad,
A maple hooke to get and hould my sheepe,
A waiting dogge, a homely scrip I had.

No skil in beauty, on love I never thought,
Yet but a boye the friendly shepheards route
Admitted me, and countrie secrets taught,
To heale my flocks, to fould them round about.

In

In threatned stormes to lead them to the lee,
To sheare in time, to drive the wolfe awaie,
To knowe the course of starres that fixed bee,
To pipe on meadow reeds each holy-daie.

To sing in time, as sometimes shepards use,
To daunce our jiggs on pasture grac'd with flowrs:
What learnd I not, what toile did I refuse,
To quench loves flames and pass or'e idle houres?
&c. &c.

The reader will easily suppose I have not given the above specimen, but as a literary curiosity. It obviously has little merit as a Poem.

## LAMENTATION OF TROY.

The same curious volume, from which the above two articles are described, contains also the following, of no less rarity and value.

"THE LAMENTATION OF TROY FOR THE DEATH OF HECTOR."

This Poem is dedicated To the Right Honorable Sir Peregrin Bartue, Knight, Lord of Willoughby and Earsby, and signed by the Author I. O.

The following is a specimen:

Lo here the teares and sad complaint for her,
Within whose gates all joyes were once abounding,
Faire Ilions teares whose deepe laments may stir
A flintie hart unto a sigh-resounding.

Yet for hirselfe doth Ilion not mone,
But for hir Hector, which is dead and gone.

Sweet sacred muses, you whose gentle eares
Are wont to listen to the humble praier
Of plaining poets, and to lend your teares
From your faire eyes unto a woes-displayer;
Now rest your selves, your ayde I not implore,
For in myselfe I find abundant store.

Nor can I crave upon your blubbered cheeks,
That you for me more showers should be raining,
Though you are kind to every one that seekes,
Yet have you matter for your own complaining.
I saw your tears, and pittifull wamentings,
But they are few that list to your lamentings.

Good-naturde nymphs you are too milde for me;
Troy tells of honor, and of divers things.
Let your faire ayde in love and musick be,
Or in his tongue which pleasant poem sings,
Furies and frensies are fit companie
To helpe to blase my wofull tragedie.

## RICHARD ZOUCHE.

THIS Author, a Professor of Civil Law, was much esteemed in his day, and published many valuable works. He has, however, never been noticed

noticed as a Poet; but that he deserves to be so, will sufficiently appear from the following description and specimen of a curious little volume, which I believe to be unique, and which has been lent me by Mr. Thomas Payne, of the Mews Gate, whom I have invariably found prompt to assist the cause of literature.

" THE DOVE,

Or, Passages of Cosmography, by Richard Zouche, Civillian of New College, in Oxford.

Sicut Columbæ.

London. Printed for George Norton, and are to be sould at his shop under the Black Bulle, neere Temple Barre. 1613."

The work is dedicated To the most noble and worthily honoured Edward, Law Zouche, St. Maur and Cantelupe of his Majesties Privie Counsell.

The Poem is a concise geographical description of three quarters of the world, Asia, Africa, and Europe, in the manner of Dionysius. The following is the Author's Picture of Great Brittaine:

EUROPE.

## EUROPE.

Great BRITTAINE shadow of the starry sphear's
Selfe viewing beauties true presented grace,
In *Thetis* myrrhour, on this orbe appeares,
In worth excelling as extoll'd in place:
Like the rich Croisade on th' imperiall ball,
As much adorning as surmounting all.

Bounded within the watry firmament,
Whose euer mouing streames about it role,
She measures forth her length in faire extent,
Towards the Southern, from the Northern Pole;
Betwixt her riuers Zone-dividing lines,
Each citie like a constellation shines.

Auon and Twede her tropicks, Zodiack wise
Passe Trent and Seuern: to the springing morne
Trent goes declining, Seuerne bending lyes
Downe by the Western, freez cloath *Capricorne*.
Thames, as th' equator, doth more eeuen runne,
Proud with the mansions of her biding *sunne*.

Maiesticke *Svnne*, long may thy kinde aspect
Shed downe sweet influence vpon this clime,
Beyond all enuy, as without defect,
Ruling but neuer altering our time,
Till passing from our teare bedewed eyes,
Thy glory in another heau'n shall rise.

Too soone our *Jvlian Starre* late prince of light,
The sparkling lustre of whose vertuous ray
To Brittaine hearts content with shortest night,
Promis'd the comfort of eternall day:

T

Too soone expir'd, ô worthy long to proue
The worlds great wonder, and his countries loue.

And faire ELISA midst the glistering crew,
Which as our glorious *Cynthia*, seemes renew'd,
Lately remouing from our fainting view,
Her presence with all graces bright endew'd,
For *Latmus* shade, doth spend her precious houres
On *Rhemes* banks amidst the *Myrtle Bowres*.

Yet like those glistring emblems neare the pole,
Still aboue earths horizon eleuate.
May our heroicke princes name controule
The starry orders of this well rul'd state,
And Brittaines chariot as the Northern wayne,
With great *Arcturus* ioyne her CHARLEMAIGNE.

A stately burs, built in the Western strand,
Renowned *Exeter* farre off doth seeme:
But London, Exchange-Royall of the land,
Is the obiect of the peoples best esteeme:
So whilst the glorious Day star shines more bright,
Cleare Hesperus obscur'd doth giue no light.

Sweet-seated *Sals-bury* Wilshyres ornament,
Neighb'red with plaines, graced with goodly vallies,
Like some delightfull garden of content,
Watring with siluer streames her well-squar'd allies,
But that it doth more firm and surely stand,
Doth seeme another Venice in our land.

*Bathe*, fairely built, throughout the world is knowne
For her most wholesome strength repayring springs,
But she which hath so strange effects oft showne,
With ill successe did lend her founder wings:

Poore

Poore worme-like creeping men she might restore:
Ne'er make them borne to goe, like birds to soare.

*Bristow*, the marchants magazin, enclos'd
With rocky hils, by Auons streame imbrac't,
Faire by industrious workmanship compos'd,
As by great nature's wisedome firmely plac't,
Viewing her verdant marsh, may well disdaine
Romes sometimes glory, *Mars* his champian plaine.

Old *Winchester*, the auncient seate of kings
For vertue, and for valour much renowned,
So subiect unto change are earthly things,
In stead of diadem with bayes is crowned.
Where worthy *Wicchams* children now maintaine
The fame once known by great king Arthurs traine.

*Oxford* by Isis crystall streames confin'd,
And well-discerning *Cambridge*, Learnings payre,
Excell those lamps which once on Ida shin'd
Bright *Juno* shew'd, cleare *Pallas*, *Venus* faire.
But eyther of these thrice illustrious eyes,
Doth brightnes, clearenesse, fairnesse all comprise.

As that true ensigne of th' Almighties loue,
Liuely displayed in the cloudy skye,
The gazers eye astonished doth moue
To wonder at such strange varietie:
Rain-bow, resembling *London*, Englands blisse,
The heau'ns great mercy, and earths maruell is.

Finis.

BARNABE

# BARNABE BARNES.

THE following work by this ancient English Poet is incorrectly mentioned by Ritson. The copy from which my account is taken is in the valuable Collection of the Bishop of Rochester.

" PARTHENOPHIL AND PARTHENOPHE. Sonnettes, Madrigals, Elegies and Odes.

To the Right Noble and Vertuous Gentleman M. William Percy, Esquier, his deerest friend."

The Printer's name, and date of the book are torn off, but on the next leaf there is

" To the learned Gentlemen Readers, The Printer," in which address is the date of " May, 1593."

These sonnettes, Madrigals, &c. are comprehended in 146 pages, to which are subjoined, in manuscript, pages 147, 148, 149, 150; and the following six printed Sonnets, viz. To Henry, Earle of Northumberland; Roberte, Earle of Essex; Henry, Earle of Southampton; Marie, Countesse of Pembrooke; the Lady Straunge; and the Lady Brigett Manners; to the last of which, is this subscription:

" Your Bewties most affectionate servant,
Barnabe Barnes."

Then

Then follows "A Table for to finde the Sonnettes, Madrigalles, &c."

In the Sonnet to the Earl of Northumberland, the Author represents his Muse "blushing at her first entrance."

In the Sonnet to the Earl of Essex, he calls his work "his *First borne Babe*," and makes similar allusions in the Sonnets to the other noble personages above specified.

It will be seen, by referring to Ritson's Biographia Poetica, that Barnes, at least according to Ritson's account, had published nothing so early as this work. Ritson knew nothing of this performance, neither is it mentioned by Antony Wood, nor indeed do I know where another copy is to be found.

I select a Sonnet, by way of specimen, from p. 45. It is inscribed "Sonnet LXVI." and is addressed to Content.

Ah sweet Content where is thy mylde abode?
Is it with shepheards and light harted swaynes,
Which sing upon the dounes, and pype abroade,
Tending their flockes, and calleth on to playnes?

Ah sweet Content, where doest thou safely rest?
In heaven with angels, which the prayses sing
Of him that made and rules at his behest
The mindes and parts of every living thing.

Ah

Ah sweet Content, where doth thine harbour hold?
Is it in churches with religious men,
Which please the Goddes with prayers manifold,
And in their studies meditate it then.
Whether thou dost in heaven or earth appeare,
Be where thou will, thou will not harbour here.

Many of these Sonnets, as remarked before, are inscribed to the most distinguished personages of the time; for example, "To Henry, Earle of Southampton; The most vertuous, learned and bewtifull Ladie Marie, Countesse of Pembrooke; To the right vertuous and most bewtifull Lady, the Lady Straunge; The Lady Brigett Manners."

## TUSSER.

*A Hundreth good Pointes of Husbandries.*
*Imprinted at London, in Flete Strete, within Temple Barre, at the Signe of the Hand and Starre, by Richard Titler, the Third Day of February. An.* 1557.

I MENTIONED in my first volume the extreme rarity of this edition, of which the Museum copy is the only one I have ever seen. On farther examination, it appears to contain some

singularities, which the more curious collectors of Old English Poetry and Literature may desire to know.

The first edition has these lines in the Title Page, which do not appear in the subsequent ones:

A hundreth good pointes of good husbandry,
Maintaineth good household with huswifry,
Housekeping and husbandry, if it be good,
Must love one another as cousines in blood;
The wife too must husband as well as the man,
Or farewel thy husbandry, do what thou can.

The original letter from the author, "To the right honourable, and my speciall good Lord and Maister, the Lord Paget," differs so exceedingly in the subsequent editions, that the curious reader will not be displeased at seeing it as it was first printed.

The truth doth teache that tyme must serve
However man doth blase his mynde,
Of thynges most lyke to thryve or sterve,
Much apt to judge is often blynde,
And therefore tyme it doth behoofe
Shall make of trouth a perfect proofe.

Take you, my Lord and Mayster than
Unlesse mischaunce mischaunseth me,
Such homely gift of your own man,
Synce more in Court I may not be;
And let your praise wonne heretofore,
Remayne abrode for evermore.

My

My serving you thus understande,
And God his helpe, and yours withall,
Dyd cause good lucke to take myne hande,
Erecting one most like to fall.
My serving you, I know it was,
Enforced this to come to passe.

But synce I was at Cambridge tought,
Of Court ten yeres I made a say;
No musike then was left unsought,
A care I had to serve that way;
My joy gan slake, then made I chaunge
Expulsed myrth for musike straunge.

My musike synce hath beèn the plough,
Entangled with some care among;
The gayn not great, the payn enough,
Hath made me syng another song.
And if I may my song avowe,
No man I crave to judge but you.

Your servant,

Thomas Tusser.

Variations from the above, in subsequent editions.

## SECOND EDITION.

STANZA 1.

Time trieth the truth in every thing,
Herewith let men content their mind;
Of workes whi h best may profit bring,
Most rash to judge, most often blind;

As therefore troth in time shall crave,
So let this booke just favor have.

STANZA 2.

L. 3. Ed. 1. Such homely gift of your own m
Ed. 2. Such homelie gift of me your m

STANZA 4.

L. 1. Ed. 1. So synce I was at Cambridge to
Ed. 2. Since being once at Cambridge
L. 4. Ed. 1. A care I had to serve that way.
Ed. 2. Such care I had to serve that wa
L. 5. Ed. 1. My joy gan slake then made I
Ed. 2. When joy gan slake then made I
L. 6. Ed. 1. Expulsed myrth, &c.
Ed. 2. Expelled myrth, &c.

STANZA 5.

L. 5, 6. Ed. 1. And if I may my song avowe,
No man I crave to judge but
Ed. 2. Which song if well I may av
I crave it judged be by you.

It will hardly be necessary to point o
reader that the first eighteen lines are an
and form the words THOMAS TUSSER M

## GEORGE CHAPMAN.

*Seaven Bookes of the Shades of Homere, Prince of Poets.*
*Translated according to the Greeke, in Judgement of his best Commentaries, by George Chapman, Gent. &c.*
*London. Printed by John Windet, and are to be solde at the Sign of the Crosse Keyes, neare Paules Wharffe.* 1592.

MY only motive for making mention of this book, so well known to the collectors and readers of old English Poetry, is to observe that the Museum Copy belonged to Ben Jonson, and has his autograph, " Sum Ben Jonsonii" in the Title Page.

## GEORGE PEELE.

OF the Dramatic performances of this writer, I have before given an account in a former volume. He was also the author of the Poetical Tract hereafter described, as well as of a Collection

of Tales or Jests. Both the last are of extraordinary rarity. I know of no other copy of the first, but that which belongs to the Musuem. For the means of describing the second, which I shall do hereafter, I am indebted to Mr. George Nicol, who is always prompt and zealous to forward any undertaking which has the benefit of literature, or the gratification of the curious, in view.

The subject of the tract next described, is so popular in itself, and so patriotic in its tendency, that I have, without scruple, subjoined the whole of the introductory part.

On the back of the Title Page are the arms of

There is also this motto: "Semper eadem." Beneath are these lines:

Gallia victa dedit flores, invicta leones,
Anglia jus belli in flore leone suum.
O sic, O semper ferat Elizabetha triumphos,
Inclyta Gallorum flore Leone suo.

TITLE PAGE.

A farewell,
Entituled to the famous and fortunate
Generals of our English Forces; Sir John
Norris, and Syr Frauncis Drake, Knights,
And all theyr brave and resolute followers.
Whereunto
Is annexed
A Tale of Troy
Ad Lectorem.

Parve

Parve nec invidio sine me (liber) ibis ad arma,
Hei mihi quod domino non licet ire tuo.

Doone by George Peele, Maister of Artes, in Oxforde.

At London.

Printed by J. C. and are to bee solde by William Wright, at his Shop adjoyning to St. Mildreds Church, in the Poultrie.

Anno 1589.

*To the most famous Generalles of our English Forces by Land and Sea, Sir John Norris and Sir Frauncis Drake, Knightes.*

Your vertues famed by your fortunes, and fortunes renowned by your vertues (thryce honorable Generalles) together with the admiration the worlde hath worthily conceived of your woorthines; have at thys time encouraged mee, a man not unknowne to many of your brave and forwarde followers, Captaynes and Souldiers, to send my short farewell to our English forces, whereunto I have annexed an olde Poeme of myne owne, *The Tale of Troy.* A pleasant dyscourse, fitly serving to recreate by the reading, the Chivalrie of *England.* To whom, as to your ingenious judgements, I dedicate the same: that good mindes enflamed wyth honorable reports of their auncestry, may imitate theyr glory in highest adventures, and my countrymen famed through the worlde for resolution and fortitude, may marche in equipage of honour and armes,

wyth theyr glorious and renowned predecessours, the Troyans.

Beseeching God mercifully and miraculously, as hetherto he hath doone to defend fayre England, that her souldiours may in theyr departure bee fortunate, and in theyr returne tryumphante.

GEO. PEELE.

A FAREWELL, ENTITULED TO THE FAMOUS AND FOTUNATE GENERALLS OF OUR ENGLISH FORCES, &c.

Have doone with care my harts, aborde amaine
With stretching sayles, to plowe the swelling waves.
Bid Englands shoare, and Albions chalkye cliffes
Farewell: bid statelye Troy nouant adiewe
Where pleasant Thames from Isis silver head
Begins her quiet glide, and runnes along,
To that brave bridge the barre that th'warts her course,
Neere neighbour to the auncient stonye Toure,
The glorious hold that Julius Cæsar built:
Change love for armes, gyrt to your blades my boyes,
Your rests and muskets take, take helme and targe,
And let God Mars his consort make you mirth,
The roring canon and the brazen trumpe,
The angry soundìng drum, the whistling fife,
The shrikes of men, the princelye coursers ney.
Now vaile your bonnets to your freendes at home,
Bid all the lovelie Brittish dames adiewe,

That

That under many a standarde well advanc'd,
Have bid the sweete allarmes and braves of love,
Bid theaters and proude trajœdians,
Bid Mahomets Poo, and mightie Tamburlaine,
King Charlemaine, Tom Stukely and the rest
Adiewe; to armes, to armes, to glorious armes,
With noble Norris and victorious Drake,
Under the sanguine Crosse, brave Englands badge,
To propagate religious pietie,
And hewe a passage with your conquering swordes
By lande and sea: where ever Phœbus eye,
Th' eternall lampe of Heaven lendes us light;
By golden Tagus, or the Western Inde,
Or through the spacious Bay of Portugale,
The welthy ocean maine, the Terrhen sea,
From great Alcides pyllers braunching foorth,
Even to the gulfe that leades to loftie Rome;
There to deface the pride of Antechrist,
And pull hys paper walles and popery downe.
A famous enterprise for Englands strength,
To steele your swordes on avarice triple crowne,
And clense Augeus staules in Italie.
To armes, my fellow souldiers, sea and land
Lie open to the voyage you intende,
And sea or land, bold Brittons, farre or neere,
Whatever course your matchless vertue shapes,
Whether to Europes boundes or Asian plaines
To Affricks shore, or rich America,
Downe to the shades of deepe Avernus cragges
Sayle on, pursue your honours to your graves;
Heaven is a sacred covering for your heads,
And every clymat vertues tabernacle.
To armes, to armes, to honourable armes,
Hoyse sayles, waie anckers up, plowe up the seas

With flying keeles, plowe up the land with swordes;
In Gods name venture on, and let me say
To you my mates, as Cæsar sayd to his,
Striving with Neptunes hills: you beare, quoth he,
Cæsar, and Cæsars fortune in your ships;
You follow them, whose swords successfull are,
You follow Drake by sea, the scourge of Spayne,
The dreadfull dragon, terror to your foes.
Victorious in his returne from Inde,
In all his high attempts unvanquished
You follow *Noble Norrice*, whose renowne
Wonne in the fertile fieldes of Belgia
Spreades by the gates of Europe to the courts
Of Christian Kings and Heathen Potentates.
You fight for Christ and Englands peereless Queene
Elizabeth, the wonder of the worlde,
Over whose throne th' enemies of God
Have thundred curst their vaine successes braves
O tenne times treble happy men, that fight
Under the Crosse of Christ and Englands Queene,
And follow such as Drake and Norris are:
All honours doo this cause accompanie,
All glory on these endlesse honours waite.
These honors and this glory shall he sende,
Whose honour, and whose glory you defende.

Yours,
G. P.

THOMA:

# THOMAS GREENE.

I am induced to describe the following production of this author, because it has escaped the researches of Ritson, and because it celebrates the Naval Victories of one of the most illustrious of our countrymen.

## TITLE PAGE.

" THE TRUE AND PERFECTE NEWES of the woorthy and valiaunt Exploytes performed and doone by that valiant Knight, Syr Frauncis Drake, not onely at Sancto Domingo and Carthagena, but also nowe at Cales and uppon the Coast of Spayne. 1587.

Printed at London, by J. Charlewood, for Thomas Hackett."

It is dedicated "To the Right Honourable and hys singular good Lord George Clifford, Earle of Cumberland."

In the Introductory Address to the Reader, the author, speaking of the claims of his hero to honourable mention, has these singular expressions.

" At which time, heretofore, was there ever any English manne that did the like, as well for hys new navigation and long travel, and God be praysed

praysed for hys good successe to the greate terror and feare of the enemie, he beeing a man of meane calling to deale with so mightie a monarke.

The Poem commences thus:

THE TRUE AND PERFECTE NEWES OF THE WORTHY AND VALIANT EXPLOYTES ATCHIVED AND DOONE BY THAT VALIANT KNIGHT, SIR FRAUNCIS DRAKE.

Tryumph, O England, and rejoyce,
And prayse thy God uncessantly,
For thys thy Queene, that pearle of choyce,
Which God doth blesse with victory,
In countryes strange, both farre and neere,
All raging foes her force doth feare.

Yee worthy wights that doo delighte,
To heare of novels straunge and rare,
What valours wonne by a famous Knight,
May please you marke, I shall declare.
Such rare exploytes performde and doone,
As none the like hath ever wone.

First call to mind how Gedeon,
But with these hundred fighting men, Josue, cap. 8.
The Medians hosts he overcame,
A thousand to eche one of them.
He did suppresse idolatry,
The Lord gave him the victory,

So

So likewise by Gods mighty hande,
Syr Frauncis Drake, by dreadfull swordes,
Dyd foyle hys foes in forraine landes,
Which did contemne Christes holy woord.
And many captives did sette free,
Which earst were long in misery.

Twenty fixe ships were then preparde,
Fifteen pinnasses brave and fine,
Well furnished for his safegarde,
Preventing foes that would him tyne.
With masters good and marriners yare
As ever tooke charge I dare compare.

The best navigators in this lande,
Conferde with him unto thys ende,
By thys famous Knight to understande,
Theyr valors to atchieve and wende.
In countryes straunge beyond the sea,
If God permit, who can say nay.

## SIR FRANCIS HUBERT.

THE name of this English Poet does not appear, either in the first or last edition of Phillips's Theatrum Poetarum, or in Ritson's Biographia Poetica. But the author of an Epic Poem, and that by no means contemptible in

plan or execution, in the spirit or harmony of versification, should not be entirely forgotten, I am happy in this opportunity of contributing to its preservation.

The following Poem is in the British Museum.

" THE HISTORIE OF EDWARD THE SECOND, SURNAMED CARNARVON, one of our English Kings, together with the Fatall Down-fall of his two unfortunate Favorites, Gaveston and Spencer. Now published by the Author thereof, according to the true originall Copie, and purged from those foule Errors and Corruptions wherewith that spurious and surreptitious Peece which lately came forth, under the same Tytle, was too much defiled and deformed.

With the Addition of some other Observations, both of Use and Ornament. By F. H. Knight.

London. Printed by B. A. and T. F. for L. Chapman, and are to be sold at the upper end of Chancery Lane. 1629."

Prefixed is a head of the unfortunate Edward; and the Poem is dedicated to the Authors " very loving Brother, Mr. Richard Hubert."

This Poem must have been of some notoriety in its day, for the Author complains that a surreptitious copy had been industriously circulated. The dedication to the author's brother thus concludes:

" And so humbly desiring the Almighty to blesse you, both in soule, body and estate, I rest not your

your Servant, according to the new and fine but false phrase of the time, but in honest old English, your loving Brother and true Friend for ever.

FRAN. HUBERT."

The following is a specimen of the Poem:

O sacred vertue, what a powerfull guard
Art thou? What a strong tower of defence?
All hearts are won to reverence and regard
Thy awfull worth: thou neyther giv'st offence,
Nor takest it: men are not without sence,
But they both see and tast, and love and nourish
That reall good, by which themselves do flourish.

What understandinge soule, that doth not know,
And knowing love, and loving will not spend
The dearest bloud, that in his veines doth flow,
To guard, and give unto that prince, whose end
To publike more then private good doth bend?
Hee shall be ever able to command
At wil, his subjects purse, his heart, his hand.

Flight was our best defence, and flye we did,
So silly doves before proud falcons flye,
Till Gaveston in Scarborrow-castle hid
My peeres surpris'd: whom Warwickes Earl Syr Guy
Beauchamp beheaded: so my Pierce did dye.
A gloomie night concluded his faire morne,
And fortunes darling ended fortunes scorne.

O what

O what is hon'r but an exhalation?
A fierie meteor soone extinct and gone,
A breath of people, and the tongues relation,
That streyght is ended when the voyce is done;
A morning dew, dry'd up with mid-day sun,
A ceasing sweet, like Danaes golden shoure,
That both began and ended in an houre.

There breeds a little beast by Nilus streames,
Which being borne, when Phœbus first doth rise,
Grows old when he reflects his hottest beams,
And when at night to western seas he lies,
Then life begins to faile, and streight it dyes,
Borne, old, and dead, and all but in a day:
Such honour is, so soone it wears away.

How much more happy is that sweet estate,
That neither creepes too lowe, nor soares too high,
Which yield no matter to contempt or hate,
Which others not disdaine, not yet envie,
Which neyther does, nor takes an injurie,
But living to itselfe in sweet content,
Is neither abject, nor yet insolent.

He lives indeed, and spendes his course of time
In truest pleasure, that this life can yield,
He hath set houres to pray at ev'n, and prime,
He walks abroad into his quiet field,
And studies how his home affaires to wield.
His soul and body make one comon wealth,
His councels care to keepe them both in health.

He feares no poysons in his meates and drinkes,
He needs no guard to watch about his bed,
No teacher undermines him, what he thinkes,
No dangerous projects hammer in his head,
He sits and sees how things are managed,
And by observing what hath earst beene done,
He levels oft, how future things will run.

## ELIZABETH MELVILL.

ON the suggestion of my friend Mr. George Chalmers, I give the following Poetical Tract a place in this Collection:

"A Godly Dream.
By Elisabeth Melvill,
Lady Culros Younger,
At the request of a speciall Friend.
Matthew vii. 13. and Luke xiii. 24.

Enter in at the strayt gate, for wyde is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and manie there bee which go in thereat.

Aberdene.

Imprinted by E. Raban, Laird of Letters, and are to bee sold at his shop, at the end of the Broad Gate. 1644."

There

There are two circumstances, not a little remarkable, of this Publication. It was, as my friend Mr. Chalmers informs me, the first book printed at Aberdeen; and perhaps no printer or publisher, before or since, has assumed so strange and singular a title as Mr. Raban, who scruples not to stile himself LAIRD OF LETTERS.

P. 9.

I looked up into that castle fayre,
Glistryng lyke gold, and shyning silver bright.
The statelie tour did mount above the ayre,
They blinded mee, they cast so great a light;
Mine heart was glad to see that joyfull sight;
My voyage then I thought was not in vayn,
I him besought to guyde mee there aright,
With manie vowes, never to tyre agayn.

Though thou bee near, the way is verie hard,
Sayd hee agayn, thereforr thou must bee stout,
Faynt not for fear. For cowards are debard,
That have no heart to go their voyage out.
Pluck up thyne heart, and grype mee fast about,
Out through the trance, together must wee go,
The way is low, remember for to lout,
If this were past, wee have not manie mo.

I held him fast, as hee did give command;
And throgh the traunce, together then wee went.
Where in the midst great pricks of yron did stand;
Wherewith my feet were all betorn and rent.
Take courage now, sayd hee, and bee content
To suffer this. The pleasure comes at last.
I answered not, but ran incontinent
Out through the fyre, and so the payn was past.

When

When this was done, myne heart did daunce for joy,
I was so near, I thought my voyage ended;
I ran before, and sought not his convoy;
Nor askt the way, because I thought I kend it.
On statelie steps, most stoutly I ascended;
Without his help, I thought to enter there;
Hee followed fast, and was right sore offended,
And hastilie did draw me down the staire.

What haste, said hee? Why runnst thou so before?
Without myne help, thinkst thou to climb so hie?
Come down again; thou yet must suffer more,
If thou desyre that dwelling place to see.
This statelie staire, it was not made for thee.
Holdst thou that comes, thou shalt be thrust aback.
Alace, sayd I! Long wandring wearies mee,
Which makes mee run the nearest way to take.

Then hee began to comfort mee agayn,
And sayd, my frieud, thou must not enter heere;
Lift up thyne heart: thou yet must suffer payn;
The last assault of force must needs hee smite,
This goodlie way, although it seem so faire,
It is too high; thou canst not climb, to stay.
But look below, beneath this statelie stayre,
And thou shalt see another kind of way.

I looked down, and saw a pit most black;
Most foull of smoke, and flaming fyre so fell.
That uglie sight made mee to start aback;
I feard to hear so manie shouts and yell,
I him besought that hee the trueth would tell.
Is this, sayd I, the Papists purging-place?
Where they affirm that sillie soules do dwell,
To purge their sinnes before they rest in peace?

This Poem has been reprinted by Pinkerton.

Pinkerton says the Authoress was not the Mother of Colvill the Poet. Ritson makes it clear, that she was from Douglases Peerage. p. 146.

The first edition was printed at Edinburgh, 1603.

## JOHN DAVIES.

AS this personage has been frequently confounded with Sir John Davies, and the works of the one erroneously ascribed to the other, I mention him here, and give a place to the following work of his, which I have no where seen.

The period at which it was written, and the scarcity of the tract, seem to justify a specific account and extract.

" Humours Heavn on Earth,
With
The Civili Warres of Death and Fortune,
As also
The Triumph of Death,
or
The Picture of the Plague, according to the Life, as it was in Anno Domini 1603.
By John Davies, of Hereford.

O 'tis

O 'tis a sacred kind of excellence
That hides a rich truth in a tales pretence.

Printed at London, by A. T. 1605."

The Poem is dedicated "To the Right Noble Algernon, Lord Percy, Sonne and Heire Apparent to the Right Honorable Henry, Earle of Northumberland."

The author was a Writing Master, who calls the Ladie Dorothie and Ladie Lucy Percies, his pupils.

The following short extract may suffice.

### A DESCRIPTION OF THE WANTONS APPARRELL.

Epithymus the wanton on his crowne
A crowne of roses wore lasciviously,
A falling band of cutworke richly sowne,
Did his broad shoulders quite ore-canopy;
A waste-coate wrought with floures as they had growne,
In coloured silke lay open to the eie;
And as his bosome was unbuttoned quite,
So were his points untrusst for ends too light.

His doublet was carnation cut with greene
Rich taffetae quite through in ample cuttes
That so his wastcoate might eeh where be seene,
When lusty dames should eie this lusty guttes,
And many favours hung the cuttes betweene,
And many more more light in them he shuttes;
So that a vacant place was hardly found,
About this fancy so well favourd round.

This Poet must have had respectable connections: at the end of the performance is a Copy of Verses, addressed to "The good Knight and my much honoured Scholler, Sir Philip Carey."

There is also another, "To my worthy and worthily beloved Scholler, Thomas Bodenham, Esquier, Sonne and Heire Apparent of Sir Roger Bodenham, of Rotherves, Knight of the Bathe."

The verses to this last personage have the following most singular subscription.

Yours as whats most yours,

JOHN DAVIES.

## STEPHEN BATEMAN.

THIS Writer is introduced by Ritson in his Catalogue of English Poets; but I know of no other copy of this performance but that which is in the British Museum.

### TITLE PAGE.

"The Travayled Pylgrim, bringing Newes from all Partes of the Worlde, such like scarce hard of before.

Seene

Seene and allowed according to the order appointed."

Anno Domini.
1569."

The Poem, such as it is, is dedicated to "The Right Worshipfull Sir William Damsell, Knight, Receyver Generall of the Queenes Majesties Court of Wardes and Lyveries."

It is printed in black letter, and embellished by a great number of engravings on wood.

The first chapter or section will serve as a specimen as well as any other.

The mightye Jove celestiall, when first he tooke in hand
That CHAOS huge, he made to fall, and formed so a land,
Wherein he set and created all things as now we see.
First beasts, then mā which he prepard their governor to bee,
And named him in Eden grounde ADAM, that name he gave,
Where nothing then could him confound till he a mate did crave.
She EVE hight, a woman kinde when he awakt hir sawe
As Innocents no sinne did minde till Sathan wrought their awe.
That woman first she did consent, the apple for to proove,
Wherby the Serpent did invent all joyes from them to moove.
For their offence they were exilde out of that pleasaunt place;
And Earth accursed forth did yealde the crabbed thorne a space.

The Earth then fayne were they to till, still laboring the ground;
Thus Sattans drifts then thought to spill, he gave that deadly wound,
Although that ADAM did offend, yet God so shewde his grace,
A newe ADAM he after sent, which did all sinne deface;
Such minde hath God alwayes to those that joyce his lawes to loove,
And such as are his mortall foes, with plagues he doth them proove;
As PHARAO, that cruell king, which did so sore oppresse
The Israelites above all thing, and would not them release.
It were to long all to recite, I minde them to foregoe.
The swallow swift, once taken flight, then Auster straight doth bloe
With nipping showres and frosts so colde, few may it long endure.
But that once past, then doth unfold the sweete and pleasant showre,
Whereby all things do spring and grow with sweet smell, most sweete,
Till Hyems force himself doth showe the PISCES joyes in deepe. &c. &c.

JOHN

# JOHN NORDEN.

THIS old English Poet is mentioned by Ritson; but I never saw any specimen of his performance, and know of no other copy of the work below described, but that in the British Museum.

" The Labyrinth
Of Mans Life,
or
Vertues Delyght and Envies Opposite.
By Jo. Norden.

Virtus abunde sui est præmium quicunque sequatur Eventus.

Printed at London, for John Badge, and are to be sold at the Great South Doore of Paules, and at Brittaines Bursse. 1614."

It is dedicated to " the Right Honourable Sir Robert Carr, Knight, Baron of Branspeth, Vicounte Rochester, Earle of Somersett, of His Majesties most honorable Privie Counsell, Knight of the most noble Order of the Garter, and Lord High Treasurer of Scotland."

The dedication is in that style of fulsome panegyric, which distinguished and disgraced similar addresses at this period of our history,

and was perhaps never more misapplied. Several complimentary verses to the author are prefixed.

The following is as favorable a specimen of the Author's talents as can be given:

The Bramble and the Cedar neighbours bee,
And farre the stronger is the Cedar tree;
The Bramble bends, breaks not, when tempests rise,
That soonest falls that is of greatest sise.
Vnder the Cedars on a mountain set;
The lower trees and shrubs there shelter get,
But when the tempest tumbles downe the tree,
They bend or breake that vnder shelter bee;
Her stature tall, her massie bodie teares,
And breake the branches which the bodie beares.
And vnderlings which Cedars shelters have
Doe bow or bruse or others shelters crave.
High Cedar falling hath no meanes of stay,
His fall affrights, and makes whole woods dismay.
The mountaine whereon Cedar firmely stands,
And woods, when Cedars flourish, clap their hands.

— — — — —

Can *Honour* wake, and will fowle *Enuie* sleep?
If *Vertue* rise, will *Enuie* silence keep?
Who then can see, though *Vertue* be his guide;
What may within this *Labyrinth*, betide,
Wherein the wisest, oft amazed stand;
For best successe, to turne on whither hand.
The highest of the highest rancke is set,
To tread this maze, not free from counterlet.
For, Enuie bandes, and doth oppose her skill,
To circumvent as well the good as ill.

Whom

Whom she detracteth, be he hye or low,
Receiues a wound, before he feeles the blow.
But, who pursues, another, in despite,
Hurts more himselfe, then him he aymes to smite.

---

## " ANNALIA DUBRENSIA.

UPON the yeerely celebration of Mr. Robert Dovers Olimpick Games upon Cotswold Hills. Written by

MICHAEL DRAYTON, Esq.
JOHN TRUSSELL, Gent.
WILLIAM DURHAM, Oxen.
WILLIAM DENNY, Esq.
THOMAS RANDALL, Cant.
BEN JOHNSON,
JOHN DOVER, Gent.
OWEN FELTHAM, Gent.
FRANCIS YZOD, Gent.
NICHOLAS WALLINGTON, Ox.
JOHN BALLARD, Oxon.
TIMOTHY OGLE, Gent.
WILLIAM AMBROSE, Oxon.
WILLIAM BELLAS, Gent.
THOMAS COLE, Oxon.
WILLIAM BOSSE,
CAPTAINE MENESE,
JOHN TRUSSELL, Gent.
WILLIAM COLE, Gent.
FERRIMAN RUTTER, Oxon.
JOHN STRATFORD, Gent.
THOMAS SANFORD, Gent.
ROBERT GRIFFIN, Gent.
ROBERT DURHAM, Oxon.
A SIRINX, Oxon.
JOHN MONSON. Esq.
WALTER POOLE, Gent.
RICHARD WELLS, Oxon.
WILLIAM FORTH, Esq.
SHACH. MARMYON, Gent.
R. N.
THOMAS HEYWOOD, Gent.

London.

Printed by Robert Raworth, for Mathewe Walbancke. 1636."

This

This is one of the most rare of our English Poetical Tracts. The writers were all persons of greater or less consideration in their day; but that I may not extend this part of my work to undue limits, I subjoin, without any particular choice, a specimen of but one of their performances.

" To my noble Friend, Mr. Robert Dover, on his brave Annual Assemblies upon Cotswold.

Dover to doe thee right who will not strive
That dost in these dull yron times revive
The golden ages glories, which poore wee
Had not so much as dreamt on, but for thee.
As those brave Grecians in their happy dayes,
On mount Olympus, to their Hercules
Ordained their games Olympic, and so named
Of that great mountaine for those pastures famed,
Where then their able youth leapt, wrestled, ran,
Threw the armed dart, and honoured was the man,
That was the victor in the cercute there.
The nimble Rider and skild Chariotere
Strove for the garland in those noble times.
Then to their harpes the Poets sang their rimes,
That whilst Greece flourisht and was onely then
Nurse of all arts, and of all famous men,
Numbring their yeers, still their accounts they made,
Either from this or that Olympiade;
So Dover from these games by thee begun
Wee'l reckon ours as time away doth run,
Wee'l have thy statue in some rocke cut out,
With brave inscriptions garnished about,

And

And under written, *loe this was the man,*
DOVER *that first these noble sports began.* "
Ladds of the hills, and lasses of the vale,
In many a song, and many a merry tale,
Shall mention thee, and having leave to play,
Vnto thy name shall make a holy day.
The *Cotswold* Shepheards as their flocks they keepe,
To put off lazie drowzinesse and sleepe,
Shall sit to tell and heere this story tould,
That night shall come ere they their flocks can fould.

Michaell Drayton.

---

## JOHN ROLLAND.

ANE TREATISE, CALLIT THE COURT OF VENUS, *devidit into four Buikes, newlie compylit by Johnne Rolland, in Dalkeith.*
*Imprinted at Edinburgh be Johnne Ros.*
M.D.LXXV.
*Cum Privilegio Regali.*

THIS is in itself a most curious book, and this edition of extraordinary rarity. The following extract may induce the more inquisitive reader to examine the work itself.

LAMENTATIO

## LAMENTATIO ESPERANTIÆ.

Wa worth the time that ever I him saw,
Wa worth ye hour yat first I did him knaw,
Wa worth the tide that ever we twa met,
Wa worth the day that ever it did daw,
To se my friend into sic thrist and thraw,
And far my saik in sorrow all over set;
Allace, allace, is na remeid to get,
Wa worth the toung that ever persewit sic law,
To see his handis into ane cord thus plet.

I was to hait sa sone for to complaine,
I was unwise that his falt could not lane,
I was unkinde threw heit of sawage blude,
I was to sone ovir strekin with disdane,
I was to pert to put my freind to pane;
Allace, allace, now much my mane and mude,
I was but hap, I was of grace denude,
I was but with my will could not refrane,
But time my feir his life and all his gude.

Now will ilkane hold me abhominabill,
Now will thay call me of his death culpabill,
Now will ilkane fra my cumpanie fle,
Now will thay hald my deides detestabill,
Now may I bruik with greit barret and baill
Like one fond fuill fulfillit with fantasie;
Allace, allace, hard is my destenie,
Now call they me ane Tratour tressonabill,
Of my brother caus I had na pietie.

# ELIZABETH GRYMESTON.

THIS Poetical writer is not mentioned by Ritson, but was the author of the following work:

"MISCELLANEA, — MEDITATIONS — MEMORATIVES, by Elizabeth Grymeston.

Non est rectum quod a Deo non est directum.

London. Printed by Melch. Bradwood, for Folice Norton. 1604."

This is a very rare and curious work. It is dedicated to the author's "Loving Sonne, Bernye Grymeston," and is a miscellaneous composition of verse and prose.

The poetry is indifferent enough, but among the Memoratives at the end are some maxims, as good and judicious as any to be met with in Rochefoucault, or Bruyere. As for example:

"The darts of lust are the eyes, and therefore fix not thy eye on that which thou mayst not desire.

There is no moment of time spent which thou art not countable for, and therefore, when thou hearest the clocke strike, think there is now another houre come, whereof thou art to yeeld a reckoning.

The

The end of a dissolute life is a desperate death. There was never president to the contrary, but in the theefe in the Gospell: In one, lest any shuld despaire: in one alone, lest any should presume.

Evil thoughts are the divels harbingers, for he lodgeth nôt but where they provide his entertainment.

Indifferent equality is safest superiority.

Where passions increase, complaints multiply.

If thou givest a benefit, keepe it close; but if thou receivest one, publish it, for that invites another.

Let thy will be thy friend, thy minde thy companion, thy tongue thy servant.

Age may gaze at beauties blossomes; but youth climbes the tree and enjoyes the fruit.

Time is the herald of Trueth, and Trueth the daughter of Time.

The young man may die quickly; but the old man cannot live long.

There be foure good mothers have foure bad daughters: trueth hath hatred, prosperity hath pride, security hath perill, and familiarity hath contempt.

Wisdome is that olive that springeth from the heart, bloometh on the tongue, and beareth fruit in the actions.

Happy is that mishap whereby we passe to better perfection.

The

The soule is the greatest thing in the least continent.

Let the limits of thy power be the bounds of thy will.

No greater comfort than to know much: no lesse labour than to say little.

Give a lazie clerke a lean fee."

---

## JOHN PHYLLIPS.

AMONG rare tracts, perhaps there is none more rare, or in itself more curious, than this which I am about to describe.

Ritson makes mention of a John Philip, who wrote "A rare and strange historicall account of Cleomenes and Sophonisbe, surnamed Juliet, very pleasant to reade." I presume John Phyllips is a different person, and a new name to be added to our Catalogue of our English Poets. The following is the title of his book.

"A Commemoration of the Right Noble and Vertuous Ladye Margrit Duglasis Good Grace, Countes of Lennox, Daughter to the renowned and most excellent Princesse, Margarit, Queene of

That cries when his lame poesie he heares,
Tis rare my Lord t'will passe the nicest eares.
This makes Amphidius welcome to good cheere,
And spend his master fortie poundes a yeere,
And keep his (4) plaise-mouthed wife in welts and guardes,
For flatterie can never want rewardes;
And therefore Humfrey holdes this paradox,
Tis better be a foole then be a fox,
For folly is rewarded and respected,
Where subtiltie is hated and rejected;
Selfe-will doth frowne when honest zeale reproves (5),
To heare good counsell error never loves.
Tell pursie Rollus, lurking (6) in his bed,
That humours by excessive ease are bred;
That sloth corrupts and choakes the vitall sprights
And kils the memorie and hurts the lights (7):
He will not sticke after a cup of sacke
To flout his counsellor behind his backe;
For with a world of mischiefes and offence,
Unbridled will rebelles against the sence,
And thinketh it no little prejudice
To be reprooved though by good advice;
For wicked men repine their sinnes to heare,
And folly flings (8) if counsaile tuch him neare.
Tell Sextus wife, whose shoes are under-layd (9)
Her gate is girlish, and her foote is splayd,
Sheele raile with open mouth as Marllat dooth;
But if you praise her, though you speake not sooth,
You shall be welcome both to bed and bord,
And use her selfe, her husband, and his sword.
(10) Tell bleer-eid Linus that his sight is cleere,
Heele pawne himselfe to buy thee bread and beere;

Some by long sicknesse thyr lyves do resigne,
Some with the sworde are constrained to dye,
And some by famine to earth do incline,
And some in the floudes deepe drentched do lye,
Some by the lawes from death cannot flye,
Subject to miseries we are on the earth,
And certain to dye, even from our fyrst byrth.

No charter of life is graunted to man,
Our time is but short, our dayes are not long,
Our substaunce is death, and do what we can,
To earth we shall tourne be we never so stronge,
Let us not thinke then that death doth us wrong,
When, or in what sort, he shall us arest,
No, let us be ready to welcome this guest.

Consider that time runnes on without stay,
If he once passe by he will not turne back;
And as the time fades mans dayes weare away,
For the web of this lyfe runnes still unto wrack.
In time keepe watch then, least death the house sack,
For such as live carelesse, glorying in sinne,
Seeke to themselves destruction to winne.

At the end is

"Yours at commaunde in the Lord, John Phyllips.

Imprinted at London, by John Charlewood, dwelling in Barbycan, at the signe of the Halfe Eagle and Key."

# A FIG FOR MOMUS.

I AM indebted to my friend Mr. G. Chalmers for an opportunity of describing the following most rare and curious work.

This I presume to be the first Collection of Satires, so named and intended in the English language. This work Warton had never seen, and what his indefatigable research had not discovered, cannot be of every days occurrence. In his Catalogue of English Satirists, Warton gives precedence to Hall, but Halls *Toothlesse Satyrs, Poetical, Academical, Moral,* were published in 1597. Meres observes, "As Horace, Lucilius, Juvenal, Persius and Lucullus are the best for Satyre among the Latins, so with us in the same faculty, these are chiefe: Piers Plowman, Lodge, Hall of Emanuel Colledge in Cambridge, the author of PIGMALIONS IMAGE, &c." Commenting on this passage, Warton says, (see the sheets of the fourth volume which were printed p. 80.) "I have never seen Lodges Satires, unless his ALARUM AGAINST USURERS containing tried experiences against worldly abuses, and its Appendix, his History of Forbonius and Prisenia, may be considered under that character."

I now therefore proceed to describe this literary curiosity.

## " A FIG FOR MOMUS,

CONTAINING

Pleasant Varietie, included in Satyres, Eclogues and Epistles, by T. L. of Lincolns Inne, Gent.

At London, for Clement Knight, and are to bee solde at his Shop at the Little North Doore of Pauls Church. 1595."

It is inscribed " To the right honorable and thrice renowned Lord William, Earle of Darbie."

When the early period is considered, at which these Satires were written, the reader will naturally be surprised at the extraordinary ease and melody of the verse. I give the first Satire at length.

### TO MASTER E. DIG.

SATYRE I.

Digbie, whence comes it that the world begins
To winke at follies, and to sooth up (1) sinnes?
Can other reason be alleadged than this?
The world sooths sinne because it sinfull is.
The man that lives by bribes and usurie
Winkes like a foxe at lothsome letcherie.
Craft gives ambition leave to lay his plot,
And crosse his friend because he (2) soundes him not.
All men are willing with the world to haulte (3)
But no man takes delight to knowe his faulte
He is a gallant fit to serve my Lord,
Which clawes and sooths him up at every word,

That cries when his lame poesie he heares,
Tis rare my Lord t'will passe the nicest eares.
This makes Amphidius welcome to good cheere,
And spend his master fortie poundes a yeere,
And keep his (4) plaise-mouthed wife in welts and guardes,
For flatterie can never want rewardes;
And therefore Humfrey holdes this paradox,
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For folly is rewarded and respected,
Where subtiltie is hated and rejected;
Selfe-will doth frowne when honest zeale reproves (5),
To heare good counsell error never loves.
Tell pursie Rollus, lurking (6) in his bed,
That humours by excessive ease are bred;
That sloth corrupts and choakes the vitall sprights
And kils the memorie and hurts the lights (7):
He will not sticke after a cup of sacke
To flout his counsellor behind his backe;
For with a world of mischiefes and offence,
Unbridled will rebelles against the sence,
And thinketh it no little prejudice
To be reprooved though by good advice;
For wicked men repine their sinnes to heare,
And folly flings (8) if counsaile tuch him neare.
Tell Sextus wife, whose shoes are under-layd (9)
Her gate is girlish, and her foote is splayd,
Sheele raile with open mouth as Marllat dooth;
But if you praise her, though you speake not sooth,
You shall be welcome both to bed and bord,
And use her selfe, her husband, and his sword.
(10) Tell bleer-eid Linus that his sight is cleere,
Heele pawne himselfe to buy thee bread and beere;

But tuch me Quintus with his stincking breath,
The dastard will defie thee to the death.
Thus though mens great deformities be knowne,
They greeve to heare, and take them for their owne.
Find me a niggard that doth want the shift
To call his cursed avarice good thrift;
A rakehell sworne to prodigalitie,
That dares not terme it liberalitie;
A letcher that hath lost both flesh and fame,
That holds not letcherie a pleasant game;
And why? because they cloake their shame by this,
And will not see the horror what it is,
And cunning sinne being clad in vertues shape,
Flies much reproofe, and many stormes doth scape.
(11) Last day I chaunst in crossing of the streete,
With Diffilus the inkeeper to meete,
He wore a silken night-cap on his head,
And lookt as if he had beene lately dead;
I askt him how he far'd; not well, quoth he,
An ague thus two months hath troubled me.
I let him passe, and laught to hear his skuce (12)
For I knew well he had the *** by Luce,
And wore his night-cappe ribbind at the eares,
Because of late he swet away his heares (13).
But had a stranger chanst to spie him then,
He must have deemd him for a civill man.
Thus with the world, the world dissembles still,
And to their own confusions follow will, (14)
Holding it true felicitie to flie,
Not from the sinne, but from the seeing eie.
Then in this world, who winks at each estate,
Hath found the meanes to make him fortunate,
To colour hate with kindness, to defraud
In private those in publique we applaud.

To keepe this rule, kaw me and I kaw thee,
To play the saints, whereas we divels bee.
What ere men doe let them not reprehend,
For cunning knaves with cunning knaves defend.
Truth is pursewed by hate, then is he wise
That to the world his worldly will applies.
What is he wise? I (15) as Amphestus strong,
That burnt his face because his beard was long.

The spirit, the sentiment, the language, and versification of many passages in the preceding Satire are admirable, and would not have disgraced the pens, either of Dryden or Pope. I subjoin a few explanatory notes for the benefit of the reader who may be less familiar with the phraseology of this period.

(1) *Sooth up*, that is smooth over, palliate.

(2) *Soundes him not*, does not expose him.

(3) *To haulte, to limp*, that is to keep pace with inhuman infirmity.

(4) *Plaise-mouthed*, I presume, means foul-mouthed, or rather, perhaps, with a mouth as large as that of the Plaise.—*Welts and guards*, means gowns and petticoats.

(5) *Selfe will*, &c. These are two excellent lines.

(6) *Lurking*—lounging.

(7) *Lights*. Here also are four very spirited and forcible lines.—*Lights* evidently means the lights or powers of the mind.

(8) *Flings* here means kicks or resents. It would not be easy to find two finer lines in Pope's Satires than these:

For wicked men repine their sinnes to heare,
And folly flings if councill touch him neare.

(9) Under-

(9) *Under-layd*, trodden down in a slovenly manner.

(10) *Tell blear-eyed*, &c. These, and many of the succeeding lines are very animated, and truly conceived and expressed in the indignant spirit of genuine Satire.

(11) *Last day*—Yesterday.

(12) *Skuse*—excuse.

(13) *Hearse*—hairs.

(14) *Will—passion*. I know not where these lines are surpassed in force, truth, or elegance.

> Thus with the world, the world dissembles still,
> And to their own confusions follow will,
> Holding it true felicitie to flie,
> Not from the sinne, but from the seeing eie.

(15) *I*. That is ay.—I confess I do not comprehend the meaning of these concluding lines.

# EUPHUES GOLDEN LEGACIE,

*Found after his Death in his Cell at Silexedra. Bequeathed to Philautus Sonnes, nursed up with their Father in England.*

*Fetcht from the Canaries by T. L. Gent.*

*Imprinted at London, for John Smethwick, and are to be sold at his Shop in Saint Dunstanes Church Yard, in Fleet Street, under the Dyall.* 1612.

THIS Tract is by the same author as that which precedes, Thomas Lodge, of whom Warton

remarks that he was fitted for a different mode of composition than Satire. This, however, will not easily be allowed by those who have perused his Satires, which Warton confessedly had not.

This Tract deserves commemoration, as well for its great rarity, as that by the acknowledgledgment of all the Commentators it furnished the Plot of Shakspeare's As You like it. There are a great many poetical pieces interspersed, which indicate much true poetical feeling and taste. One or two specimens of Lodge's Poetry are to be found in Ellis's work, but I have no where seen any portion of the present performance.

The following examples may well entitle the Author to a distinguished place among our early English Poets.

MADRIGAL.

Love in my bosome like a bee
Doth suck his swecte,
Now with his wings he plaies with me,
Now with his feete.

Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
His bed amidst my tender breast,
My kisses are his daily feast,
And yet he robs me of my rest.

Ah

Ah Wanton will ye?
And if I sleepe then pearcheth he
With prettie flight,
And makes his pillow of my knee
The live long night.

Strike I my lute, he tunes the string,
He musicke plaies if so I sing,
He lends me every living thing
Yet cruell he my heart doth sting.

Whist wanton will ye?
Else I with roses every day
Will whip you hence,
And bind you when you long to play,
For your offence.

Ile shut my eyes to keepe you in,
Ile make yeu fast it for your sinne,
Ile court your power not worth a pinne,
Alas what hereby shall I winne,
If he gainesay me?

What if I beate the wanton boy
With many a rod,
He will repay me with annoy,
Because a God.

Then sit thou safely on my knee,
And let thy bower my bosom be,
Lurke in mine eyes, I like of thee,
O Cupid so thou pittie me,
Spare not, but play thee.

SONETTO.

Turne I my lookes unto the skies,
Love with his arrows wounds myne eies;
If so I looke upon the ground,
Love then in every flower is found.
Search I the shade to flie my paine,
He meetes me in the shades againe:
Wend I to walke in secret grove,
Even there I meet with sacred love;
If so I bathe me in the spring,
Even on the brinke I hear him sing;
If so I meditate alone,
He will be partner of my mone;
If so I mourne he weeps with me,
And where I am there will he be;
When as I talke of Roselind,
The God from coynesse waxeth kind,
And seemes in self-same flame to frie,
Because he loves as well as I.
Sweete Roselind, for pitie rue,
For why then love I am more true.
He if he speede will quickly flie,
But in thy love I live and die.

The following is part of a Poetical Dialogue between Rosader, the unsuccessful Lover, and Rosalind.

ROSADER.

I pray thee *Rosalind*, by these sweet eyes,
That staine the Sun in shine, the Moone in cleare,

By

By those sweet cheekes where loue incamped lies,
To kisse the roses of the springing yeere,
I tempt thee *Rosalind*, by ruthfull plaints,
Not seasoned with deceit of fraudfull guile,
But firme in paine, far more then tongue depaints:
Sweet nymph be kind, and grace me with a smile.
So may the heauens preserue from hurtfull foode
Thy harmlesse flocks; so may the summer yeeld
The pride of all her riches and her good
To fat thy sheepe (the citizens of field).
O leaue to arme thy lowely browes with scorne,
The birds their beake, the lion hath his taile:
And louers nought but sighs and bitter mourne,
The spotlesse fort of fancie to assaile.
Oh *Rosalind*, then be thou pitifull,
For *Rosalind* is onely beautifull,

## CORIDONS SONG.

A blithe and bonny country lasse,
Heigh ho, bonny lasse,
Sate sighing on the tender grasse,
And weeping said, will none come woo me
A smicker boy, a lither swayne,
Heigh ho, a smicker swayne,
That in his loue was wanton faine,
With smiling lookes strait came vnto her.

When as the wanton wench espide,
Heigh ho when she espide
The meanes to make herself a bride,
She simpred smooth like bonny bell,

The

The swayne that saw her squint eide kind,
Heigh ho squint eide kinde,
His arms about her body twind,
And faire lasse, how faire yee? well.

The country Kit said well forsooth,
Heigh ho, well forsooth,
But that I haue a longing tooth,
A longing tooth that makes me crie:
Alas, said he, what garres thy griefe?
Heigh ho, what garres thy grife?
A wounde, quoth she, without reliefe;
I feare a maide that I shall die.

If that be all, the shepheard said,
Heigh ho, shepheard said,
He make thee wiue it, gentle maide,
And so secure thy maladie,
Hereon they kist with many an oath,
Heigh ho, with many an oath,
And fore god Pan did plight their troth,
And to the church they hied them fast.

And God send euery pretty peate,
Heigh ho, the pretty peate
That feares to die of this conceite,
So kind a friend to helpe at last.

# EPIGRAMMATISTS.

I HAVE by no means exhausted the subject of rare Poetical Tracts, which are to be found, either in the Museum, or in the Collections of my friends; but wishing to exhibit to the reader as various amusement as possible, I shall close this part of my work with a brief description of some rarer Epigrammatic productions of the earliest period.

1. "THE LETTING OF HUMORS BLOOD IN THE HEAD-VAINE, with a New Morisso, daunced by Seven Satyres upon the bottom of Diogenes Tubbe.

Imprinted at London, by W. White. 1611."

This must have been a very popular work in its day, as there were several editions of it under various titles. The author was Samuel Rowlands.

The following specimen shows how much Tarlton was praised and followed for his performance of the Clown's part.

EPIG. 31.

When Tarlton clown'd it in a pleasant vaine,
And with conceites did good opinions gaine
Upon the stage his merry humours shop,
Clownes knew the Clowne by his great clownish slop:

But

But now the're gulled, for present fashion sayes,
Dick Tarlton's part gentlemens breeches plaies
In every streete where any gallant goes,
The swaggring sloppe is Tarlton's clownish hose.

EPIG.

Alas, Delfridus keepes his bed, God knowes,
Which is a signe his worships very ill,
His griefe beyond the grounds of phisicke goes;
No doctor that comes neare it with his skill,
Yet doth he eate, drinke, talke, and sleepe profound,
Seeming to all mens judgment healthfull found,
Then gesse the cause he thus to bed is drawne,
What thinke you so may such a hap procure it.
Well tis very true, his hose are out at pawne,
A breechlesse chaunce is come he must endure it,
His hose to Brokers jayle committed are,
His singular and only velvet paire.

" THE MOUSE TRAP.

Uni si possim placere sat est.

Printed at London, for F. B. dwelling at the Flower de Luce and Crowne, in Pauls Church Yard. 1606."

This collection of Epigrams is not mentioned by Warton. It is inscribed by the author "To his no little respected Friend, little John Buck, I dedicate this my little."

EPIG.

## EPIG. 11.

Brutus, that brave and compleat Cavalier,
Who thus of late in Fleet Street flourished,
Thought then no pleasure or expence too deare;
But see how soon the case is altered,
As that constrained to divide the streete,
He now betakes himselfe unto the Fleete.

## EPIG. 14.

Faunus for feates of fencing beares the bell,
For skill in musick on each instrument,
For dancing, carving, and discoursing well,
With other sundry gifts more excellent;
But striving still to make his credit stronger,
The taylor will not trust him any longer.

## EPIG. 32.

Persuade not Romulus to take a wife,
Who is to wedlock sworne an enemie,
And ever vowes to lead a single life,
Which he accompts most honest purity.
Besides a thousand reasons that coustraines him,
Amongst the rest, a marchants wife maintains him.

## EPIG. 74.

Paulus, a pamphlet doth in proze present
Unto his Lord, "The Fruites of idle Time,"
Who far more carelesse then therewith content,
Wished he would convert it into rime,

Which

Which done, and brought him at another season,
Said now tis rime, before nor rime nor reason.

EPIG. 86.

The wicked reape what other men do sowe,
But cuckolds are excepted, that you know.

## JOHN HEATH.

This Poet is not mentioned by Ritson, or any of our poetical Biographers, but he was the author, among other works, of the following:

"TWO CENTURIES OF EPIGRAMMES.

Written by John Heath, Bachelour of Arts, and Fellow of New Colledge in Oxford.

Quicquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas,
Gaudia, discursus; nostri farrago libelli est.

London. Printed by John Windet. 1610."

EPIG. 17.

I tooke the wall, one thrust me rudely by,
And told me the highway did open lie;
I thankt him that he did me so much grace,
To take the worse, leave me the better place;
For if by th' owners we esteeme of things,
The walks a subjects, but the ways the kings.

## EPIG. 24.

Fisher, by being the Popes humble thrall,
Missed not much of being Cardinall;
A cap there was prepared, a Legate sent,
T'invest his brow with that pure ornament;
But see how thinges fell out, see how he sped,
Before his cap came he had lost his head.

## *BOOK* 2d.

## EPIG. 9.

Health is a jewel true, which when we buy,
Physicians value it accordingly.

## EPIG. 14.

Some of Alvinus friends met purposely
T'extol his worth, did praise him for to bee
Well timberd, and to give him the more grace,
One of them said he had a wainscot face;
Another thinking sure to strike the stroke,
Reported that he was all hart of oke.
Commend they him this way, the best they can,
Yet shall they make him but a woodden man.

## EPIG. 38.

### Ad M. Brewer, Medicum.

This phrase to drinke a health is onely trew,
Of drinke which men of your profession brew.

## EPIG. 40.

Our common Parents straight upon their fall,
Made breeches fit to hide their shame withall;
And as we read both alike were them then,
Now females weare the breeches more than men.

## EPIG. 92.

### TOBACCO.

We buy the driest wood that we can finde,
And willingly would leave the smoke behinde;
But in tobacco a thwart course we take,
Buying the hearb onely for the smokes sake.

## EPIG. 98.

PORUS, the onely Sloven of our dayes,
Is, for I dare avouch it to his praise,
No punie scholler, wonderfully read
As any of his time that beares a head,
Yet of all the authors common here with us,
It seemes he ne're heard of GO-CLENIUS.

## QUODLIBETS.

THIS Collection of Epigrams is mentioned with respect by Warton, and deserves a place in this work, from its extreme rarity.

" QUODLIBETS, LATELY COME OVER FROM NEW BRITANIOLA, OLD NEWFOUNDLAND.

Epigrams and other small Parcels, both morall and divine.

The first foure Books being the Authors owne: the rest translated out of that excellent Epigrammatist, Mr. John Owen, and other rare Authors.

With two Epistles of that excellently wittie Doctor Francis Rablais. Translated out of his French at large. All of them composed and done at Harbor-grace, in Britaniola, anciently called Newfoundland.

By R. H. sometimes Governor of the Plantation there.

London. Printed by Elizabeth All-de, for Roger Michell, dwelling in Pauls Church Yard, at the Signe of the Bulls Head. 1628."

They are dedicated to Charles I., whom the author terms " Father, Favourer and Furtherer of all his loyall Subjects right honourable and

worthie Plantations." He subscribes himself h
" Majesties well meaning and loyall subject,

ROBERT HAYMAN.

The following complimentary verses to th
author, by the celebrated George Wither, seem
worth preserving:

TO THE LOVERS OF THE MUSES UPON THES
QUODLIBETS.

Why doe so many fondly dote upon
Parnassus, Tempe, and that Helicon,
Renowned by the Greeks? why praise they so
The muses haunting Tiber, Thame and Po,
As if no other hill, or grove, or spring,
Should yeeld such raptures as these forth did bring.
Behold even from these uncouth shores, among
Unpeopled woods and hills, these straines were sung.
And most of theirs they seeme to parallell,
Who boast to drinke of Aganippes well.
Despaire not, therefore, you that love the Muses,
If any Tyrant you or yours abuses;
For these will follow you and make you mirth,
Ev'n at the furthest angles of the earth,
And these contentments which at home ye leese,
They shall restore you among beasts and trees.

Yours,

GEORGE WITHER.

The

The following alludes to a singular custom formerly observed by the Lord Mayor of London, but which, I presume, is now omitted. Every Lord Mayor gave, in the course of his Mayoralty, "a gilded spoon to most of his Company, and at a solemne feast each guest gives him 4 or 5l. or more towards his charge."

## EPIG. 22.

### TO A PARDON BUYER.

The Pope gives thee a sweeping indulgence,
But thou must give him good store of thy pence:
So my Lord Mayor gives spoons all guilded oer,
Receives for each foure or five pounds therefore.

The City now makes a large allowance, as much, I believe, as 8000l. to each Lord Mayor, for the maintenance of his state and dignity.

## EPIG. 35.

### TO SIR PIERCE PENNY-LESSE.

Though little coyne thy purse-lesse pocket lyne,
Yet with great company thou art ta'en up,
For often with Duke Humphrey thou dost dyne,
And often with Sir Thomas Gresham sup.

Note on the above.

"He walks out his dinner in Paules, and his supper in the Exchange."

The aisles of St. Pauls Church were then the fashionable City walk.

## EPIG. 46.

POPERIES PRINCIPAL ABSURDITIES.

Of all the hoodwinkt trickes in Popery,
This is the lamentablest foppery,
When God is made to speake and to command
Men in a tongue they doe not understand,
And men commanded are to sing and pray
To such fond things as know not what they say;
And these men having madly, sadly prayd,
Themselves doe not know what themselves have said.

Note on the above.

" In Papisticall Churches they both read the Scripture, and sing and pray to images, in Lattaine."

One more specimen may suffice.

## EPIG. 114.

TO MY HONEST BED-FELLOW, THE PRIVATLY CHARITABLE DISCREETLY BENEFICIAL MASTER EDWARD PAYNE, MERCHANT OF BRISTOLL.

Piein is Greeke to drinke, Pain French for bread,
With Paine God says with these we shall be fed,
Yet without Payne many these needfulls gaine,
Only by thanking God and Master Payne.

# JOHN HEATH.

THE following rare Tract will conclude my Selection of this kind:

" TWO CENTURIES OF EPIGRAMMES. Written by John Heath, Bachelour of Arts, and Fellow of New Colledge, in Oxford.

London. Printed by John Windet. 1610."

These Epigrams are inscribed " To the Vertuous Gentleman, M. Thomas Bilson, sole Sonne to that Reverend Father, the now L. Bishop of Winchester."

The following complimentary lines to the Author deserve preservation:

Jocos, delitias, sales, lepores
Salsos, innocuos, graves, pudicos,
Vis libro pariter videre in uno?
Heathi centurias legas, legendo
Jocos, delitias, sales, lepores,
Salsos, innocuos, graves, pudicos,
In libro pariter videbis uno.

Casta placent? castus liber iste. Jocosa? jocosus.
Innocua? invenies. Relligiosa? dabit.
Oh quot habes ipsis Musis et Apolline digna!
Oh quam multiplices, parve libelle, sales!

## EPIG. 2.

### IN LIBRUM SUUM.

My booke it must please all, or some, or none,
And one of these three it needs must embrace,
It cannot possible please every one;
And for to please none thats a maine disgrace.
Yet for my will, what ere of it become,
I rather would, it should please none than some.

## EPIG. 5.

It must be questioned in philosophy,
Whether the sight thats resiant in the eye,
Be first by sendi g out these radiant streames,
Or els by taking in reflexed beames.
Might I, with my poore skill, resolve the doubt,
I should determine 'twere by sending out.
So nimbly doe we others faults discrie,
So blinde we are when we looke inwardly.

T. DECKER.

# T. DECKER.

THE Dramatic Works of this Author have been mentioned in their place. This Tract, the description of which follows, is curious in itself, and of such rarity as to merit a place here.

The reader will find some account of it in the Prolegomena to Steevens's edition of Shakspeare. That Critic has given as a specimen, the chapter which instructs a Gallant how to behave himself in a Playhouse.

The following is the Title:

"THE GULS HORNE-BOOKE.

Stultorum plena sunt omnia,
Al Savio mena parola Bastar.

By T. Decker.

Printed at London, for R. S. 1609."

The reader will, I hope, be entertained with the following chapter, which instructs a Gallant "how to behave himselfe in an Ordinary."

"CHAP. 5.

*How a Yong Gallant should behave himselfe in an Ordinary.*

First having diligently enquired out an ordinary of the largest reckoning, whither most of your

your courtly Gallants do resort, let it be your use to repaire thither, some halfe houre after eleven, for then you shall find most of your fashion mongers planted in the roome, waiting for meate: ride thither upon your galloway nag, or your Spanish Jennet, a swift ambling pace, in your hose and doublet (gilt rapier and poinard bestow'd in their places) and your French Lackey carrying your cloake, and running before you, or rather in a coach, for that will both hide you from the basiliske eyes of your creditors, and out-runne a whole kennell of bitter mouth'd serjeants.

Being arrived in the roome, salute not any but those of your acquaintance: walke up and downe by the rest as scornfully and carelessly as a Gentleman Usher: select some friend (having first throwne off your cloake) to walke up and downe the roome with you, let him be suited, if you can, worse by farre then yourselfe, he will be a foyle to you: and this will be a meanes to publish your clothes better than Powles, a Tennis Court or a Play house: discourse as lowd as you can, no matter to what purpose, if you but make a noise and laugh in fashion and have a good sower face to promise quarrelling, you shall be much observed. If you be a souldier, talke how often you have beene in action: as the *Portingall* voyage, *Cales* voyage, the *Iland* voiage, besides some eight or nine imploiments in Ireland and the low Countries: then you may discourse

course how honorably your *Grave* used you: observe that you cal your *Grave Maurice* your *Grave*. How often you have drunk with Count such a one, and such a Count on your knees to your Graves health: and let it be your vertue to give place neither to S. Rynock, nor to any Dutchman whatsoever, in the seventeene Provinces, for that souldiers complement of drinking. And if you perceive that the untraveld company about you take this downe well, ply them with more such stuffe, as how you have interpreted betweene the French King and a great Lord of Barbary, when they have beene drinking healthes together, and that will be an excellent occasion to publish your languages, if you have them: if not, get some fragments of French, or small parcels of Italian to fling about the table, but beware how you speak any Latine there, your Ordinary most commonly hath no more to do with Latine then a desperate towne of Garison hath.

If you be a Courtier, discourse of the obtaining of suits; of your mistresses favours, and make enquiry, if any gentleman at boord have any suit to get, which he would use y' good means of a great mans interest with the King: and withall (if you have not so much grace left in you as to blush) that you are (thankes to your starres) in mightie credit, though in your own consience you know, and are guilty to yourselfe that you dare not (but onely upon the priviledges of hansome

clothes) presume to peepe into the presence. Demand if there bee any gentleman (whom any there is acquainted with) that is troubled with two offices, or any Vicar with two Church livings: which will politickly insinuate that your inquiry after them is because you have good meanes to obtaine them: yea and rather than your tongue should not be heard in the roome, but that you should sit (like an asse) with your finger in your mouth and speake no thing: discourse how often this lady hath sent her coach for you: and how often you have sweat in the Tennis Court with that great Lord; for indeede the sweatinge together in Fraunce (I meane the Society of Tennis) is a great argument of most deere affection, even betweene noble men and pesants.

If you be a Poet, and come into the Ordinary (though it be no great glory to be an ordinary Poet) order yourselves thus: observe no man, doff not cap to that gentleman to day at dinner, to whom not two nights since you were beholden for a supper: but after a turne or two in the roome take occasion (putting out your gloves) to have some Epigram or Satyre or Sonnett fastened in one of them that may (as it were vomittingly to you) offer it selfe to the gentlemen: they will presently desire it; but without much conversation from them, and a pretty kind of countefet loathnes in your selfe, do not read it: and though it be none of your owne,

owne, sweare you made it. Mary if you chaunce to get into your haunds any witty thing of another mans that is somewhat better, I would councell you then, if demand be made who composed it, you may say faith a learned gentleman and very worthy friend: and this seeming to lay it on another man will be counted either modestie of you, or a signe that you are not ambitious of praise, or else that you dare not take it upon you for feare of the sharpnesse it carries with it. Besides it will adde much to your fame to let your tongue walke faster than your teeth, though you be never so hungry, and rather than you should sit like a dumb coxcomb, to repeat by heart, either some verses of your owne, or of any other mans, stretching even very good lines upon the rack of censure, though it be against all law honesty or conscience, it may chaunce to save you the price of your Ordinary, and beget you other supplements. Mary I would further intreat our Poet to be in league with the Mistresse of the Ordinary, because from her (upon condition that he will but ryme knyghts and yong gentlemen to her house and maintaine the table in good fooling) he may easily make up his mouth at her cost *gratis*.

Thus much for particular men, but in generall let all that are in Ordinary-pay march after the sound of these directions. Before the meate come smoaking to the board, our Gallant must draw out his tobacco box, the ladell for the cold

snuffe

snuffe into the nosthrill, the tongs and priming iron: all which artillery may be of gold or silver, (if he can reach to the price of it) it will be a reasonable usefull pawne at all times when the current of his money falles out to run low. And heere you must observe to know in what state tobacco is in towne better then the merchaunts, and to discourse of the potecaries where it is to be sold, and to be able to speake of their wines as readily as the potecary himselfe, reading the barbarous hand of a doctor: then let him shew his severall tricks in taking hand. As the *Whiffe*, the *Ring*, &c. for these are complements that gaine gentlemen no meane respect, and for which indeede they are more worthily noted I ensure you than for any skill they have in learning.

When you are set downe to dinner you must eate as impudently as can be (for that's most gentlemanlike) when your knight is upon his stewed mutton, be you presently (though you be but a Capten) in the bosome of your goose: and when your Justice of Peace is knuckle deepe in goose, you may, without disparagement to your blood, though you have a Lady to your mother, fall very manfully to your woodcocks.

You may rise in dinner time to aske for a close stoole, protesting to all the gentlemen that it costs you a hundred pounds a yeare in physicke, besides the annuall pension which your wife allowes her Doctor: and (if you please) you may (as your great French Lord doth) invite

vite some speciall friend of yours to hold discourse with you as you sit in that withdrawing chamber: from whence being returned againe to the board, you shall sharpen the wits of all the eating gallants about you, and doe them great pleasure to aske what pamphlets or poems a man might thinke fittest to wipe his taile with, (mary this talke will bee somewhat foule if you carry not a strong perfume about you) and in propounding this question, you may abuse the workes of any man, deprave his writings that you cannot equal, and purchase to yourselfe in time the terrible name of a severe Criticke: nay and be one of the Colledge if youle be liberall inough: and when your turne comes pay for their suppers.

After dinner, every man, as his business leades him, some to dice, some to drabs, some to playes, some to take up friends in the Court, some to take up money in the Citty, some to lende testers in Powles, others to borrow crownes upon the Exchange: and thus as the people is sayd to bee a beast of many heads (yet all those heads like Hydraes) ever growing as various in their hornes as wondrous in their budding and branching, so in an Ordinary you shall find the variety of a whole kingdome in a few apes of the kingdome.

You must not sweare in your dicing, for that argues a violent impatience to depart from y' money, and in time will betray a mans neede.

Take

Take heed of it, for whether you be at Primero or Hazard you shall sit as patiently (though you loose a whole halfe yeares exhibition) as a disarm'd gentleman does when hees in y^e^ unmerciful fingers of Serjeants. Mary I will allow you to sweat privatly, and teare six or seven score paire of cards, be the damnation of some dozen or twenty baile of dice, and forswcare play a thousand times in an houre, but not sweare, dice yourselfe into your shirt: and if you have a beard, that y^r^ friend will lend but an angell upon, shave it off, and pawne that rather then goe home blinde to your lodging.

Further it is to be remembered, he that is a great gamester, may be trusted for a quarters board at all times, and apparell provided if neede be.

At your twelvepenny Ordinary you may give any Justice of Peace, or yong Knight (if hee sit but one degree towards the equinoctiall of the salt seller) leave to pay for the wine, and hee shall not refuse it, though it be a weeke before the receiving of his quarters rent, which is a time albeit of good hope, yet of present necessity.

There is another Ordinary, to which your London Usurer, your stale Batchilor, and your thrifty Atturney do resort; the price three-pence; the roomes as full of company as a jaile, and indeed divided into severall wardes, like the beds of an hospitall. The complement betweene them

is

not much, their words few; for the belly hath
› eares, every mans eie heere is open, the other
ans trencher to note whether his fellow lurch
m or no: if they chaunce to discourse, it is of
›thing but of statutes, bonds, recognizances,
›es, recoveries, audits, rents, subsidies, suerties,
›losures, liveries, inditemtents, outlaries, feoff-
›nts, judgements, commissions, bankerouts,
›ercements, and of such horrible matter, that
›en a Lifetenant dines with a Punck in the next
›me, hee thinks verily the men are conjuring.
can find nothing at this Ordinary worthy the
ting downe for: therefore the cloth shall bee
ken away, and those that are thought good
ough to be guests heere shall bee too base to bee
›iters at your grand Ordinary. At which your
llant tastes these comodities he shal farewel,
joy good company, receive all the newes ere the
st can deliver his packet, be perfect where the
st bawdy houses, proclaime his good clothes,
owe this man can drinke well, that to feede
›sly, the other to swagger roughly; he shall, if
e bee minded to travell, put out money upon
› returne, and have hands enough to receive it,
›on any terms of repaiment: and no question,
he be poore, he shall now and then light
›on some Gull or other, whom he may shelder
fter the gentile fashion) of money. By this
ne the parings of fruit and cheese are in the
›yder, cards and dice lie stinking in the fire,

the guests are all up, the guilty rapiers ready to be hang'd, the French lacquey, and Irish footboy, shrugging at their doores with their masters Hobby horses to ride to the new play; that the randevous thither they are gallopt in post: let us take a paire of oares, and row lustily after them."

## THE BELMAN OF LONDON.

"THE BELMAN OF LONDON bringing to Light the most notorious Villanies that are now practised in the Kingdome.

Profitable for Gentlemen, Lawyers, Merchants, Citizens, Farmers, Masters of Housholds, and all sorts of Servants to mak, and delightfull for all men to read.

Lege, perlege, relege.

The fifth Impression with new Editions.

Printed at London by Miles Flesher. 1640. Black Letter."

Of this book Warton observes, that it was called by a cotemporary writer, the most witty, elegant, and eloquent display of the vices of London then extant.

Scarce as this book now is, and few are more scarce, it went through a prodigious number of editions.

This is almost the first book which professes to give any account of the canting language of thieves and vagabonds: as such, a specimen or two will, I presume, be acceptable.

"THE CURBING LAW.

The Blacke Art and the Curbing Law are grounded both upon the selfe same positions: for the Blacke Art teaches how to breake open a locke; the Curbing Law, how to hooke goods out of a window: they both are workers in iron, both are begotten in idlenesse, both live by villany, and both die by infamy. A Smith is the maker and setter up of these two trades: the Hangman is the utter undooer of them. This Curbing Law spreads itself into foure maine branches.

He that hookes is called the Curber,
He that plays the spy is the Warpe,
The hooke is the Curbe.
The goods are called Snappings.
The gin to open the window is the Tricker.

The office of the Curber is, for the most part, betimes in the mornings, at the discharging of a watch, to be up more early than a noyse of shrugging fidlers; and the husbandry which he followes is, in the day time to watch what shoppes or windowes stand fittest for his trade, which if he finde easily to be opened, then the Cony is in the pursute without much fretting:

but if he must take paines for his living, out come his Trickers, and then as if he were a brother of the Blacke Art, doth he with these iron engines cut a bar of iron in sunder, in such sort, that scarce the standers by shall heare him. The window being thus open, and that he hath good hope to meete with fat snappings or rich purchase, the Warp bustles to play his part, and watches with cats eyes in the darke, looking (like one asquint, or as if he stood tood to catch hares) two waies, one to spye who comes, the other to note what comes out at a window; to carry which away, he is furnished with a long cloake. But first must the Curber play his prize, and that is with an iron about nine feet in length, at whose end, being crooked, are three lynes, turned contrary, so that they catch every way, if any snappings be within their reach. This hooke or curb is made with joynts like an angling rodde, and in the day time is conveyed into the forme of a truncheon, and worne like a walking staffe till night, when it is put to doe other service.

Whatsoever the Curber with his angle fishes for and takes, the Warp beares it away, and he delivers it either to a broker or some bawd (for they all are of one feather) of which receivers they have as present money for it as if they traded with merchants. There is then belonging to this faculty a Diver, and he is just in the nature of a Curber,

Curber, for as the one practices his villany with a hooke, so the Diver works his jugling feats by the helpe of a boy (called a Figger) when he thrusts in at a casement, being so well studied that he hath the principles of the Blacke Art, and can picke a locke, if it be not too much crossewarded: this Figger delivers to the Diver what snappings he finds in the shop or chamber."

In another part of the work the author informs us, that some of these thieves have their instruments "from Italy, made of steele; some are made here in England by smiths that are partners and partakers in their villanous occupations."

## LANTHORN AND CANDLE LIGHT.

"LANTHORN AND CANDLE LIGHT:
Or, the Bell-Mans Second Nights Walke.
In which he brings to light a Brood of more strange Villanies than ever were till this Yeare discovered.

Decet novisse malum, fecisse nefandum.

The second Edition, newly corrected and amended.

Printed for John Busby." The date torn out. Black Letter.

This appears to be a continuation of the former work, and certainly is no less curious. It is inscribed "To the verry worthy Gentleman, Francis Musician of Peckam."

From this Tract I transcribe the Canters Dictionary, which they who please may compare with the more modern one, by Grose.

*Autem*—a church.
*Autem-mort*—a married woman.
*Boung*—a purse (or *pocket*, S. R.)
*Borde*—a shilling.
*Bowse*—drinke.
*Bowsing Ken*—an ale house.
*Bene*—good.
*Beneship*—very good.
*Bufe*—a dogge.
*Bing a wast*—get you hence.
*Caster*—a clocke.
*A Commissier*—a shirt.
*Chates*—the gallowes (*cheates*, S. R.)
*To cly the jerke*—to be whipped.
*To cutt*—to speake.
*To cutt bene*—to speake gently.
*To cutt bene whiddes*—to speake good wordes.
*To cutt quier whiddes*—to give evill language.
*To cant*—to speake.
*To couch a hogshead*—to lye downe a sleepe.
*Drawers*—hosen.

*Dudes*

*Dudes*—clothes *.
*Darkemans*—the night.
*Dewse-a-vile*—the country.
*Dup the giger*—open the dore.
*Famoles*—hands.
*Fambling chete*—a ring.
*Flag*—a groat.
*Glasiers*—eyes.
*Gan*—a mouth.
*Gage*—a quart pott.
*Grannam*—corn.
*Gybe*—a writing.
*Glymmer*—fire.
*Gigger*—a doore.
*Gentry mort*—a gentlewoman.
*Gentry Cofes Ken*—a noblemans house.
*Harman bek*—a constable.
*Harmans*—the stockes.
*Heave a bough*—rob a boothe.
*Jarke*—a seale.
*Ken*—a house.
*Lage of Dudes*—a bucke of clothes.
*Libbege*—a bed.
*Lowre*—money.
*Lap*—butter milke or whaye.

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* In a publication, entitled "Martin Mark-all, Beadle of Bridewell, his Defence and Answer to the Bellman of London, by S. R. (Samuel Rowlands). 1610." I find the Canting Dictionary amended and enlarged.

*Libken*—a house to lye in.
*Lage*—water.
*Lightmans*—the day.
*Mynt*—golde.
*A Make*—a halfe penny.
*Margery Prater*—a henne.
*Mawnding*—asking.
*To mill*—to steale.
*Mill a ken*—rob a house.
*Nosegent*—a nunne.
*Niggling*—companying with a woman.
*Pratt*—a buttock.
*Peck*—meate.
*Poplárs*—pottage.
*Prancer*—a horse.
*Prigging*—riding.
*Patnico*—a priest.
*Pad*—a way.
*Quarones*—a body.
*Ruff-peck*—Bacon.
*Roger or Tib of the buttry*—a goose.
*Rome vile*—London.
*Rome-bowse*—wine.
*Rome-mort*—a queene.
*Ruffmans*—the woods or bushes.
*Ruffian*—the Divill.
*Stampes*—Legges.
*Stampers*—shoes.
*Slate*—a sheete.
*Skew*—a cup.

*Salomon*—the masse.
*Stuling Ken*—a house to receive stolen goods.
*Skipper*—a barne.
*Strommet*—straw.
*Smelling Chete*—an orchard or garden.
*To scowre the Cramp-ring*—to weare boults.
*Stalling*—making an ordeyning.
*Tryning*—hanging.
*To twore*—to see.
*Yarum*—milke.

To these two books last described is annexed as a frontispiece, The London Watchman in his ancient dress. In the first he is represented as having a staff, with a pike at one end, and the other end represented as broken. But at this end was a hook, which made it a very formidable weapon, and which is seen in the Frontispiece to LANTHORNE and CANDLE LIGHT.

## ENGLISH VILLANIES.

" ENGLISH VILLANIES SEVEN SEVERALL TIMES PREST TO DEATH BY THE PRINTERS, but still reviving again, are now the eighth Time (as at the first) discovered by *Lanthorne and Candle Light*, and the helpe of a new Cryer, called

*O-per-se-O.*

Whose loud voyce proclaimes to all that will heare him, another conspiracy of abuses lately plotting

plotting together to hurt the peace of this kingdome: which the *Bell-man*, because he then went stumbling ith the darke, could never see till now.

And because a company of rogues, cunning canting gypsies, and all the scumme of a nation fight heere under their tattered colours.

At the end is a Canting Dictionary to teach their language, with Canting Songs.

A booke to make { Gentlemen merry, Citizens warie, Countrimen carefull.

Fit for all Justices to reade over, because it is a Pilot by whom they may make strange discoveries.

London. Printed by M. Parsons, and are to be sold, &c. * B. Letter.

## A STRANGE HORSE RACE.

" A STRANGE HORSE RACE.

* I find in the Museum another edition of this book, of so late a date as 1648. The title page differs from this, only, that instead of " English Villanies *seven* severall times prest to death," this copy has " *eight* severall times prest to death." It appears, in all other respects, to be the same Tract reprinted. According to Oldys, the Tract went through eight editions, which explains the term of " eight times prest to death." He (Decker) was in the King's Bench Prison from 1613 to 1616; and how much longer, says Oldys, I know not.

At

At the end of which comes in THE CATCH POLES MASQUE.

And after that The Bankrouts Banquet.

Which done, the Divell falling sicke makes his last Will and Testament this present Yeare, 1613.

Aliquid latet quod non patet.

Written by Thomas Dekker." 4to. B. L.

This is one of the scarcest of Dekker's pamphlets, and is in the collection of Mr. Douce.

In the fourteenth volume of Steevens's edition of Shakspeare, p. 109. Edition 1793, mention is made in the notes of "The Wyll of the Devill." But that cannot allude to this tract, for Steevens explains the expression of "wooden pricks," by "a bequest made by the Devill to the butchers of *pricks* enough to set up their thin meate, that it may appeare thicke and well fedde."

There is no such bequest in this Devills will. There are, however, two or three which are comicall enough to be transcribed.

"I give to all jailors and keepers of prisons, to every one of them, the soule of a beare (to bee ravenous) the body of a woolfe (to be cruell) the speech of a dog (to be churlish) the tallons of a vulture (to bee griping) and my countenance to beare them out in their office, that

that they may looke like Devills upon poore prisoners."

" Lastly, I make and ordaine, by this my last Will and Testament, a Common Barretour to bee my executor, and two Knights, who are my sworne servants, and are of the post, (their names and service being naild upon pillars in Westminster Pallace) I make them, albeit they are pur blind, my overseers; and for their paines therein, I will bequeath to each of them, a great round pearle, to be worne in their eyes, because I may be still in their sight when I am gone from them."

## WORKE FOR ARMOROURS.

" WORKE FOR ARMOROURS, or the Peace is broken. Open Warres likely to happen this Yeare, 1609.

God helpe the Poore, the Rich can shift.

Sævit toto Mars impius orbe.

Written by Thomas Dekker.

Printed for Nathaniel Butler, dwelling in Paules Church Yard, at the Signe of the Pide-Bull, neere S. Austins Gate. 1609."

This Tract is inscribed " To the worthy deserver of that antient and honorable title, SIR THOMAS HEVVET, Knight."

The

The Author subscribes himself

" Yours under the cullors of your love,

THOMAS DEKKER."

This is in Black Letter, and in the Museum.

## GREEVOUS GRONES FOR THE POORE.

" GREEVOUS GRONES FOR THE POORE.

Done by a Well Wisher, who wisheth that the Poore of England might be so provided for, as none should neede to go a begging within this Realme.

The poore afflicted are,
So that they perish fast;
If now no order taken be,
Then ruine comes at last.

Printed for Michael Sparre. 1622."

In the printed Catalogue of the British Museum this Tract is assigned to Dekker, but I know not on what authority. It is inscribed, by the Printer, to the Right Honourable, Right Worshipfull, and worthy Company of the Virginia and Sommer Iland Plantations.

He calls it a poore fatherless *Volumne*.

It is of no great importance.

Besides the above, I have heard of the following works assigned to this Author.

" THOMAS

" THOMAS OF READING, or the six worthy Yeomen of the West; now six Times corrected and enlarged, by T. D. 12mo. 1632."

" JESTS TO MAKE YOU MERRY, &c. 4to. 1607."

" THE DEAD TERM, or Westminsters Complaint, &c. 4to. 1608."

"A KNIGHTS CONJURONS DONE IN EARNEST, DISCOVERED IN JEST. 4to. 1607."

" LONDON TRYUMPHING, or Sir John Swinnerton's Lord Mayors Show. 4to. 1612."

" DEKKERS MAGNIFICENT ENTERTAINMENT GIVEN TO KING JAMES BY THE CITY OF LONDON. 4to. 1604."

# THOMAS LODGE.

I HAVE before introduced this Author to my Reader in his character of Poet, and I now proceed to give the best account I am able of his Prose productions, all of which are of the extremest rarity.

1. "ALARUM FOR USURERS."

This is said, by Wood, to have been printed in 1584. I have never seen it.

2. "HISTORY OF FORBONIUS AND PRISÆNIA, with Truths Complaint over England."

This, according to Wood, was printed with the Alarum for Usury.

3. "THE DIVEL CONJURED. 1596."

This most curious Tract is in the Collection of my friend, Mr. George Chalmers. There is a copy also in the Royal Library.

4. "WITS MISERIE AND THE WORLDS MADNESSE.

Discovering the Devils incarnate of this Age. 1596."

I know of no other copy of this Tract but that in the possession of Mr. George Chalmers.

This deserves on every account a particular description.

The

The old Serpent the Devill, is represented as sending out into the world seven Devills to draw the world to capital sinne, as God had appointed seven capital Angels.

" Of Sathans ministers, Leviathan is the first, that tempteth with pride; Mammon the second, that attempteth by avarice; Asmodeus the third, that seduceth by lecherie; Beelzebub the fourth, that inciteth to envie; Baalberith the fifth, that provoketh to ire; Belphegor the sixth, that moveth gluttony; Astaroth the seventh, that induceth sloth and idlenes.

"These seven capitall sinnes sent out into the world wanted no allurements to bewitch the eie, no oratory to seduce the eare, no subtilty to affect the senses: so that finally seazing on the hearts of men, and wedded to their thoughts, they have brought foorth many and pernicious children, to the generall mischief of all nations."

The Author first describes the fearful race of LEVIATHAN.

His first sonne is VAINGLORY. " The next sonne LEVIATHAN presenteth is AMBITION, catching at nothing but stars, climing for nothing but crownes."

" Let us see the third devil incarnate which LEVIATHAN hath brought foorth to corrupt and haunt this world; and who is he, think you. Forsooth no begger, but a gallant of the first head, called BOSTING."

" Next

"Next him marcheth HYPOCRISIE, in a long gowne, like a scholler."

"Another sonne hath he, and his name is CURIOSITIE."

"Another sonne LEVIATHAN hath, that deserves discovering, for of all the children his father hath, he is most befriended and least suspected; his name is SUPERFLUOUS INVENTION, or as some tearme him, Novel Monger in Fashions."

"But let us leave this devil at his cutting bord, intentive for new fashions against next Christmas, and see what devill and sonne of Pride marcheth next; forsooth INGRATITUDE."

"The next Harpie of this breed is SCANDALE and DETRACTION."

"Another divel of this age, and the sonne of LEVIATHAN, is ADULATION."

"Behold next I see CONTEMPT marching foorth, giving me the Fico with his thombe in his mouth for concealing him so long from your eie sight."

The Author next proceeds to describe the "strange and miraculous devils ingendred by Mammon." "The discovery of Asmodeus and his lecherous race of devils incarnate."

Next he tells of the "great devill Belzebub, and what monstrous and strange devils he hath bred in our age."

The following chapter is of the "Incarnate monsters begotten by the arch devill Baalberith."

This is succeeded by a description of the "Intemperate and unnatural devils raised by Beelphegor, Prince of Belly Cheere." The concluding chapter is on "The lumpish and heavy fiends begotten by the arch-devil, Astaroth."

But it remains to give a specimen of the style and manner of the Author. This I take from the chapter which discusses the passion of envy, as containing many curious observations on the writers who were cotemporary with Lodge.

*Of the great devill Belzebub, and what monstrous and strange devills he hath bred in our age.*

Belzebub the envious, grand God of flies, Archduke of Grecian fantasies, and patron of the Pharisees, thou prince of devils. I must straine your patience a little to reckon by your pedigree; and though your infecting Cain, perverting Esau, seducing Saul, incensing Absolon, and gathering all the heresies in the church were enough to condemn your hornes to be sawed off your head for villanie; yet it shall suffice mee to find out the beginning of your sinfull progenie. Your wife I trow was Jealousie the daughter of a corrupt spirit, who could never find in her heart to dress herself, for fear a pin should kill her, nor looke into the aire for feare she should bee blasted, nor drink of water, in doubt she should be poisoned: Gad amercy for that nod,

norned beast, for it showes thy confession. Wel then Jealousie thy wife, how were thy childrē gotten forsooth it fortuned (as some poetical humor inspires me) that being vexed with a fever and passion of the spleen, thou wert, by the advice of wrath (the phisition in ordinary in thy household) let blood on the back of thy hand, in that vaine which is next the little finger, out of which, having gathered much blood, Jealousie (that was still afraid of thee, and shunned thy company for feare in lubberlepping her thou shouldst press her to death) drunk up this corrupt excrement fasting, and after one stollen kisse from thy mouth, fell in such sort a swelling, that within the space of one month, at one birth (now the devill blesse them) brought thee forth these sons as I orderly describe thē. The first by Sathan (his grandsire) was called Hare Vertue, or in words of more circumstance Sorrow for another mans good successe, who, after he had learnt to lie of Lucian, to flatter with Aristippus, and conjure of Zoroaster, wandred a while in Fraunce, Germanie, and Italy, to learn languages and fashions, and now of late daies is stoln into England to deprave all good deserving. And though this fiend be begotten of his fathers own blood, yet he is different frō his nature, and were he not sure that Jealousie could not make him a cuckold, he had long since published him for a bastard. You shall know him

by this; he is a foule lubber, his tongue tipt with lying, his heart steeled against charity; he walks, for the most part, in black, under colour of gravity, and looks as pale as y^e^ wizard of the ghost which cried so miserally at y^e^ theater, like an oister wife, Hamlet revenge: he is full of infamy and slander, insomuch as if he ease not his stomach in detracting somewhat or some man before noontide, he fals into a fever that holds him while supper time; he is alwaies devising of epigrams or scoffes and grumbles, necromances continually, although nothing crosse him, he never laughs but at other mens harmes, briefly in being a tyrant over mens fames; he is a very Titius (as Virgil saith) to his owne thoughtes.

> Titijq. vultus inter
> Qui semper lacerat comestq. mentem.

The mischiefe is, that by grave demeanour and newes bearing, he hath got some credite with the greater sort, and maine fowles there bee, that because he can pen prettilee, hold it gospell whatever hee writes or speakes, his custome is to preferre a foole to credite, to despight a wise man, and no poet lives by him that hath not a flout of him. Let him spie a man of wit in a taverne, he is an arrant dronckard; or but heare that he partes a fraie, he is a harebrained quarreller. Let a scholler write, Tush (saith he) I like not these common fellowes; let him write well,

well, he hath stolen it out of some note booke; let him translate, tut it is not of his owne; let him be named for preferment, he is insufficient because poore; no man shall rise in his world, except to feed his envy; no man can continue in his friendship who hateth all men; divine wits for many things as sufficient as all antiquity (I speake it not on slight surmise, but considerate judgement,) to you belongs the death that doth nourish this poison; to you the paine that endure the reproofe. LILLY, the famous for facility in discourse; SPENCER, best read in ancient poetry; DANIEL, choice in word and invention; DRAITON, diligent and formall; TH. NASH, true English Aretine. All you unnamed professors, or friends of poetry (but by me inwardly honored) knit your industries in private to unite your fames in publike; let the strong stay up the weake, and the weak march under conduct of the strong; and all so imbattle yourselfes, that hate of vertue may not imbase you. But if besotted with foolish vain glory, emulation and contempt, you fall to neglect one another, *Quod Deus omen avertat*, doubtless it will be as infamous a thing shortly to present any book whatsoever learned to any Mæcenas in England, as it is to be headsman in any free city in Germanie.

Claudite jam rivos, pueri, sat prata biverunt.

5. "A MARGARITE OF AMERICA. 1596."

This Tract is in the King's Library.

6. "A TREATISE OF THE PLAGUE, containing the Nature, Signes and Accidents of the same, with the certaine and absolute Cure of the Fevers, Botches and Carbuncles that raigne in these Times. And above all Things most singular Experiments and Preservatives in the same, gathered by the Observation of divers worthy Travailers, and selected out of the Writings of the best learned Phisitians in this Age.

By Thomas Lodge, Doctor in Phisicke.

London. Printed for Edward White and N. L. 1603."

This Tract is in the British Museum.

7. "CATHAROS.

DIOGENES IN HIS SINGULARITIE.

Wherein is comprehended his merrie Baighing, fit for all Mens benefit. Christened by him,

A Nettle for Nice Noses.

By T. L. of Lincolns Inne, Gent.

At London. Printed by William Haskins and John Darter, for John Busbie." No date.

This Tract is inscribed by the publisher, John Busbie, "To the Ryght Worshipfull Syr John Hart, Knight."

There is a sort of Preface from "Diogenes to such as are disposed to reade," which concludes in this facetious manner:

"If

"If any of you reade and like, why then it likes me: if reade and dislike, yet it likes me: for philosophie hath taught me to set as light by envie as flatterie. Greedines hath got up all the garden plots, and hardly have I a roome left to turn my tub round in: the best field flowers now fade, and better than nettles my lands will not affoord. They that list may take, the rest leave, and so I leave you.

Every good meaners well-wisher,

DIOGENES."

The Tract itself is a Dialogue, in which the interlocutors are Diogenes, Philoplutos, and Cosmosophos. There is a considerable degree of wit in this work, but a strange confusion of time, circumstance and persons. Diogenes is made to quote Virgil, the Evangelists, and Saint Augustine.

## ROBERT GREENE.

THIS Author was exceedingly popular in his day, and his works are very voluminous, but no accurate account of them has ever yet appeared.

Wood mentions very few of them, and Ritson contents himself with saying, that he was a prolific Author. Many Collectors have thought that I shall render an acceptable service, by bringing together as many of his pieces as could be collected.

I have accordingly consulted the Royal Library, the collection of the late Duke of Roxburgh, of Marquis Stafford, and of the Museum, from which collectively I give the following catalogue:

1. "THE MYRROUR OF MODESTIE,

Wherein it appeareth, as in a perfect glasse, howe the Lord delivereth the innocent from all imminent perils and plagueth the blood thirstie hypocrites with deserved punishments.

Shewing that the graie heades of dooting adulterers shall not go with peace into the grave, neither shall the righteous be forsaken in the daie of trouble.

By R. G. Maister of Artes.

Imprinted

Imprinted at London by Roger Warde, dwelling at the Signe of the Talbot, neere unto Holburne Conduit. 1584."

The reader will hardly guess that this is a protracted History of Susannah and the Elders. It seems to have been the first of the Author's productions, and written with a spirit very different from that which characterised many of his succeeding productions.

This Tract is in the Museum, in black letter.

2. " EUPHUES CENSURE TO PHILAUTUS.

Wherein is presented a philosophical Combat betweene Hector and Achylles, discovering in foure Discourses, interlaced with diverse delightful Tragedies, the Vertues necessary to be incident in every Gentleman, had in question at the Siege of Troy, betwixt sondry Grecian and Troian Lords, especially debated to discover the perfection of a Souldier, containing Mirth to purge Melancholy, holsome Precepts to profit Manners, neither unsaverie to Youth for Delight, nor offensive to Age for Scurilitie.

Ea habentur optima quæ et jucunda, honesta et utilia,

Robertus Greene in Artibus Magister. 1587."

In the King's collection.

3. " PANDOSTO. THE TRIUMPH OF TIME.

Wherein is discovered by a pleasant Historie, that although by the means of sinister Fortune,

Truth

Truth may be concealed; yet by Time, in spight of Fortune, it is most manifestly revealed.

Pleasant for Age to avoyde drowsie Thoughts, profitable for Youth to eschue other wanton Pastimes, and bringing to both a desired Content.

Temporis filia Veritas. 1588."

This singular Tract is not mentioned by Ames. It is in the King's collection, and in the Marquis of Stafford's.

4. "MENAPHON.

Camillas Alarm to Slumbering Euphues, in his melancholie Cell at Silenedra.

Wherein are deciphered the variable Effects of Fortune, the Wonders of Love, the Triumphes of inconstant Time.

Displaying, in sundrie conceipted Passions, figured in a continuate Historie, the Trophees that Vertue carieth triumphant maugre the wrath of Envie, or the Resolution of Fortune.

A Worke worthie the youngest Eares for Pleasure, or the gravest Censurers for Principles.

Robertus Greene, Maister of Arts. 1589."*

This

* I was at first inclined to suspect that there was some imposition in this Tract, and that the Title Page was not genuine. It is introduced by a long Prefatory Address from Thomas Nash "To the Gentlemen Students of both Universities,"

This Tract is in the King's collection, and in the Roxburgh library.

5. "THE ROYALL EXCHANGE,

Contayning sundry Aphorisms of Philosophie, and golden Principles of morrall and naturall Quadruplicities. Under pleasant and effectual Sentences, discovering such strange definitions, divissions and distinctions of Vertue and Vice, as may please the gravest Citizens or youngest Courtiers. First written in Italian, and dedicated to the Signorie of Venice, now translated into English, and offered to the Cittie of London.

Robert Greene in Artibus Magister. 1590."

In the Roxburgh collection.

6. "THE PLEASANT AND DELIGHTFUL HISTORY OF DORASTUS AND FAWNIA.

Pleasant for Age to shun drowsie Thoughts,

---

versities," in which mention is made of various writers, well known at that time, as Gascoigne, Arthur Golding, Watson, Gabriel Harvey, and others, without any notice whatever of Robert Greene. The doubt is however removed in the next page, in which are some complimentary verses to the Author, by one Henrie Upcher. They conclude with this quaint stanza:

Reade all that list, and reade till you mislike.
To condemne who can so envie be not judge;
No read who can swell more higher till it shricke,
ROBIN thou hast done well, care not who grudge.

Where, by Robin, Greene is evidently meant.

profitable

profitable for Youth to avoid other wanton Pastimes, and bringing to both a desired Content.'

By Robert Green, Master of Arts in Cambridge. 1588."

7. "PLANETOMACHIA;

Or, the first parte of the generall opposition of the Seven Planets, wherein is astronomically described their Essence, Nature, and Influence.

Diversly discovering their pleasaunt and tragicall Histories, the inwarde Affections of the Mindes, and painting them out in such perfect Colours, as Youth may perceive what fond fancies their flourishing Yeares doe foster, and Age clerely see what doting Desires their withered heares do affoorde.

Conteyning also a briefe Apologie of the sacred and mysticall Science of Astronomie.

By Robert Greene, M. A. and Student in Physick."

The copy of this Tract, which is in the King's collection, formerly belonged to Dr. Farmer, who wrote in it what follows:

"Baker, misled by the ambiguity of Anth. Wood, calls this piece a Comedy, and reckons it among Greenes dramatic performances. See his Companion to the Playhouse, vol. I. Art. Greene, and vol. II. Supplement.

I find Rob. Greene, A. M. Clare Hall, 1583."

The above remark of Farmer, concerning this piece can only be true of some former edition of

of Baker. I find no such circumstance in the edition of 1782.

It is in the King's collection.

8. "PERIMEDES THE BLACKE-SMITH.

A golden Methode how to use the Minde in pleasant and profitable Exercise.

Wherein is contained speciall Principles fit for the highest to imitate, and the meanest to put in practise; how best to spend the wearie Winters Nights, or the longest Summers Evenings in honest and delightfull Recreation.

Wherein we may learne to avoid Idlenesse and wanton Scurrilitie which divers appoint as the end of their Pastimes.

Herein are interlaced three merrie and necessary Discourses fit for our Time, with certain pleasant Histories and tragical Tales, which may breed Delight to all, and Offence to none.

London. Printed by John Wolfe, for Edward White. 1588."

This Tract is in the British Museum.

It is thus dedicated "To the Right Worshipful Gervis Cliffton, Esquire, Robert Greene wisheth the increase of worship and vertue."

9. "THE SPANISH MASQUERADO,

Wherein, under a pleasant Devise, is discovered effectuallie in certaine briefe Sentences and Mottos, the pride and insolencie of the Spanish Estate; with the disgrace conceived by their losse, and the dismayed confusion of their troubled thoughtes.

Whereunto

Whereunto by the Author, for the better understandinge of his device, is added a breefe Glosse.

By Robert Greene, in Artibus Magister.
Twelve articles of the state of Spaine.
The Cardinalls sollicite all.
The King grauntes all.
The Nobles confirme all.
The Pope determines all.
The Cleargie disposeth all.
The Duke of Medina hopes for all.
Alonso receives all.
The Indians minister all.
The Souldiours eat all.
The People paie all.
The Monkes and Friers consume all.
And the Devill at length will cary away all.
Printed at London by Roger Ward, for Thomas Cadman. 1589."

This Tract is thus inscribed.

" To the right worshipful M. Hugh Offey, Sheriffe of the Citie of London, Robert Greene wisheth increase of worship and vertue."

Then follows this Sonnet by the Author's friend Thomas Lodge.

## SONNET.

Le doux Babil de ma lire d'ivoire
Serra ton front d'un laurier verdisant:
Dont a Bon droit je te voy jouissant
(Mon doux amis) eternisant ta Glorie

Ton

Ton nom (mon Greene) anime par mes vers
Abaisse l'œil de gens Seditieux ;
Tu de mortel es compagnon de Dieux :
N'est es point grand layer dans l'univers ?

Ignoti nulla cupido.

Thomas Lodge.

Many facetious and whimsical anecdotes are introduced in this satirical piece, and among others, the following:

"A monke preaching to the people, having founde a verye rich feather of some strange foule, intended to make his parishioners beleeve it was a plume of the angel Gabriell: certaine good companions, his familiars, noting his knaverie, secretelie stole out of his casket the feather, and put in coales. Well mass monke come once into his pulpit, after a long exordium, tolde to the people what a relique he had, one of the feathers of the angell Gabriell; but, putting his hande into his caskett, and finding nothing but coales, straight founde the knot in the rush, and said hee had taken the wrong caskett, but yet brought them a relique, no lesse precious, which was the coales that Saint Laurence was roasted on: so that making crosses with them upon their garmentes, he departed with monkish credit."

This tract is in the Museum.

It is dedicated to Philip, Earl of Arundel, and was, I believe, often republished.

10. "Mo-

10. " MORANDO.

The Tritameron of Love. The first and second Parts. Wherein certaine pleasant Conceites uttered by divers worthie Personages, are perfeetly discoursed, and three doubtfull Questions of Love most pithely and pleasantly discussed: shewing to the Wise how to use Love, and to the fond how to eschew Lust, and yeelding to all both Pleasure and Profit.

By Robert Greene. 1587."

In the King's collection.

11. " GREENES ORPHARION.

Wherein is discoursed a musical Concorde of pleasant Histories, many sweete Moodes, graced with such harmonious Discords as agreeing in a delightfull Closse, they sound both Pleasure and Profit to the Eare.

Wherein also, as in a *Diatcheron*, the Branches of Vertue ascending and descending by Degree, are counited in the glorious Praise of Women kind.

With divers tragical and commical Histories presented by Orpheus and Arion, being as full of Profit as of Pleasure.

Robert Greene. 1599."

In the King's collection.

12. " GREENES MOURNING GARMENT, given him by Repentance at the Funerals of Love, which he presents for a Favour to all young

young Gentlemen that wishe to weane themselves from wanton Desires. Both pleasant and profitable. By R. Greene, Utriusque Academiæ in Artibus Magister. Sero sed serio. London. Printed by George Purslowe, dwelling at the East end of Christ's Church. 1616." 4to.

In the Roxburgh collection.

13. "THE GROUNDWORKE OF CONNY CATCHING.

The Manner of their Pedlers French, and the Meanes to understand the same, with the cunning Sleights of the counterfeit Cranke. Therein are handled the Practices of the *Visiter*, the Fetches of the *Shifter* and *Ruffler*, the Deceits of their *Doves*, the Devises of *Priggers*, the Names of the base loytering Losels, and the Meanes of every *Blacke-Art Mans* Shifts, with the Reproofe of all their divellish Practises.

Done by a Justice of Peace of great Authoritie, who hath the examining of divers of them.

Printed by John Darter, for William Barley, and are to be sold at his Shop at the upper end of Gratious Streete."

In the Museum.

14. "THE SECOND AND LAST PART OF CONNY CATCHING.

With new Additions, containing many merrie Tales of all Lawes worth the reading, because they are worthy to be remembered.

Discoursing strange Cunning in Coosnage, which if you reade without laughing Ile give you my cup for a Noble.

Mallem non esse quam non prodesse Patriæ.

R. G. 1592."

15. " THE THIRD AND LAST PART OF CONNY CATCHING.

With the new devised knavish Arte of Foole Taking.

The like Coosnages and Villanies never before described. 1592."

16. " A NOTABLE DISCOVERY OF COOSNAGE.

Now daily practised by sundry lewd Persons, called Connie Catchers and Crosse Biters.

Plainely laying open these pernicious Sleights that hath brought many ignorant Men to Confusion.

Written for the general Benefit of all Gentlemen, Citizens, Aprentises, Countrey Farmers and Yeomen that may hap to fall into the Company of such coosening Companions.

With a delightful Discourse of the Coosnage of Colliers.

Nascimur pro Patria.

By R. Greene, Maister of Arts. 1591."

In the Museum.

17. " QUIP

17. "QUIP FOR AN UPSTART COURTIER. Or a quaint Dispute betweene Velvet Breeches and Cloth Breeches.

Wherein is plainely set downe the Disorders in all Estates and Trades. 1592."

There is a copy of this Tract in the King's collection, and another in the Duke of Roxburgh's, of the date of 1620. The Marquis of Stafford has another, and so has Mr. Douce. There were two other editions of 1625 and 1635, in Farmer's collection. The first sold for 1l. 7s. the last for 10s. 6d.

18. "THE REPENTANCE OF ROBERT GREENE, Maister of Artes.

Wherein, by himselfe, is laid open his loose Life, with the Manner of his Death.

At London, for Cuthbert Burbie. 1592."

This, which is one of the scarcest of Greene's Tracts, is in the possession of the truly learned Bishop of Rochester; and I know of no other copy.

Greene died in this year; and I presume this was immediately published, whilst the public curiosity was alive concerning him. It is dedicated, by the Printer, to the Gentlemen Readers.

The first part of this Tract exhibits, in strong colours and the quaint language of the time, his profligacy and subsequent contrition. It next gives us an interesting sketch of his life. From this it appears he was born at Norwich, here

spelt *Norwitch*. His parents must have been respectable, for he was educated at Cambridge, from whence he tells us, "wags as lewd" as himself "drew him to march into Italy and Spaine." In which places he "saw and practised such villanie as is abhominable to declare."

On his return to England, "I ruffeled," says he, "out in my silks, in the habit of Malcontent, and no place would please me to abide in." After he had taken his Masters Degree at Cambridge, he left the Universitie, "and away to London, where he became an author of Playes, and a penner of Love Pamphlets, and who for that trade growne so ordinary as Robin Greene." He then confesses that he led a life of unrestrained debauchery, once, and once only, feeling some terror of the Divine judgment. This inward compunction he felt "in Saint Andrews Church, in the Cittie of Norwich, at a Lecture or Sermon then preached by a godly learned man."

"At this time," says he, "whoever was worst, I knew myself as bad as he, being new come from Italy, where I learned all the villanies under the heavens."

These good emotions, however, did not continue long: he no sooner met with his "Copesmates," than they scoffed and laughed him out of his alarms. He soon afterwards married a gentleman's daughter of good account, with whom he lived for a while, but as she endeavoured

deavoured to reform his vicious habits and propensities, after he had had a child by her, he cast her off, having first spent the whole of her marriage portion.

His wife, it seems, retired into Lincolnshire, but he returned to London, where, for a time, he "fell into favour with such as were of honourable and good calling." But he had not the discretion to preserve their friendship, and his constant acts of profligacy and misconduct made him universally despised and rejected, except from a few alehouses, "who commonly, for my inordinate expences, would make much of me, until I were on the score for more than I ever meant to pay, by twenty nobles thick;" At this period he imputes great shame to himself for his "Varieties of penning Plaies and other trifling Pamphlets of Love," though he observes they afforded him the principal means of his support. But he thanks God for putting it into his head to lay open the "most horrible Coosenages of the common Conny-Catchers, Cooseners and Crosse Biters," and flatters himself, that by so doing, he performed a very beneficial service to the Commonwealth of England.

He next breaks forth into a passionate apostrophe to his injured wife, from whose society he confesses he had estranged himself for six years. He most pathetically implores her forgiveness. He concludes with warning young men against

the example of his vicious life, assuring them, that sooner or later God will visit sinfulness.

Next are added certain "Caveats," sent by him, in his own hand writing, to a friend, which consist of a number of moral aphorisms. The publisher subjoins an account of his last hours, telling the reader that Green's sickness and death was occasioned by a surfeit in drinking, but that during his whole illness, he conducted himself in the most pious and becoming manner.

A letter is annexed from Green to his wife, in consequence of her sending a kind message to him; but this is said to be a forgery.

19. "GREENES GROATSWORTH OF WIT.

Bought with a million of Repentance, describing the Folly of Youth, the Falshood of make-shift Flatteries, the Miserie of the Negligent, and Mishaps of deceyving Courtezans.

Published at his dying Request, and newly corrected, and of many Errors purged.

Felicem fuisse infaustum.

Printed by N. O. for Henry Bell. 1600."

In the Roxburgh collection.

20. "MAMILLA.

The second Part of the Triumph of Pallas.

Wherein, with perpetuall Fame, the Constancie of Gentlewomen is canonized, and the unjust Blasphemies of Women's supposed Ficklenesse breathed

breathed out by divers injurious Persons, by manifest Examples clearely infringed.

By Robert Greene. 1593."

In the King's collection.

21. " GREENES CARD OF FANCIE.

Wherein the Folly of these Carpet Knights is decyphered, which guiding their Course by the Compass of Cupid, either dash their Ship against most dangerous Rocks, or else attaine the Haven with paine and perill.

Wherein also is described in the person of Gwydonius, a cruell Combate between Nature and Necessitie.

By Robert Greene. 1608."

In the King's collection.

22. " GREENES NEVER TOO LATE. Both Partes.

Sent to all youthfull Gentlemen, decyphering in a true English Historie those particular vanities, that with their frosty Vapours nip the Blossomes of every Braine from attaining to his intended perfection. As pleasant as profitable, being a right Pumice Stone, apt to race out Idlenesse with delight and Folly with admonition.

By Robert Greene, In Artibus Magister."

In the Roxburgh collection.

23. " PENELOPES WEB.

Wherein a Christall Myrror of Feminine Perfection, represents to the Viewe of every one,

those Vertues and Graces which more commonly beautifies the Mynd of Women, then eyther sumptuous Apparell, or Jewels of inestimable valew: the one buying Fame with Honour, the other breeding a kynd of Delight, but with Repentance.

In three severall Discourses also are three especial Vertues necessary to be incident in every vertuous Woman, pithely discussed: namely, Obedience, Chastitie and Sylence, interlaced with three severall Comicall Histories.

By Robert Greene, Maister of Artes in Cambridge."

In the Roxburgh collection.

24. " PHILOMELA.

The Lady Fitzwaters Nightingale.

By Robert Greene. Utriusque Academiæ in Artibus Magister.

Sero sed Serio. 1615."

In the Roxburgh Collection.

25. " ALCIDA.

Greenes Metamorphosis, wherein is discovered a pleasant Transformation of Bodies into sundrie Shapes, shewing, that as Vertues beautifie the Mind, so Vanities give greater staines than the Perfection of any Quality can rase out. The Discourse confirmed with divers merry and delightful Histories, full of grave Principles to content Age, and sawsed with pleasant Partees and witty

witty Answeres to satisfie Youth. Profitable for both, and not offensive to any.

By Robert Greene. 1617."

In the Roxburgh collection.

26. " CICERONIS AMOR.

CICERONIS AMOR, TULLIES LOVE: wherein is discoursed, the prime of Ciceroe's youth, setting out in lively Portraitures, how yong Gentlemen, that ayme at Honour, should leuell the End of their Affections, holding the Love of Countrey and Friends in more Esteeme, than those fading Blossoms of Beautie, that onely feed the curious survey of the Eye. A worke full of pleasure, as following Ciceroe's veine, who was so conceited in his youth, as grave in his age, profitable, as containing precepts worthy so famous an Orator. By Robert Greene, in Artibus Magister. Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci. Lond. 1628."

In the Roxburgh collection.

27. " GREENES FAREWELL TO FOLLIE.

Sent to Courtiers and Scholers, as a President to warne them from the vaine Delights that drawes Youth on to Repentance.

Sero sed serio.

By Robert Greene. 1617."

In the Roxburgh collection.

28. " THE BLACK BOOKS MESSENGER, laying open the Life and Death of Mr. Browne, one of

of the most notable Cutpurses, Cross-Biters, and Conny Catchers that ever lived in England. 1592."

This is in the Roxburgh collection.

29. " GREENES VISION.

Written at the instant of his death, conteyning a penitent Passion for the folly of his Pen.

Sero sed serio.

By Robert Greene."

In the Roxburgh collection.

30. " ARBASTO.

The Histore of Arbasto, King of Denmarke, describing the Orations of Fortune in his Love to the faire Doralicia.

Wherein Gentlemen may find pleasant conceits to purge Melancholy and perfect Counsell to prevent Misfortune.

By Robert Greene. 1626."

In the King's collection.

31. " THEEVES FALLING OUT TRUE-MEN COME BY THEIR GOODS, or the Bel-man wanted a Clapper.

A Peele of new Villanies rung out, being musicall to Gentlemen, Lawyers, Farmers, and all sorts of people that come up to the Tearme. Shewing that the Villanies of lewd Women doe by many degrees excell those of Men.

BY ROBERT GREENE.

Goe not by me, but buy me, and get by me.

Printed

Printed for Henry and Moses Bell. 1637."
In the Museum.

Besides the above Tracts, which I have myself had the opportunity to examine, I find the following mentioned elsewhere.

32. "MICHEL MUMCHANCE, his discoverie of the Art of Cheating." 4to. No date.

33. "NEWS FROM HEAVEN AND HELL. 1593." 4to.

34. "GREENE IN CONCEIPTE. 4to. 1598."

35. "A PAIR OF TURTLE DOVES. 1606." 4to.

36. "PYRAMUS AND THISBE." No date.

37. "GREENE'S POET'S VISION AND A PRINCES GLORY. 1603." 4to.

This appears in Dodd's catalogue, and sold for eleven shillings.

Three of Greene's Tracts, namely, Planetomachia, Perimedes, and the Spanish Masquerado, sold at Steevens's sale for one pound seventeen shillings: and seven other pieces, called Greene's, produced seven pounds ten shillings. Of these last I have never seen the following:

38. "DEFENCE OF CONNY CATCHING. By Cuthbert Conny Catcher."

39. "A DISPUTATION BETWEEN A HEE CONNY CATCHER AND A SHEE CONNY CATCHER, whether a Thiefe or a Whore is most hurtful in Cousenage to the Common Wealth."

With

With Wood Cuts discovering the secret Villany of alluring Strumpets. 1592."

I suspect that some of these are not Greene's.

Another collection, called Greene's Pieces, No. 883, sold at Steevens's auction for three pounds fifteen shillings. Two of these are not Greene's, viz. the Art of Jugling, and Mihil Mumchance. In the same sale, No. 884, containing nine known Tracts of Greene's, sold for four pounds five shillings. A single piece. ascribed to Greene, No. 885, and called "A Paire of Turtle Doves, or the tragicall Historie of Bellora and Fidelio," sold for 5l. 12s. 6d.

Greenes Vision, which I have described above, produced 2l. 7s.

The following Tract is often enumerated among Greene's, but it was written by Samuel Roulands, a Cotemporary.

"GREENE'S GHOST HAUNTING CONNY CATCHERS."

Wherein is set downe
The art of humouring,
The art of carrying stores,
With St. Lift,
Ja. Fost. Law,
Ned. Bro. Catch, and
Blacke Robins kindnesse.

With the merry conceits of Doctor Pinchbacke, a notable makeshift.

Ten times more pleasant than any thing yet published of this matter.

Non

Non ad imitandum sed ad evitandum.

Printed for Francis Williams. 1626."

I proceed finally to give an account of Greene's Theatrical Pieces.

40. "THE HONORABLE HISTORIE OF FRIER BACON AND FRIER BONGAY.

As it was lately plaid by the Prince Palatine his Servants.

Made by Robert Greene, Master of Arts. 1594."

In the Garrick collection.

41. "THE HISTORIE OF ORLANDO FURIOSO.

One of the twelve Pieres of France.

As it was plaid before the Queenes Majestie. 1594."

In the Garrick collection.

42. "THE SCOTTISH HISTORIE OF JAMES THE FOURTH, SLAINE AT FLODDEN.

Entermixed with a pleasant Comedie presented by *Oboram* (sic) King of the Fayeries.

As it hath been sundrie times publikely plaide.

Written by Robert Greene, Maister of Arts.

Omne tulit punctum.

London. Printed by Thomas Creede. 1598."

In the collection of Marquis Stafford.

43. "THE COMICALL HISTORIE OF ALPHONSUS, KING OF ARRAGON.

As

As it hath bene sundrie times acted.

Made by R. G.

London. *Brinted* (sic) by Thomas Creede. 1599."

44. "THE HISTORY OF JOBE."

This, it appears, was never performed. It was in the possession of Dr. Warburton, by the carelessness of whose servant it was burned.

Winstanley also attributes a Play to him, called "Fair Emm."

It is well known, that he was concerned with Lodge in "The Looking Glass for London and England."

This Greene was certainly a most extraordinary personage. Had circumstances introduced him on the theatre of the world under some respectable patronage, where the awe of a superior might have had some constraint upon his conduct, or had he allowed his reason at all to have regulated his passions, he might have been an ornament to the world, and a benefit to literature. He had great vivacity of intellect, a very inventive imagination, extensive reading, and his works abound with frequent and successful allusions to the Classics. It is surprising to see how polished and how finished some of his pieces are, when it is considered that he wrote most of them to supply his immediate necessities, and in quick succession one to another. They were, most of them, very popular in their day, and must

must have gone through, scarce as they now are, numerous editions. I find one of them reprinted so late as 1723, namely, the Dorastus and Fawnia. He appears to have been a thoughtless, goodnatured man, and very susceptible of the better feelings of the heart, for many of his works contain noble and generous expressions. Neither was he, by any means, to be despised as a Poet. The short compositions scattered through his works, to say nothing of his dramatical pieces, indicate much poetical taste and feeling. I subjoin one or two of them.

## SONG.

### BY A MOTHER TO HER INFANT.

Weepe not, my Wanton, smile upon my knee,
When thou art old theres griefe enough for thee.
Mothers wagge, prettie boy,
Fathers sorrow, fathers joy;
When thy father first did see
Such a boy by him and me,
He was glad, I was woe,
Fortune changd made him so,
When he had left his prettie boy,
Last his sorrow, first his joy.

Weepe not, my Wanton, smile upon my knee,
When thou art old theres griefe enough for thee.

Streaming

Streaming teares that never stint,
Like pearle drops from a flint,
Fell by course from his eies,
That one anothers place supplies.
Thus he grieved in every part,
Teares of bloud fell from his heart,
When he left his prettie boy,
Fathers sorrow, fathers joy.

Weepe not, my Wanton, smile upon my knee,
When thou art old theres griefe enough for thee.
The wanton smilde, father wept,
Mother cried, babie lept;
Now he crow'd more he cride,
Nature could not sorrow hide;
He must goe, he must kisse
Childe and mother, babie blisse,
For he left his prettie boy,
Fathers sorrow, fathers joy.
Weepe not, my Wanton, smile upon my knee,
When thou art old theres griefe enough for thee.

From Greenes Arcadia. 1599.

There is a simple neatness and melody in the following lines, not often to be met with in the poetry of this period.

## ROUNDELAY.

When tender ewes brought home with evening sunne,
Wend to their foldes,
And to their holdes,
The shepheards trudge, when light of daie is done,

Upon

Upon a tree
The eagle, Joves fierce bord did pearch,
There resteth he.
A little flie his harbour then did search,
And did presume, though others laught thereat,
To pearch whereas the princely eagle sate.

The eagle frownd, and shooke his royal wings,
And chargd the flie
From thence to hie.
Afraid, in haste the little creature flings,
Yet seekes againe,
Fearefull to pearch him by the eagles side,
With moodie vaine
The speedie poste of Ganimede replide,
Vassaile avaunt, or with my wings you die;
Is't fit an eagle seate him with a flie?

The flie cravd pittie, still the eagle frownde,
The seely flie,
Readie to die,
Disgraced, displacde, fell groveling to the ground.
The eagle saw,
And with a royal minde saide to the flie,
Be not in awe,
I scorne by me the meanest creature die;
Then seate thee here; the joyful flie up flings,
And sate safe shadowed with the eagles wings.

The following sprightly ballad is taken from his "Ciceronis Amor, or Tullies Love. 1616."

Mars in a fury against loves brightest queene,
Put on his helm, and tooke him to his launce,
On Erecynus mount was Mavours seene,
And there his ensignes did the God advance,

And by heavens greatest gates he stoutly swore,
Venus should dye, for she had wrongd him sore.

Cupid heard this, and he began to cry,
And wisht his mothers absence for a while.
Peace, foole, quoth Venus, Is it I must dye?
Must it be Mars? with that she coynd a smile,
She trimmed her tresses, and did curle her haire,
And made her face with beautie passing faire.

A fan of silver feathers in her hand,
And in a coach of Ebony she went,
She past the place where furious Mars did stand;
And unto her lookes a lovely smile she sent.
Then from her browes lept out so sharp a frowne,
That Mars, for feare, threw all his armour downe.

He vowd repentance for his rash misdeed,
Blaming his choler that had causd his woe.
Venus grew gracious, and with him agreed,
But chargd him not to threaten beautie so,
For womens lookes are such enchanting charmes,
As can subdue the greatest gods in armes.

The lines which succeed are from Greene's "Never too late," by which, as well as from the contents of the book, the author inculcates the maxim, that it is never too late to repent.

With sweating browes I long have plowd the sand;
My seed was youth, my crop was endlesse care,
Repentance hath sent home with empty hand
At last to tell how rife our follies are,

And time hath left experience to approove,
The gaine is griefe to those that traffique love.

The silent thought of my repentant yeeres
That fill my head, have calld me home at last,
Now love unmaskt a wanton wretch appeares,
Begot by guileful thoughts with over hast.
In prime of youth a rose, in age a weed,
That for a minutes joy payes endlesse meed.

Dead to delights, a foe to fond conceit,
Alied to wit by want and sorrow bought,
Farewell fond youth long fostred in deceit,
Forgive me time disguised idle thought,
And love adew: to hasten to my end,
I finde no time too late for to amend.

It is impossible not to lament with strong emotions of pity, that a man should perish in premature age, the victim of licentiousness and intemperance, who was capable of enforcing, with earnestness, such rules as these for the regulation of his conduct.

" Let Gods worship be thy mornings worke, and his wisdome the direction of thy dayes labour.

Rise not without thankes, nor sleepe not without repentance.

Choose but a few friends, and try those; for the flatterer speakes fairest.

If thy wife be wise, make her thy secretary; else locke thy thoughts in thy heart, for women are seldome silent.

If she be faire, be not jealous; for suspition cures not womens follies.

If she be wise, wrong her not; for if thou lovest others she will loath thee.

Let thy childrens nurture be their richest portion: for wisdome is more precious than wealth.

Be not proude amongst thy poore neighbours; for a poore mans hate is perillous:

Nor too familiar with great men; for presumption winnes disdaine."

I here take my leave of Robert Greene, and I confess, not without reluctance. I have been highly entertained with many of his performances, I feel a great respect for his talents, much disgust at his profligacy, but a sincere concern for his misfortunes.

## GABRIEL HARVEY.

NEXT to the miserable and wretched Greene, I do not know who can follow with greater propriety than the man who knew him well, and who, perhaps, not altogether undeservedly, was, from principle, his determined and implacable adversary.

The contests, squibs and pamphlets, between Nash and Greene and Harvey, at one time occupied

occupied no small share of public attention and curiosity. They proceeded finally to such extremities that the arm of power interfered, and they were seized and prohibited.

The following Tract is particularly deserving attention. It throws light upon many passing circumstances and prevailing manners of our ancestors; it illustrates more or less of the popular writers and productions of the time; and it is often and particularly referred to by the critics and commentators, who have undertaken to explain and investigate the state of English literature in the reign of Elizabeth and her immediate successor.

Of this writer, so well known in his time, the author of many respectable works, and of no inferior accomplishments in learning or talents, very imperfect accounts are to be found in any of our biographical compilations. He certainly deserves a place among the national records of his countrymen. The following work may thus be described:

" FOUR LETTERS

AND CERTAINE SONNETS.

Especially touching Robert Greene, and other Poets by him abused.

But incidently of divers excellent persons, and some matters of note.

To all courteous mindes that will vouchsafe the reading.

Lond. Imprinted by John Wolfe. 1592."

The language in which the author expresses himself concerning Greene, is so whimsical, and so truly characteristic of the times, that I shall annex it as a specimen of the entertainment to be expected from the perusal of the book itself, which is in the British Museum.

" Whiles I was thus, or to like effecte, resoluing with myselfe, and discoursing with some speciall frendes: not onely writing unto you, I was suddainely certified that the king of the paper stage (so that gentleman tearmed *Greene*) had played his last part, and was gone to *Tarleton:* whereof I protest, I was nothing glad, as was expected, but vnfainedly sory: as well because I could haue wished, he had taken his leaue with a more charetable farewell, as also because I was deprived of that remedy in law, that I entended against him, in the behalfe of my father, whose honest reputation I was in many dueties to tender. Yet to some conceited witt that could take delight to discouer knaueries, or were a fitte person to augment the history of Conny-catchers: O Lord, what a pregnant occasion were here presented, to display leaud vanity in his lively coullours, and to decipher the very misteries of that base arte. Petty Cooseners are not worth the naming: he, they they say, was the Monarch of Crosbiters, and the very Emperour of Shifters. I was altogether vn-

acquainted

acquainted with the man, and never once saluted him by name; but who, in London, hath not heard of his dissolute and licentious liuing; his fonde disguisinge of a Master of Arte with ruffianly haire, vnseemely apparell, and more vnseemelye company, his vaine glorious and Thrasonicall brauinge: his piperly extemporizing, and Tarletonizing; his apishe counterfeiting of euery ridiculous and absurd toy: his fine coosening of juglers, and fine jugling with coosoners; hys villainous cogging, and foisting; his monstrous swearinge, and horrible forswearing; his impious profaning of sacred textes; his other scandalous and blasphemous rauinge; his riotous and outrageous surfeitinge: his continuall shifting of lodginges; his plausible musteringe, and banquettynge of roysterly acquaintaunce at his first comminge; his beggarly departing in euery hostisses debt; his infamous resorting to the Banckeside, Shorditch, Southwarke, and other filthy hauntes: his obscure lurkinge in basest corners: his pawning of his sword, cloak, and what not, when money came short; his impudent pamphletting, phantasticall interluding, and desperate libelling, when other coosening shiftes failed: his employinge of Ball, (surnamed Cuttinge Ball) till he was intercepted at Tiborne, to leauy a crew of his trustiest companions, to guarde him in daunger of Arrestes: his keping of the foresaid Balls sister, a sorry ragged queane,

of whome he had his base sonne, *Infortunatus Greene;* his forsaking of his owne wife, too honest for such a husband: particulars are infinite: his contemning of superiours, deriding of other, and defying all good order? Compare base fellowes and noble men together, and what in a manner wanted he of the ruffianly, and variable nature of *Catiline* or *Antony*, but the honourable fortunes of *Catiline* and *Antony?* They that have seene much more than I have heard; (for so I am credibly infourmed) can relate straunge and almost incredible comedies of his monstrous disposition, wherewith I am not to infect the aire or defile this paper.

There be inough, and inough such histories, both dead and liuing; though youth be not corrupted, or age accloyed with his legendary. Truely I have beene ashamed to hear some ascertained reportes of hys most woefull, and rascall estate; how the wretched fellow, or shall I say, the prince of beggars, laid all to gage for some few shillinges; and was attended by lice; and would pittifully beg a penny pott of Malmesie: and could not gett any of his old acquaintance to comforte or visite him in his extremity, but Mistris Appleby, and the mother of Infortunatus. Alas, even his * fellow writer, a proper young

* This person was Thomas Nash.

man,

man, if advised in time, that was a principall guest at that fatall banquet of pickle herrins (I spare his name, and in some respects wish him well) came never more at him; but either would not, or happily could not perform the duty of an affectionate and faithfull frend. The poore Cordwainers wife was his onely nurse, and the mother of Infortunatus hys sole companion: but when Mrs. Appleby came, as much to expostulate injuries with her, as to visite him. God helpe good fellowes, when they cannot helpe themselves. Slender reliefe in the predicamente of privations and fained habites. Miserable man that must pearish, or be succoured by coun terfeite or impotent supplies.

I once bemoned the decayed and blasted estate of M. *Gascoigne*, who wanted not some commendable parts of conceit, and endeuour: but vnhappy M. *Gascoigne*, how lordly happy, in comparison of most vnhappy M. *Greene?* He neuer enuyed me so much, as I pittied him from my hart; especially when his hostesse *Isam*, with teares in her eies, and sighes from a deeper fountaine (for she loued him deerely) tould me of his lamentable begging of a penny pott of Malmesie; and sir reuerence how lowsy he, and the mother of Infortunatus were (I would her surgeon found her no worse than lowsy:) and how he was faine poore soule, to borrow her husbandes shirte, whiles his owne was a washing:

and

and how his dublet, and hose, and sworde were sold for three shillings: and beside the charges of his winding sheete, which was foure shillinges; and the charges of his buriall yesterday in the New-churchyard neere Bedlam, which was six shillinges and foure pence; how deeply hee was indebted to her poore husbande: as appeered by hys owne bonde of tenne poundes: which the good woman kindly shewed me: and beseeched me to read the writting beneath: which was a letter to his abandoned wife, in the behalfe of his gentle host: not so short as persuasible in the beginning, and pittifull in the ending.

*Doll,*

*I charge thee by the loue of our youth, and by my soules rest, that thou wilte see this man paide: for if hee and his wife had not succoured me, I had died in the streetes.*

*Robert Greene.*"

I add also one of the Sonnets.

## SONNET V.

*The learned should lovingly affect the learned.*

I am not to instruct where I may learne,
But where I may persuasively exhort,
Nor over dissolute, nor over sterne,
A curteous honesty I would extort.
Good loathes to damage or upbraid the good,
Gentle how lovely to the gentle wight.

Who

Who seeith not how every blooming budd
Imiteth on every flower fairely dyght,
And biddeth foule illfavordnesse godnight
Would Alcrits emblemie or some scarlet whood,
Could teach the pregnant sonnes of shiny light,
To interbrace each other with delight.
Fine Mercury conducts a dainty band,
Of charites and muses hand in hand.

The intimate connection and familiar correspondence between Gabriel Harvey and our Poet Spenser, has been represented in detail by my friend Mr. Todd, in his edition of Spenser's works.

The only accounts of him to be found are in Wood's Fasti Oxonienses, p. 128, and Berkenhout.

He was a very distinguished writer in his time, and author of various works, more or less popular.

Beside the work above described, which is an article of more particular value and curiosity, the British Museum possesses the following by this Author:

1. "CICERONIANUS."

2. "GRATULATIONES VALDINENSES."

3. "SMITHUS SIVE MUSARUM LACRYMÆ PRO T. SMITH."

4. "THREE PROPER AND WITTIE FAMILIAR LETTERS, lately passed betweene Two Universitie Men, touching the Earthquake in April last, and our English refourmed versifying. With

With the Preface of a Well wisher to them both. 1580."

5. "TWO OTHER VERY COMMENDABLE LETTERS, both touching the foresaid Artificiall Versifying, and certain other particulars more lately delivered out to the Printer. 1580."

6. "A NEW LETTER OF NOTABLE CONTENTS. With a strange Sonet, entituled Gorgon, or the Wonderful Jewe. 1591."

7. "PIERCES SUPEREROGATION:
Or a new prayse of the old Asse.
A Preparative, and certain larger Discourses, entituled Nashes S. Fame. 1593."

# ROXBURGH COLLECTION.

AMONG a great many very rare and curious articles of literature in the Roxburgh Collection, the following have more particularly attracted my attention, and by the kindness of Mr. G. Nicol I am enabled to describe them.

I begin with the rare Dramatic pieces, and first with one which is known to be unique, and which has particularly attracted the curiosity and attention of collectors. This is called

" COMMON CONDYCIONS."

I cannot, perhaps, do better than transcribe the note of Mr. Steevens which appears in this copy.

" Of this dramatic piece, no copy, except the following mutilated one, has hitherto been discovered.

The first mention of it occurs in the books of the Stationers Company, where July 26, 1576, John Hunter enters, " A new and pleasant Comedie or Plaie, after the manner of Common Condycions."

The original entry of it was, perhaps, earlier than any register at Stationers' Hall now remaining. See the Prolegomena to Reed's Shakspeare, 1785, vol. I. p. 281.

We

We meet with it next in Kirkman's Printed Catalogue of Plays, 1671, under the title of Common Conditions.

Again in Langbaine's republication of do. with amendments. 1680.

Again in Langbaine's new Catalogue. 1688.

Again in his Account of English Dramatic Poets, 1691, where he calls it a " Comedy I never saw."

Again in the Theatrical Records of that measureles and bungling Lyar, William Rufus Chetwood, 1756, Article XLIX, with a pretended date to it, at least a century too late, viz. 1676. Perhaps the blockhead thought the piece was a political one, and had some reference at some period or other to the Condition of the Commons of England.

From hence it found its way into Baker's Companion to the Playhouse, 1764, and was afterwards described with accuracy in the additions and corrections of the second volume of Mr. Reed's republication of the same work, 1782, p. 436.

See also Egerton's Theatrical Remembrancer, 1788, p. 32.

The following copy of Common Conditions was purchased at the sale of the late Dr. Wright's books, 1787, see his catalogue, p. 51, for 5l. 5s.

G. S."

This

This great literary curiosity contains the following

## SONG BY MARINERS.

Lustely, lustely, lustely let us saile forthe,
The winde trim doth serve us, it blowes at the North.

All things we have ready, and nothing we want
To furnishe our ship that rideth hereby,
Victals and weapons, ther be nothing skant,
Like worthie mariners ourselves we will trie.
Lustely, lustely, &c.

Her flagges be newe trimmed set flantyng alofte,
Our ship, for swift swimmyng, oh she doeth excell,
Wee feare no enemies wee have escaped them ofte,
Of all ships that swimmeth, she bareth the bell.
Lustely, lustely, &c.

And here is a maister excelleth in skill,
And our maisters mate he is not to seeke,
And here is a boteswaine will doe his good will,
And here is a ship boye wee never had to leake.
Lustely, lustely, &c.

If fortune then faile not, and our next voiage prove,
Wee will return merely and make good cheare,
And holde al together as freendes linkt in love,
The cannes shall be filled with wine, ale and beare.
Lustely, lustely, &c.

The Duke of Roxburgh purchased this rare tract for six pounds ten shillings, at the sale of Mr. Steevens's books.

"THE

" THE NICE WANTON.
A preaty Interlude called Nice Wanton.

Wherein ye may see
Three braunces of an yll tree,
The mother and her children three,
Twoo naught and one godlye.

Early sharpe that wyll be thorne,
Soone yll that wyll be naught,
To be naught better unborne
Better unfed than naughtily taught.

Ut magnum magnos pueros puerillia doctos.

Personages

The Messenger,

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Barnabas, | | Iniquitie, daily errand, |
| Ismael, | | Xantipe, |
| Dalila, | | Worldly Shame, |
| Eulalia, | | Daniel the Judge. |

Anno Domini
1560."

This is in black letter, and contains the following specimens of Songs:

## DUET BETWEEN INIQUITIE AND DALILA.

INIQ.

Golde lockes
She must have knockes,
Or else I do her wronge.

DALILA.

DALILA.

When ye have your wyl,
Ye were best lye styl;
The winter nights be long.

INIQ.

When I ne may
An other essay,
I wyl take it for no wronge.

DALILA.

Then by the roode,
A bone in your hoode,
I shall put ere it be longe.

## SONG.

It is good to be mery,
But who can be mery?
He that hath a pure conscience,
He may well be mery.

Who hath a pure conscience? tell me:
No man of himself I ensure the:
Then must it follow of necessitie,
That no man can be mery.

Puritie itselfe may purenesse give,
You must aske it of God in true beleve,
Then wyl he geve it and nere repreve,
And so we may be mery.

What is the practise of a conscience pure?
To love and fear God, and other allure,
And for his sake to helpe hys neighbour,
Then may we well be mery.

What shall he haue that can and wyll do this?
After this life everlasting blisse,
Yet not by desert, but by gyft I wisse,
Then God make us all mery.

At the end is,

" Imprinted at London in Paules Churche Yearde, at the sygne of the Swane or John Kyng."

" THE OLD WIVES TALE.

A pleasant conceited Comedie, played by the Queenes Majesties Players. Written by G. P.

Printed at London by John Danter, and are to be sold by Ralph Hancocke and John Hardie. 1595."

This copy belonged to Mr. Steevens, who paid for it, at Wright's sale, 5l. 7s. 6d. It was purchased for the Duke of Roxburgh for twelve pounds.

It appears very probable that Milton had seen this very curious and rare tract. The story is the same with that in Comus, namely, Two brothers are represented as in search of a sister, confined by the power of a magician. In the Old Wives Tale, as in Comus, the brothers aloud call their sister by name, and Echo makes reply,

reply. See a long and interesting account of George Peele, the author of this dramatic piece, and the piece itself, in Todd's edition of Comus, published separately in 1798. See also Warton's edition of Milton's Minor Poems, pp. 126 and 591.

There is a second copy of this Play in the Royal library, but a third, I believe, is no where to be found.

" THE TAMING OF A SHREW.

A pleasant conceited Historie, called the Taming of a Shrew.

As it was sundrie times acted by the Right Honourable the Earle of Pembrook his servants.

Imprinted at London by P. S. and are to be sold by Cuthbert Burbie, at his shop at the Royall Exchange. 1596."

Baker, in his Biographia Dramatica mentions this Play, but had probably only seen a later edition. The one he describes is 1607.

## THE FAIRE MAIDE OF BRISTOW.

" THE FAIRE MAIDE OF BRISTOW, as it was plaide at Hampton, before the King and Queenes most excellent Majesties.

Printed at London for Thomas Panyer, and are to be solde at his shop at the entrance into the Exchange. 1605." B. L.

" DIDO."

I have before mentioned the extreme rarity of this piece, of which a third copy is unknown.

This copy was purchased at the sale of Steevens's books, by the Duke of Roxburgh for the enormous sum of seventeen pounds. In the beginning is the following note by Mr. Steevens:

" This copy was given me by Mr. Reed. Such liberality in a collector of old plays, is at least as rare as the rarest of our dramatic pieces.

G. S."

Mr. Steevens had, however, before experienced, at least an equal degree of liberality from a collector of Hogarth's works. The unique print of " Loyalty, Episcopacy and Law," was the property of Mr. Bedford, and by that gentleman's kindness added to the collection of Mr. Steevens. Mr. S. made large promises of compensation, which terminated, I believe, in nothing better than a few early flowers and a pineapple.

Warton, in his third volume of the History of English Poetry, p. 435, mentions an elegy, prefixed to the play of Dido, by Nashe. I can only say that there are no verses prefixed to the Roxburgh copy.

## CAVEAT FOR COMMON CURSITORS.

There is no tract more rare, either in the Roxburgh, or indeed in any other collection than this, which is, doubtless, the first in which any account or description can be found of the cant, language of thieves and pickpockets. It is in black letter, and has this title:

"A CAVEAT FOR COMMON CURSETORS, vulgarely called Vagabones, set forth by Thomas Harman, Esquier, for the utilite and proffyt of hys naturall Countrey, newly augmented and imprinted Anno Domini, 1567. Viewed, examined, and allowed according unto the Queene Majestyes injunctions.

Imprinted at London, in Fletestret, at the signe of the Faulcon, by Wylliam Gryffith, and are to be solde at his shoppe in Saynt Dunstones Churche Yarde in the West."

In the title page is a wood engraving, which represents two vagabonds tied at the carts tail, and the executioner in the act of flogging them.

It is thus inscribed:

"To the Right Honorable and my singular good Lady Elizabeth Countes of Shrewsbury, Thomas Harman wisheth all joye and perfite felicitie here and in the world to come."

It seems singular enough to inscribe a book of this kind to a woman of exalted rank. It

contains a minute description of the tricks and terms of the notorious villains of the day.

At the conclusion is a catalogue of the twenty three orders of knaves, from which the following examples may perhaps be thought sufficient to satisfy the reader's curiosity.

"GEFFREY GOOSE, is he that wyll sware and maynten a lye with grete othes.

GRENE WYNEHERDE, is he, that whan his hose be broke and hang out of his shoes, he wyll put them into his shoes agayne with a stycke, but he wyll not amende them.

MAUNCHE PRESENT, is he that is a grete gentyll man, for when his mayster sendeth hym with a present, he wyll take his toast by the waye.

CHOP LOGYK, is he, that when his mayster rebuketh his servaunt for his defawtes, he wyll gyve him xx wordes for one, or elles he wyll bydde the Devylles Pater Noster in scylence.

NUNQUAM VIGEBIT, is he, that when his mayster sendeth hym on any errande, he wyll not come home agayne of an houre or two, where as he myght do it within halfe an hour or lesse."

GODLY

# GODLY SANGES.

Of the following curious book, I never saw or heard of any copy but that which is in the Roxburgh collection.

"ONE COMPENDIOUS BUIK OF GODLY AND SPIRITUAL SANGES colletit out of sundrye partes of the Scripture, with sundrye other Ballates changeit out of prophaine languis in godly Sangis for avoyding of Sin and Harlotry, with augmentation of syndrye gude and godly Ballates not contenet in the first edition.

Exactly correctit and newlie printed in Edinburgh be Robert Smith, dwelling at the Nether Bow. 1600."

## SPECIMEN.

SUPER FLUMINA BABYLONIS, PSAL. 138.

At the riveris of Babylon,
Quhair we dwelt in captivity,
Quhere we rememberit on Syon,
We weipit all full sorrowfully.
On the sauch tres our harpis we hang
Quhen they requyrit as any sang,
That hold us in sic thraldome,
They bad us sing sum psalm or hymn
That we sumtyme sang Syon in,

To quhome we answerit full sune,
How ma we outher play or sing
The psalmes of our Lord so sweit,
Intill ane uncouth land or reigne?
My richt hand first sall that forfeit,
Or Jerusalem forgotten be.
Fast to my chaftes my toung sal be
Claspit or that I it forget.
In my maist gladness and my game,
I sall remember Jerusalem,
And all my hart upon it set.
Oh Lord think on the Edomites,
How thay did at Jerusalem,
They bad destroy with cruelteis,
But all to sack and it overquhelme,
And blessit is that campion
Sall serve the as thou servit us,
And he that sall thy bairnes plaig,
And resche their hairs against a craig,
Is happy and full glorious.

## BEWARE THE CAT.

THIS most rare and curious book belonged first to Mr. Herbert, afterwards to Mr. Steevens, and is now in the Roxburgh collection, for which it was purchased for the sum of

The subject is the presumed power of conversation in birds, which is denied by some, and asserted by others.

The volume is inscribed

"To the Right Worshipful Esquire, John Yung," and the Prefatory Address is signed G. B.

The following verses introduce the narrative contained in the volume, where the reader will observe that the concluding word of each stanza is repeated at the beginning of that which follows.

T. K.

TO THE READER.

This little book, "Beware the Cat,"
Moste pleasantly compiled,
In time obscured was, and so
Since that hath been exilde.

Exilde,

Exilde, because perchaunce at first
It shewed the toys and drifts
Of such as them by wiles and willes
Maintained Popish shifts.

Shifts such as these, in such a time,
Delyghted for to use,
Whereby full many simple soules,
They did full sore abuse.

Abuse, yea sure, and that with spight,
When as the Cat gan tel
Of many pranks of Popish priests
Both foolish, mad and fel.

Fel sure and vaine of judgment right,
Appeere to be in place;
And so as fel in pleasant wise,
This fixion shewes their grace.

Grace, nay sure ungratiousness,
Of such and many mo,
Which may be told in these our daies,
To make us laugh also

Also to laugh, nay rather weep
To see such things now used,
And that in every sorte of men
True vertue is abused.

Abused, yea, and quite downe cast;
Let us be sure of that,
And therefore now as hath been said,
I say, beware the Cat

The Cat full pleasantly wil shew
Some sleights which now are wrought,
And make some laugh, which unto mirth
To be constrained are loght.

Lothe, yea, for ever passing grief,
That much bereeves their minde;
For such disorder as in states
Of every sorte they finde.

Finde, yea who can now boste but that
The Cat will him disclose;
Therefore, in midst of mirth, I say,
Beware the Cat to those.

At the end of the volume we find this,

" Imprinted at London, at the long shop adjoyning unto Saint Mildreds Church, in the Poultrie, by Edward Allde. 1584."

It is of a duodecimo form, and in black letter.

" TALES AND QUICK ANSWERES,

Very mery and pleasant to rede."

This curious old jest book, in black letter, was formerly the property of the celebrated Antiquary, Thomas Martin, of Thetford. It was purchased for the Roxburgh collection, at the sale of Steevens's books.

The following is a specimen:

OF THE PLOUGHMAN THAT SAYDE HIS PATER NOSTER.

" A rude uplandisshe plough man, whiche on a tyme reprovynge a good holy father sayd that he coude saye all his prayers with a hole mynde and stedfast intention, without thinkyng on any other thynge. To whome the good holy man sayde, Go to, saye one Pater Noster to the ende, and thynke on no other thinge; and I wyll gyve the myn horse. That I shall do, quod the plough man, and so began to saye Pater noster, qui es in celis, tyll he came to sanctificetur nomen tuum, and then his thought moved him to aske this question, yea, but shall I have the sadil and bridel withal. And so he lost his bargain."

At the end is,

" Imprinted at London, in Flete Strete, in the house of Thomas Berthelet, nere to the Cundite, at the sygne of Lucrece. Cum Privilegio."

See Ames, Vol. i. p. 464.

## ANTONY NIXON.

" THE SCOURGE OF CORRUPTION, OR A CRAFTY KNAVE NEEDS NO BROKER.

Qui bene latuit bene vixit.
Dominatur fraus in omnibus.

Written

Written by Antony Nixon.

Printed at London, for Henry Gosson and William Houlmes, and are to be sold at his shop in Popes Head Pallace. 1615."

" THE CONTENTION BETWEEN THREE BRETHEREN,

The Whoremonger,
The Drunkard,
And the Dice Player.

To approve which of these three is the worst by reason that their deceased father had given his succession from the worst of them.

Printed by Robert Raworth, for Henry Gosson, and are to be sold at the Tunn, in Paternoster Row. 1608."

" NEWNAMS NIGHT CROWE.

A Bird that breedeth Brawles in many Families and Householdes.

Wherein is remembered that kindely and provident regard which fathers ought to have towards their sonnes.

Together with a descrybing of the injurious dealinges of some younger sort of stepdames.

Unicuique secundum opera ejus. Cor. 2.
Vir regius florem qui dulcem prebet odorem.

London. Printed by John Wolfe. 1590."

See Ames. p. 1177.

## WESTWARD FOR SMELTS.

"WESTWARD FOR SMELTS, or the Watermans Fare of mad merry Western Wenches, whose tongues albeit like Bell-Clappers, they never leave ringing. Yet their Tales are sweet, and will much content you.

Written by Kinde Kit, of Kingston.

London. Printed by John Trundle, and are to be sold at his shop, in Barbican, at the signe of the Nobody. 1620."

This is a book of facetious and whimsical tales, related by different fishwomen; viz. The Fishwifes Tale of Brainford (Brentford). The Fishwifes Tale of Standon on the Greene. The Fishwifes Tale of Richmond. The Fishwifes Tale of Twitnam (Twickenham). The Fishwifes Tale of Kingston: and the Fishwifes Tale of Hempton.

"SEVEN WISE MEN OF ROME."

This book has been accurately described, and many entertaining extracts given by Mr. Ellis, but perhaps there is no other library but this of the late Duke of Roxburgh which contains the Original, and this early Translation.

The Original is in black letter, without a title page, except the following:

"Incipit Historia Septem Sapientum Rome."

In the last page is

Explicit

Explicit Hystoria Septem Sapientū Rome,
Honorem Dei et Marie Semperque cole.

No date, but several engravings on wood.

The Translation, which is of uncommon rarity and value, has this title page.

" THE SEVIN SEAGES, TRANSLATIT OUT OF PROIS IN SCOTTIS METER, BE JOHNE ROLLAND, IN DALKEITH; with ane Moralitie after everie Doctouris tale, and siclike efter the Emprice tale, togidder with ane loving and laude to everie Doctour after his awin tale, and ane exclamation and outcrying when the Empreouris wife after hir fals contrusit tale.

Imprentit at Edinburgh be John Ros, for Henrie Charteries. MDLXXVIII.

Cum privilegio regali."

At the end is,

" Quod Rolland, in Dalkeith.

Et sic est finis.
Laus detur et Gloria Trinis."

## TARLTON.

" NEWES OUT OF PURGATORY.

Onely such a Jest as his Jigge, fit for gentlemen to laugh at an houre, &c.

Published by an old companion of his, Robin Goodfellow.

London.

London.

Printed by George Purslowe, and are to be sold by Francis Grove, on Snow Hill, at the signe of the Wind Mill, neere unto St. Sepulchres Church.

1630."

" THE SCHOOLE OF ABUSE.

Conteining a plesaunt Invective against Poets, Pipers, Plaiers, Jesters, and such like Caterpillers, of a Comonwelth; setting up the Flagge of Defiance to their mischievous exercise, and overthrowing their Bulwarkes by prophane Writers, naturall Reason and common experience.

A Discourse as pleasaunt for Gentlemen that favour learning, as profitable for all that wyll follow vertue.

By Stephan Gosson, Stud. Oxon.

TUSCUL. I.

Mandare literis cogitationes, nec eas disponere, nec illustrare, nec delectatione aliqua allicere Lectorem, hominis est intemperanter abutentis, & otio, & literis.

Printed at London, by Thomas Woodcocke. 1579."

" SPEEDY POST,

With a Packet of Letters and Complements, usefull for England, Scotland, and Ireland; or

The

The first Fruits of new Conceits, never yet disclosed.

Newly published for the help of such as are desirous to learne to write letters in Courte, City and Countrey.

By J. W. Gent.

Printed at London, by E. P. for Francis Coles, dwelling at the Halfe Bowle, in the Old Bailey. 1645."

"MERRIE CONCEITED JESTS
OF GEORGE PEELE, GENTLEMAN, SOMETIMES A STUDENT IN OXFORD:

Wherein is shewed the course of his life, how he lived: a man very well knowne in the Citie of London and elsewhere.

Buy, reade, and judge,
The price do not grudge,
It will doe thee more pleasure
Then twice so much treasure.

London.

Printed by G. P. for F. Faulkner, and are to be sold at his shop, in Southwarke, neere Saint Margarets Hill. 1627."

I subjoin a specimen.

" *The Jest of George Peele, at Bristow.*

George was at Bristow, and there staying somewhat longer then his coyne would last him, his palfrey that should bee his carrier to London his head was growne so big that he could not get him out of the stable: it so fortuned at y^t^ instant certaine players came to the towne, and lay at that inne where George Peele was; to whom George was well knowne, being in that time an excellent poet, and had acquaintance of most of the best players in England; from the triviall sort hee was but so so; of which these were, onely knew George by name, no otherwise. There was not past thre of the companie come with the carriage, the rest were behinde, by reason of a long journey they had, so that night they could not enact; which George hearing, had presentlye a stratageme in his head to get his horse free out of the stable, and money in his purse to beare his charges up to London: and thus it was: hee goes directly to the Maior, tels him hee was a scholler and a gentleman, and that he had a certaine historie of the Knight of the Rodes; and withall, howe Bristow was first founded, and by whom, and a briefe of all those that before him had succeeded in office in that worshipfull citie, desiring the Maior, that he, with his presence, and the rest of his brethren, would grace his labours. The Maior agreed to it,

it, gave him leave, and withall apointed him a place; but for himselfe, he could not be there, being in the evening; but made him make the best benefit he could of the citie; and very liberally gave him an angell, which George thankfully receives, and about his businesse he goes, got his stage made, his hystory cryed, and hyred the players apparell, to flourish out his show, promising to pay them liberally, and withall desired them they would favor him so much as to gather him his money at the doore; (for he thought it his best course to imploy them, lest they should spie out his knaverie; for they have perillous heads;) They willingly yeeld to doe him any kindnes that lyes in them; in briefe, carry their apparell to the hall, place themselves at the doore, where George, in the meane time, with the tenne shillings he had of the Maior, delivered his horse out of purgatorie, and carries him to the towndes end, and there placed him, to be redy at his comming. By this time, the audience were come, and some forty shillings gathered, which money George put in his purse, and putting on one of the players silk robes after the trumpet had sounded thrice, out he comes, makes low obeysaunce, goes forward with his Prologue, which was thus:

A trifling toy, a jest of no account pardie.
The Knight, perhaps, you thinke for to bee I:

Thinke on so still: for why, you know that thought is free.
Sit still a while, Ile send the actors to ye.

Which being said, after some fire workes, that hee had made of purpose, threw out among them, and downe stayres goes he, gets to his horse, and so with fortie shillings to London: leaves the players to aunswere it: who, when the jeste was knowne, their innocence excused them, being as well gulled as the Maior and the audience."

"THE BATCHELARS BANQUET;
OR
A BANQUET FOR BATCHELARS: wherein is prepared sundrie dainties to furnish their table, curiously drest, and seriously served in
Pleasantly discoursing
The variable Humours of Women, their quicknesse of witttes and unsearchable deceits.

View them well, but taste not;
Regard them well, but waste not.

London.
Printed by T. C. and are to be sölde by T. P. 1603."

PUTTENHAM.

## PUTTENHAM.

" ARTE OF ENGLISH POESIE."

I transcribe the following note from the Roxburgh copy.

" Although this work is dated 1589, it was manifestly written much earlier. Our author refers to Sir Nicholas Bacon, who began to be high in the departments of the law in Queen Mary's time, and died in 1579. See p. 116, where Puttenham tells a story, from his own knowledge, in the year 1553, of a ridiculous oration made in parliament by a new speaker of the house, &c."

In a copy of this book, formerly belonging to Ben Jonson, is the following list of the works of Puttenham. The list is in the hand writing of old Ben himself.

" Hierotechni.

A Briefe Romance of the Isle of G. Brittyn.

Triumphalles.

Gynœcocratia.

The Originals and Pedigree of the Engl. Toung.

The Enter-view of two great Princesses.

Elpine, an Eclogue.

Lustie London, an Enterlude.

Epitaphs.

Partheniades.
The Wooer, an Enterlude.
Minerva, an Hymne.
Philocalia.
A Book de Decoro."

"ESSAYES OF CERTAINE PARADOXES.

(By Cornwalles, M. S.)
The second impression, inlarged.
London.
Printed for Richard Hawkins, and are to be sold at his shop neare Serjeants-Inne, in Chancery-Lane. 1617."

"This tract is extremely scarce, and treats a good deal of Richard the Third, of whose history so little is known.

S. W. N. S. Ireland, Jun."
M. S.

"FUNEBRIA FLORÆ,
THE
DOWNFALL OF MAY GAMES.

Wherein is set forth, the rudeness, prophaneness, stealing, drinking, fighting, dancing, whoring, misrule, mis-spence of precious time, contempt of God, and godly magistrates, ministers and people, which oppose the rascality, and rout in their

their open prophaneness, and heathenish customs.

Occasioned by the generall complaint of the rudeness of people in this kinde, in this interval of settlement.

Here you have twenty arguments against those prophane sports, and all the cavills made by the Belialists of the time, refelled and aunswered.

Together, with an addition of some verses in the close, for the delight of the ingenious reader.

By Thos. Hall, B. D. and Pastor of Kings Norton.

Yee shall keep mine ordinances, that yee commit not any of those abominable customs which were committed before you, and that yee defile not yourselves therein. I am the Lord. 18, 30. Levit.

The customs of the people are vain. Jer. 10. 3.

Populi plaudunt non consultoribus utilitatum suarum, sed largitoribus voluptatum. Aug. de Civit. Dei, l. 2. c. 20.

Bona conscientia prodire vult & conspici, ipsas nequitia tenebras timet. Seneca Epist. 98.

London. Printed for Henry Mortlock, at the Phœnix, in St. Paul's Church Yard, near the Little North Door. 1660."

## MORLINUS.

HIERONYMI MORLINI NOVELIÆ LXXX. FABULÆ XX. ET COMŒDIA.

Neapoli. In ædibus Joannis Pasqueti de Sallo, M.D.XX. Die VIII. Aprilis. 4to.

There are not many scarcer books than this above described. Altho' it is represented as remarkable for its want of delicacy and purity, it obtained the sanction of the supreme authority for its publication, at a period when the church was alike vigilant in detecting, and prompt and severe in punishing, works which were deemed of improper tendency.

It has annexed to its title page, "Cum gratia et privilegio Cæsareæ Majestatis et Summi Pontificis Decennio duratura."

The work is introduced by the following verses:

### PETRUS GRAVINA AD LECTOREM.

Perlege nec pigeat geniales volvere lusus,
Invenies lepidis seria mixta jocis,
Authoremque sacris acceptum dicere Musis
Jure potes qui nunc tale novavit opus.
Lector, habes varias Morlini pectore gemmas,
Nulla quibus similes Indica terra tegit.

The reader also will probably thank me for inserting the following:

SALVATOR

SALVATOR PICCOLUS AD LECTOREM.

Nec spernas lusus, nec verba tegentia sensus
Tantum perdiscas, sed meliora vide.
Multa latent frugi quæ verbi cortice subsunt,
Quæ multum vitæ nempe prodisse queunt.
En duo magna, tibi dulcis sint commoda lector,
Flores et fructus iste libellus habet.

In these four lines which succeed, the author threatens some person who had made sarcastic remarks upon him or his works.

AUCTOR AD QUENDAM INVIDUM, GARRULUMQUE DE SE MALE MERITUM.

Est quidam, est quidam, quidam quem dicere nolo,
Est quidam, est quidam qui nimium loquitur.
Hic quidam, hic quidam, si non sua comprimit ora,
Discet quid pretium garrulitatis erit.

I have never seen but this copy of Morlinus, which is in the Roxburgh collection, nor do I believe that there is another in this country. There was one in Gaignat's library, which sold at his auction for eleven hundred and twenty livres. There was one also in the Valliere collection, which produced eight hundred livres. It is mentioned in both the above catalogues as a work of the most extraordinary rarity.

## BOCCACE.

The edition of this author, which I am about to describe, singular as it may seem, is to be found no where but in the Roxburgh collection. How it came there was thus explained to me by Mr. G. Nicol.

The great collectors of books and competitors for rare publications in their time were, Lord Oxford and Lord Sunderland. This copy of Boccace came into the hands of a London bookseller, who shewed it to the above noble Lords, and demanded a hundred guineas as the price of it. This sum must, at that time, have appeared enormously extravagant, nor can we wonder that they severally hesitated about giving it. Whilst they were deliberating, an ancestor of the Duke of Roxburgh saw and purchased the volume. The two noble collectors were invited to dinner, and the subject of Boccace being purposely introduced, Lord Oxford and Lord Sunderland began to talk of this particular copy. The Duke of Roxburgh told them that he thought he could shew them a copy of this edition; which they defied him to exhibit. To their mortification and chagrin, he produced the book in question.

If there shall happen to be a public auction of the late Duke of Roxburgh's most valuable library,

library, I think I may venture to foretell that this Boccace will produce not much less than five hundred pounds.

The more particular description of this most rare book is as follows: I transcribe from De Bure, N° 3654.

" Il Decamerone di Messer Giovanni Bocaccio. Editio Primaria et eximiæ raritatis, per Christophorum Valdarfer Ratisponensem excusa (Venetiis) Anno 1471, in fol."

De Bure had never seen it, but has taken his description from former bibliographers. The reader who wishes for more particular information on the subject, may consult the Bibliographie Instructive, Belles Lettres, vol. 2. p. 48. et seq.

# RICHARD FAKES.

THIS old printer's name is sometimes written Fawkes. There was another of the same name who printed before him, and I believe, followed Wynken de Worde. The productions of both are among the rarest specimens of our earliest English literature.

This tract, which I am about to describe, is not only a very great curiosity in itself, but, I believe, a unique copy; at least I have never seen or heard of any but this, which belongs to the British Museum.

It is in black letter, and duodecimo form. No date. It has this title page:

"DE CURSIONE LUNE.

Here begynneth the Course and Disposicion of the Dayes of the Moone in Laten and in Englishe, whiche be good, and whiche be badde, after the Influences of the Moone. Drawen out of a Boke of Aristoteles de Astronomiis."

It is a kind of astrological fortune-telling treatise, in which, after describing the phases of the moon, and foretelling the fortunes and characters of those who shall happen to be born on each

each particular day of the moon, as he who is born on the fourth day of the moon, tractatu regni erit, on the 17th, infelix erit, on the 26th, nec dives nec pauper erit, &c. the author descants on each particular day, in old English verse, as follows:

## THE IIII DAY.

The iiii day borne was Abell,
That day thou may boldely and well
All that thou wyll boldely begynne,
Out token dedys that long to synne,
That day is good a myll to bygge,
And after hedys of water to dygge,
To opyn them and late them renne,
Better be feld and be fenne.
Whoso be borne that day without fayle,
He shall have a party travayle,
He shall be a party lectour,
But he shall suffer many a sharp shour,
He shall well over scape all
And great rychesse hym shall be,
And greater well on that he dey.
Who so that daye do ony foly
Or any theft, and therefore fle,
Hastely founde shall he be.
Who so that day in sicknesse fall
Some day on wast he shall.
What thou thynkyst in thy dremynge,
It shall amende ne helpe no thynge.

That

That day is good for every man I wys,
To passe the see with marchandys.
That day to let the blood,
So neyther moche evel ne good.

## THE X DAY.

The x daye was born Noe.
What chyld so that daye borne be
He shall be recklesse I understonde,
And ron through many dyverse londe.
Who so that day fall in sicknesse,
He shall well-woo skeppe I gesse.
That day is good of other thynges
To bye and sell, and make wedynges,
To passe the see and letyn blood,
And all other thynges that ben good,
That thou wylt begynnyn then
To Goddes worshyp and help of man.
But what thou dremyst I tell the
It shall all turne into vanyte.

The thirtieth day concludes thus:

How have ye herde olde and yong,
Discryed many dyverse thyng
Of chafare, of dremys, of chyldren byrth,
Of bledyng, of wedyng, and other myrth,
And by our formest faders wytnesse.
But I warne you both more and lesse,
That ye be never the more bolde,
For any thing that I have tolde.

After

After which follows this advertisement:

" And be for to sell in Saynt Martyns Parishe, at the sygne of Saynt John Evangelyst."

The last page has the printer's mark; Two unicorns supporting a mantle twined round an arrow, on which are the initials R. F. above a female head. At the bottom is " Richard Fakes" at length.

# RURAL SPORTS.

THE British Museum possesses a volume which contains the following very rare, and not more rare than curious, tracts on the subject of Rural Sports.

1. A very ancient edition of the Book of St. Albans, by Juliana Barnes. The title page is wanting. It is in black letter.

At the end is, "Imprinted at London, in Paules Church Yarde, at the sygne of the Lambe, by Abraham Vele."

This edition is not mentioned by Ames.

2. "A JEWELL FOR GENTRIE.

Being an exact Dictionary, or true Method to make any man understand all the Art, Secrets, and worthy Knowledges belonging to Hawking, Hunting, Fowling and Fishing. Together with all the true Measures for winding the HORNE.

Now newly published, and beautified with all the rarest experiments that are known and practised at this day.

Printed at London, for John Helme, and are to be sold at his shop, in St. Dunstanes Church Yard, in Fleet Street. 1614."

This is another edition of the former work, somewhat methodized and polished. B. L.

3. "THE

3. "THE GENTLEMENS ACADEMIE, OR THE BOOKE OF S. ALBANS.

Containing Three most exact and excellent Bookes. The first of Hawking, the second of all the proper termes of Hunting, and the last of Armorie. All compiled by Juliana Barnes, in the Yere from the Incarnation of Christ 1486, and now reduced into a better method, by G. M.

London. Printed for Humfrey Lownes, and are to be sold at his Shop, in Paules Church Yard. 1595."

G. M. I presume is Gervase, or, as it is sometimes written, Jervase Markham. The Book of Armorie, at p. 41, seems to have been printed by a different person afterwards. The first part has no printer's name; the second has that of Valentine Sims.

4. "HOW TO CHUSE, RIDE, TRAINE, AND DIET BOTH HUNTING HORSES AND RUNNING HORSES.

With all the Secrets thereto belonging discovered; an Arte never heere-to-fore written by any Authour.

Also a Discourse of Horsmanship, wherein the breeding and ryding of Horses for service in a briefe Manner is more methodically sette downe then hath beene heeretofore, with a more easie and direct Course for the Ignorant to attaine to the sayd Arte or Knowledge.

Together with a newe Addition for the Cure of Horses Diseases of what Kinde or Nature soever.

Bramo assai, poco spero, nulla chieggio.

At London. Printed by James Roberts.
Anno Dom. 1599."

This rare tract, the first also of its kind, which discusses the subject of Farriery, is avowedly by Jervis Markham, who inscribes it

" To the Right Worshipfull and his singuler good Father, Ma. Robert Markham, of Citham, in the Countie of Notingham, Esquier."

It opens with this whimsical address to the " Gentlemen Readers."

" The winde, Gentlemen, standing in the mouth of my cave, hath blowne my loose papers into the worlde, and canonized mee as foolish in Paules Church Yarde, as Sybilla was wise in Cuma. I have written of a subject which many more then most excellent in the same arte have entreated. If, therefore, their perfections shall withdrawe your eyes from my labour; imagine it to be but a parenthesis intruding it selfe amongst their workes. And when you have over-read it, you shall find it to detract nothing, but as a ready hand-mayde endevour to bring theyr pleasures to effect and discover that which hetherto hath beene observed.

If, therefore, I shall finde grace in your sights, my thanks shall be, that this my Treatise shall teach you howe to preserve your horses from tyring, which otherwise in the midst of your pleasures, would give over shamefully.

J. M."

The above is in black letter, very perfect, and a remarkably fine copy.

5. "COUNTREY CONTENTMENTS.

In two Bookes. The First containing the whole Art of riding great Horses in very short time, with the breeding, breaking, dyeting and ordring of them, and of running, hunting, and ambling Horses, with the Manner how to use them in their travell.

Likewise in Two newe Treatises, the Arts of Hunting, Hawking, Coursing of Grey-Hounds, with the Lawes of the Leash, Shooting, Bowling, Tennis, Baloone, &c.

The Second entituled THE ENGLISH HUSWIFE,

Containing the inward and outward Vertues, which ought to be in a compleate Woman, as her Phisicke, Cookery, Banqueting Stuffe, Distillation, Perfumes, Wooll, Hemp, Flaxe, Dairies, Brewing, Baking, and all other things belonging to an Houshold.

A Worke very profitable and necessary for the general Good of this Kingdome.

Together with a newe Addition for the Cure of Horses Diseases of what Kinde or Nature soever.

Bramo assai, poco spero, nulla chieggio.

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most profitable for all Warriners and such as delyght in this kinde of Sport and Pastime.

Made by L. M.

London. Printed by John Wolfe, and are to be solde by Edwarde White, dwelling at the Little North Dore of Paules, at the Signe of the Gunne. 1590."

This curious Tract is in black letter, but appears to want something at the end.

7. " A SHORT TREATISE OF HUNTING.

Compyled for the Delight of Noblemen and Gentlemen, by Sir Thomas Cockaine, Knight.

Imprinted at London, by Thomas Orwin, for Thomas Woodcocke, dwelling in Paules Church Yard, at the Signe of the Black Beare. 1591."

This Tract has a hound engraved on wood in the title page. It is inscribed by the Author

" To the Right Honorable and my singular good Lord, the Earle of Shrewsburie."

8. " AN APPROVED TREATISE OF HAWKES AND HAWKING.

Divided into Three Bookes.

The first teacheth how to make a shortwinged Hawke good, with good conditions.

The second how to reclaime a Hawke from any ill condition.

The third teacheth Cures for all known Griefes and Diseases.

By Edmund Bert, Gentleman.

London. Printed by T. S. for Richard Moore, and are to be sold at his shop, in S. Dunstans Church Yard. 1619."

This Tract is inscribed

" To the Right Honourable Henry, Earle of Oxenford, Viscount Bulbecke, Lord Sanford and Scales, and Lord Great Chamberlaine of England."

9. " THE VAULTING MASTER.

Or the Art of Vaulting reduced to a Method comprized under certaine Rules, illustrated by Examples, and now primarily set forth by Will. Stokes.

Xenoph. de magisterio equitum.

Juniores persuadendi sunt ut in equos insilire discant: tandem vero jure mereberis si quem adhibueris magistrum seu præceptorem.

Printed for Richard Davis in Oxon. 1652."

To this singular and curious Tract, a head of the Author, by Glover, is prefixed, which is not in the Cracherode collection.

Beneath the portrait are these lines:

Ingeniosa tibi VIVAM manus edidit UMBRAM,
VERUM HOMINEM MOTUS te probat esse tuus.
Sed tam motu agili, tanta vertiginis arte,
Extemplo specium te per utrumque rotas.
Corpore sub ficto mihi SPIRITUS esse videris,
Aut corpus CHYMICA SPIRITUALE manu.
Nullam sentit equus MOLEM tuus, impiger omnes
Pervolitas partes nec mora pondus habes.

This

This gentleman and his book seem to have been the prototypes of Mr. Astley and his performances at Westminster Bridge. He is represented as leaping over three horses, and as performing various acts of equestrian skill and activity.

His book is inscribed

"To the truly noble Gentleman,

Mr. Henry Percy,

Master of the Horse to the Prince his Highnesse."

# THE KING'S PAMPHLETS.

THE British Museum can hardly be said to possess any literary treasures of greater curiosity and value than this collection of Tracts, usually designated by the name of the King's Pamphlets.

I find the following account of them in a paper annexed to the first folio volume of the manuscript index, which seems to have been printed with a view of promoting their sale at some subsequent period.

"A Complete Collection of Books and Pamphlets Begun in the year 1640 by the special command of King Charles I. of blessed memory, and continued to the happy Restauration of the Government, and the Coronation of King Charles II.

There hath been very much money disbursed, and great pains taken, and many hazards run in making an exact collection of all the Pamphlets that were published from the beginning of that long and rebel-parliament which began Novemb. 1640, till his late Majesties happy Restauration and Coronation, consisting of near thirty thousand several sorts, and by all parties.

They may be of very great use to any gentleman concerned in publick affairs, both for this present and after ages, there being not the like

in

in the world, neither is it possible to make such a collection.

The collection contains above two thousand bound volumes, all of them uniformly bound, as if they were done at one time, and all exactly marked and numbred.

The method that has been observed, as time*, and such punctual care was taken, that the very day is written upon most of them when they came out.

The catalogue of them, fairly written, is in twelve volumes in folio, and though the number of them be so great, (when the books are set in their order, according to the mark set upon each of them) the smallest piece, though but one sheet of paper, being shewn in the catalogue, may be found in a moment; which method is of singular use to the reader.

In the whole are contained near one hundred several MS. pieces that were never printed, all or most of them on the King's behalf, which no man durst then venture to publish without endangering his ruine. But the peruser now may, by them, be let into the knowledge of many occurrences in those times, which have passed hitherto unobserved.

This collection was so privately carried on, that it was never known that there was such a

* Sic.

design

design in hand; the collector designing them only for His Majesties use that then was: His Majesty having occasion for a pamphlet, could no where compass the sight of it but from him, which His Majesty having perused, was very well pleased with the design, and commanded a person of honour to restore it with his own hands, and withal, expressed his desire of having the collection continued. This was the great encouragement to the undertaker, who had otherwise desisted prosecuting so difficult and chargeable a work, which lay a heavy burden upon himself and his servants for above twenty years.

To prevent the discovery of them, when the army was northwards, he packed them up in several trunks, and by one or two in a week, sent them to a trusty friend in Surry, who safely preserved them; and when the army was westward, and fearing their return that way, they were sent to *London* again, but the Collector durst not keep them, but sent them into Essex, and so according as they lay near danger, still by timely removing them, at a great charge, secured them, but continued perfecting the work.

And for a farther security to them, there was a bargain pretended to be made with the University of Oxford, and a receipt of a thousand pounds, given and acknowledged to be in part for them, that if the Usurper had found them out, the University should claim them, who had

greater

greater power to struggle for them than a private man.

All these shifts have been made, and difficulties encountered to keep the collection from being embezel'd and destroyed; which, with the great charges of collecting and binding them, cost the undertaker so much, that he refused four thousand pounds for them in his life time, supposing that sum not sufficient to reimburse him."

That what is asserted in the above paper, as far as relates to the University of Oxford, is true, appears evident, from a letter from Barlow, Bishop of Lincoln, the original of which, is preserved in the Museum.

Barlow was keeper of the Bodleian Library, from which situation he was removed to the See of Lincoln. He was a friend of the person who collected these Tracts, to whom he addresses the following letter:

My Reverend Friend,

I am about to leave Oxford (my dear mother) and that excellent and costly collection of bookes which have so long beene in my hands: now I entreat you, either to remove them, or speake to my successor that they may continue there till you can otherwise conveniently dispose of them. Had I money to my minde I would be your chapman for them, but the collection

lection is soe great, and my purse soe little, that I cannot compass it. It is such a collection (both for the vast number of bookes, and the exact method they are bound in, as none has, nor possibly can have, besides yourselfe. The use of that collection myght be of exceedinge benefitt to the publique (both church and state) were it placed in some safe repository where learned and sober men might have accesse to, and the use of it. The fittest place for it (both for use and honor) is the King's, Sr. Tho. Bodleies, or some publique library, for in such places it might be most safe and usefull. I have long indeavoured to find benefactors, and a way to procure it for Bodleies library, and I doe not despaire but such a way may be found in good time by

Your affectionate friend and brother,

THOMAS LINCOLNE.

*Oxon. Feb.* 6,
1676.

By this letter we learn that the collector was a clergyman, and his name Thomason; for the direction, which is preserved, is,

" For the Reverend G. Thomason.
These."

It appears that after an interval of a few years they came into the possession of the Kings Sta-

tioner,

tioner; for there is preserved, in the Museum, the copy of an order of Privy Council, authorizing Anne Mearne, relict of Samuel Mearne, his Majesties Stationer, to dispose of them as she might think fit.

" At the Court at Whitehall,
the 15th of May, 1684.

By the Kings most excellent Ma^ty and the Lords of his Ma^ties most Hon^ble Privy Councill.

The humble peticon Anne Mearne, relict of Samuell Mearne, his Ma^ties Stationer, lately deceased, being this day read at the Board, setting forth, That his Ma^ty was pleased, by S^r Joseph Williamson, the Secretary of State, to command the petitioners husband to purchase a collection of severall bookes, concerning matters of state, being above thirty thousand in number, and being vniformly bound, are contained in two thousand volumes and vpwards, and that by reason of the great charge they cost the pet^rs husband, and the burthen they are upon her selfe and family, by their lying vndisposed of soe long, Therefore most humbly prayes his Ma^ties leave to dispose of the said collection of bookes, as being a ready way to raise money upon them, to support her selfe and family: His Ma^ty in Council was graciously pleased to give leave to the Pet^r to dispose and make sale of the said bookes as she shall thinke fit.

PHI. LLOYD.

Beyond this period I have not been able to trace them, and must therefore content myself with the general information communicated by Mr. Gough, in one of the volumes of his Topography, that they were purchased by his present Majesty, and by him presented to the Museum.

It is painful to add, that the following volumes were missing from this collection when presented to the Museum. This is hardly to be wondered at, when it is considered, through what various hands and accidents they passed. I subjoin, however, a particular description of the lost volumes, to give an opportunity to those, in whose hands they may happen to be, to restore them to their fellows.

No. 6.

Containing Juvenals Satyrs, translated by Sir Robt. Stapylton.

No. 57.

1. Magazine of Honour.
2. The Book of Praises from the Hebrew.
3. Seasonable Sermon for Unseasonable Times.
4. Tears of Ireland.
5. Engenius's Tears for Gr. Britains Distractions.
6. Anglicus Peace or no Peace.

No. 60.

1. Survey of Englands Champions.
2. Medea of Seneca Eng. by E. S.
3. Corpus sine Capiti visibili.

No.

No. 87.

1. Disloyalty of Language questioned.

2. Prodigies, or Eng. Warning Pieces.

3. The Bachelors Blessing.

4. Naworths Almanac for 1645.

5. Nyes Almanac for 1645.

No. 151.

1. Choice Novels and Amorous Tales, by the refined Wits of Italy.

2. Life of Father Paul.

No. 448.

1. Tradesmans Companion at 6 per Cent. by Haynes.

2. The Para Synagogue paragorized, or Confutation of John Lesley.

No. 449.

1. State of the future Life, by White.

2. The Saints Kingdom established on the Ruins of Babylon.

3. Tables of Interest at 6 per Cent.

4. Proposition for Advancement of Morality.

No. 450.

1. Pet. Cunæus on the Government of the Hebrews.

2. Catechesis errorum qui hodie vexant Ecclesiam.

No. 451.

1. Hobbs, on Liberty and Necessity.

2. Sermon of Judgment before Lord Mayor, by R. Baxter.

No. 453.

1. Young Mans Warning Piece, by R. Abbot.

2. Pisse Pot Lectures, by Tho. Brian.

No. 454.

1. Biddle disposest.

2. Aphorisms of Hippocrates.

No. 465.

1. Heavens Alarm to all Jurors.

2. Art of Cookery, by Cooper.

3. Ludus Mathematicus, by Wingate.

No. 470.

1. Generall History of Women, by T. H.

No. 479.

1. Deaths Alarm, B$^{p}$ Halls Funeral Sermon, by Whitefoote.

2. Serious and pathetical Description of Heaven and Hell.

3. One Sheet for the Ministry, by Baxter.

4. Men before Adam.

No. 892.

1. Complaint to the L$^{d}$ Protector, by Tho. Grantham.

2. The Childs Book and Youths Book, in 2 P$^{ts}$. by S. T.

# RARE TRACTS.

THE Bishop of Rochester's kindness has enabled me to describe the following rare Tracts, which came into his Lordship's hands bound together, by an accident, and for a very trifle.

1. "THE PILGRIMAGE OF MAN, wandering in a Wilderness of Woe.

Wherein is shewed the Calamitie of the new World, and how all the present Estates thereof are crossed with Miserie.

A gorgious jemme for gentilitie,
That live in golden felicitie.

At London. Printed by R. B. 1612."

This is in black letter. R. B. appears to be Ralph Blower.

2. "THE OLIVE LEAFE, or Universall Abce.

Wherein is set foorth the Creation, Descent and Authoritie of Letters, together with the Estimation, Profit, Affinitie or Declination of them, for the familiar Use of all Studentes, Teachers and Learners of what Chirography soever most necessarie.

By Two Tables, newly and briefly composed,

Characticall and Syllabicall,
Of Alexander Top, Gent.

Imprinted at London, by W. White, for George Vincent, dwelling in Great Wood Streete, at the Signe of the Hand in Hand, where they are to be sold.

1603."

This is a very curious Tract on the subject of a universal alphabet. The Author introduces his little volume with these lines:

THE AUTHOR TO HIS BOOKE.

Farewell my little booke, and tell thy friends
The deluge of the deepe confusion ebs;
Then shew thy leafe to all, but haile the best,
And safely leave it in their holy hands,
That will upright thy language, cleere thy sense
As matter but of meere preeminence.
Yet as the starre that onward bringes the sunne,
Thou hast perfection where thy light begunne:
This tell thy friendes, and little booke farewell.

3. " WITS PRIVATE WEALTH.

Stored with choice Commodities to content the Minde.

London. Printed by Ed. Allde, for John Tappe, and are to be sold at his Shop, upon Tower Hill, neere the Bul-warke Gate. 1607."

This

This is a collection of choice maxims, in the manner of Rochfoucalt, by Nicholas Briton or Breton, who was a celebrated writer at this period, and whose works are now considered as objects of much curiosity and research, by the collectors of early English Literature.

They are a little coarse in their diction, as for example:

"No preaching in the world will make a Jew a Christian; and a Cutpurse will be at his work when the thiefe is at the gallowes.

He that leves his spurres in his horses belly, may sitte doune and sigh when he is wearie with walking."

4. "THE COURT OF GOOD COUNSELL.

Wherein is set doune the true Rules how a Man should choose a good Wife from a bad, and a Woman a good Husband from a bad.

Wherein is also expressed the great Care that Parents should have for the bestowing of their Children in marriage, and likewise how Children ought to behave themselves towards their Parents, and how Maisters ought to governe their Servants, and how Servants ought to be obedient towards their Maisters. Set forth as a Patterne for all People to learne Wit by. Published by one that hath dearely bought it by Experience.

At London. Printed by Raph Blower, and are to be solde by William Barley, at his Shop, in Gratious Streete."

The reader will observe, that what is now spelt *Grace Church Street*, is in the above Tract, as well as in other works of this time, written *Gratious* Street. This Tract is in black letter.

5. " THE ENGLISH APE, THE ITALIAN IMITATION, THE FOOTE-STEPPES OF FRAUNCE. Wherein is explaned the wilful Blindnesse of subtill Mischiefe, the striving for Starres, the catching of Moonshine, and the secrete Sound of many hollow Hearts.

By W. R.

Nulla Pietas Pravis.

At London. Imprinted by Robert Robinson, and are to be sold by Richard Jones, dwelling at Holbourne Conduit, at the Signe of the Rose and Crowne. 1588."

This singular Tract is in black letter, and inscribed.

" To the Right Honorable, and my singular good Lord, Syr Christopher Hatton, Knight, Lord Chauncellor of England, Knyght of the most noble Order of the Garter, and one of her Majesties most honorable Privie Counsell."

This appears to be a severe satire on the manners of the times, particularly as they relate to dress. The Author is very harsh indeed, when speaking of his countrywomen.

" It

"It is a woonder more than ordinary to beholde theyr perewigs of sundry collours, theyr paynting potts of perlesse perfumes, theyr boxes of slobber sause, the fleaking of theyr faces, theyr strayned modesty, and theyr counterfayte coynesse. In so much that they rather seeme curtyzans of Venyce, then matrones of Englande, monsters of Ægypt, then modest maydens of Europe, inchaunting syrens of Syrtes, then diligent searchers of vertue; these inchauntments charme away theyr modesty, and entrap fooles in folly. Bewitcheth them selves wyth wanton wyles, and be setteth other with these bitter smyles."

The conclusion is an extravagant compliment to the Queen, whom the Author calls "The Phenix of the World."

6. "THE COMMENDATION OF COCKES AND COCKFIGHTING.

Wherein is shewed that Cockefighting was before the coming of Christ.

London. Printed for Henrie Tomes, and are to be sold at his Shop, over against Graies Inne Gate, in Holburne. 1607."

This is in black letter, and I do not remember to have seen any earlier publication than this on the subject of this barbarous sport.

7. "THE REPENTANCE OF ROBERT GREENE, MAISTER OF ARTES, &c. &c."

I have elsewhere given a detailed account of this curious Pamphlet, which is so rare, that I

doubt not, if produced an auction for sale, it would fetch several guineas.

8. "A REMEMBRANCE OF THE HONORS DUE TO THE LIFE AND DEATH OF ROBERT EARLE OF SALISBURY, LORD TREASURER OF ENGLAND, &c.

Imprinted at London, for John Wright, and are to bee sold at his Shop, neere Christ Church Doore. 1612."

This tribute to the memory of the Earl of Salisbury is in black letter. The Author's name is Richard Johnson. It is partly in prose and partly in verse, but unfortunately is imperfect.

A portrait of the Earl is prefixed, of the value of which I am not competent to judge.

The Bishop of Rochester purchased all the above Tracts for, I believe, half-a-crown. They would now produce a great many guineas.

# DR. DEE.

THE book which I am about to describe is represented to me by Mr. Reed, as one of the scarcest in the English language.

At p. 79, we are informed that only one hundred copies were printed. That which belongs to the British Museum has a long manuscript of Dr. Dee's writing annexed to it, which seems to be a kind of continuation of the subject.

It is certainly the most rational and methodical that this singular character ever composed. The title page may be thus described:

Within an oblong scroll, at each angle of which are two roses as supporters, and in the center the crown and arms of England, are these words:

" GENERAL AND RARE MEMORIALS,
PERTAYNING TO THE PERFECT ARTE OF
NAVIGATION.
*Annexed to the* PARADOXAL *Cumpas, in Playne.*

Now first published: 24 Yeres after the first Invention thereof."

Round the scroll is

" Plura latent quam patent."

The remainder of the frontispiece, which is engraved on wood, appears to be a representation of the Triumph of England over the Armada of Spain.

On account of the extreme rareness of the book, and the whimsicality of the thing itself, I have transcribed the whole of the Advertisement and Introduction.

*A necessary Aduertisement, by an vnknown freend, giuen to the modest, and godly readers: who also carefully desire the prosperous state of the Commonwealth of this* BRYTISH KINGDOM, *and the politicall* SECVRITIE *thereof.*

] Lamentable and irkesome* are these our drery dayes: (my welbeloued cuntrimen) seeing the conditions of to to many, are become such, as, to be to curious of other† mens dooings: as though they themselues were superhabundantly perfect, or dwelt in security, of not beyng at any tyme hereafter, either surueyed, or controlled for their own.

* Veritas (vt fertur) Odium parit, Ast, tantum id fit, apud veritatis osores: ipsi etiam omnipotentis exosos Deo.

† Cur quidem vides festucam, quæ est in oculo fratris tui, trabem autem, quæ est in oculo tuo, non animaduertis? Math. 7.

Nay,

2 Nay, seeing the subtilty and impudency of* some, is such, that they can, and dare, cunningly and craftily, conuey to themselues (or, to whom they list) the title and interest of the thanks and commendation, due to other men: who are not of so brasen visages, as to practise such ambitious fatches for themselues, or to procure such malitious disgraces, to other: but are of that myldenes of spirite, as PATIENTLY TO ATTEND THE END, which shall reueale the VERITY: when, iust gwerdon shall to euery man be distributed accordingly.

3 And thirdly, seeing some are so doggedly violent and vayngloriously doting, that they can not like, consent, or well suffer any od Man, beside them selues: or otherwise, then by them selues, to receiue due salary, either of credit, commendation, or liberall consideration: where their word or working (directly or indirectly) may hinder the same.

4 Fourthly, how pitifull is the case, that diuers, of sundry states† haue (of late) become so shameles lyers, and to some priuate mens liues, (thereby) so dangerous, that, if credit had bin giuen to them (by other than the light

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* Legas & relegas librum Quintum Politicorum Aristotelis.

† As, Κλεφε, νυδ ὑνγ ἱμστιλφ ιτ θι Τουε Σιρ Ιοτ Βουρτ Κνιγτ, Πριδιξ Μαχιλ, &c.

hedded

hedded sort) of such murders and treasons, as (most diuell like) they haue imagined and reported to be: and withall, (wholy, of their own hellish myndes without any spark or drop of veritie) haue fathered the same vpon the very innocent (yea, so much an innocent, as for any such thought, in his hart, at any tyme, embracing or fostering): It had bin greatly to haue bin douted that the mighty wrath of God, would not so long haue forborn the iust revenge (of so haynous abhominacions) taking, vpon, as well such wicked and principall forgers, as on other the fickle fauourers, or careles sufferers of the same, any whit to preuaile.

5. Seeing the Prince of darkenes hath sundry such his factors: And yet one * other kinde more wicked and abhominable than the rehearsed: which are such, as not onely, they themselues, commit diuelish horrible facts, but also practise other very fraudulent feats; And all to their priuate lucre onely: chiefly ayding and furnishing vp their own shamefull credit herein, with the * counterfeting of other honest and learned men their letters: as, written vnto them, in such their vngodly and vnlawfull affrayes: or, as falsly, reporting their conferences had with

* Τινσιν Μυξφιν.

them,

them, to the behoof (say they) of such, as are become their miserable and cosened clients.

6 And sixthly, how, (almost, without remedy,) hath the most wily tyrant, and insatiable blud-sucker, layd the plat, for a wofull tragedy contriuing: yf, the power and justice diuine, did not bridle his malitious rage, and infernall fury? How, hath he, (I pray you) insinuated his credit with some, so far, and so long since: that diuers vntrue and infamous reports, by their sinister information, haue bin giuen vp to such, as haue gathered records, of those mens acts, who dyed in the cause of veritie? And so, the same hurtfull vntruthes, beyng (yet) the rather credited, by reason of the dignity of the place; wherein they were enstalled, haue seemed, both to the foresayd diuelish cosener, and also, to the credulous cosen (yea, and to very many others,) to haue bin a certain kynde of warrant: To the one, without feare, to counterfet letters, or discourses, answerable to the foresayd fowle vntruthes, vnaduisedly recorded. And to the other, without suspition, lighty to credit any such matter, reported. And, so, hath the feend infernall, most craftily, and vnduly gotten the honest*

* A good name is more to be desired than great riches. Prouerb 22. A good name is more worth than precious oyntment. Eccles. 7.

name

name and fame, of one extraordinary studious Ientleman, of this land, within his clawes; that, diuers his mere malitious, and wilfull enemies, do verily hope, that it is impossible, that this Ientleman shall, with this English or Brytish state, either (during his life) be counted a good subiect, or a commendable, (nay scarce a tolerable) * Christian; or, any his acts or trauailes, all ready past; or, other his intended exploits, of great importance, shall be, in this land, acceptable; or, of the people, of this kingdome, receyued: as, by the fauour, light, and ayde of the Blessed Trinitie vndertaken, inuented, compassed, and atchieued: but, rather, by wicked and vngodly arte, to be framed: and, by the help of Sathan, or Beelzebub, to be finished: vnleast, the wise, or the peculiarly chief authorized, will vse due, carefull, and charitable discretion, from henceforth, to repres, or abolish, and vtterly extinguish this very iniurious report, (for these xx. yeres last past, and somewhat longer,) spred and credited, all this realm ouer: it is to wete, that the forsaid Ientleman,

* If you will read his digression apologeticall, conteyned in his Mathematical Preface, to the English Euclide, (imprinted A° 1570) you may the better understand this point of this brief aduertisement.

is, or was, not onely, a * [1] *Coniurer*, or caller of diuels: but *, [2] *a great* doer therein: yea, *the great coniurer:* and so, (as some would say) [3] * *the arche coniurer*, of this whole kingdom.

Before, that the (mentioned) diuelish cosening was vsed: this sklanderous vntruthe was recorded, published, and credited: but, by these new deuised cosening forgeries, the same, may (with some) seeme to be vndoutedly confirmed. Oh Lord, with how tickle and strong snares, and with how wily laberinthes, hath the most enuious traytor, to the honor of our God and Christ, bewrapped and daunted many a thousand of simple and honest mens fantazies: inducing them, to credit this infamous report? To credit it, (I say) in respect to the honorable seat, wherein, it was (very vnaduisedly) set downe. In dede, euen he: who, at the beginning, * sayd, *Ascendam in cælum, et similis ero altissimo:* euen he, hath settled this intolerable sklander of the vertuous, among the glorious renown of the righteous: to so great hurt, and dammage of the Ientleman (who, to all other men, is harmles) as, neuer to him, by any one mortall man, the iust amends, can duly be

* Oh, a damnable sklaunder, vtterly vntrue, in the whole, and in euery worde and part thereof: as (before the King of kings) will appere at the dreadfull day.

* Esaiæ 14.

made.

made. I would to God, this foresaid sklander, and other disgracing reports, to to rashly, and euen then * recorded, when this courteous Ientleman was also a prisoner himself: (and bedfellow, with one maister Barthelet Greene) had bin, in due tyme espyed: and vtterly cancelled, or razed out of all records, wherein they were vnduly, and vnaduisedly (first) admitted.

Nerer to pres this matter in particular, it is nedeles. But, by this, and such like foule ouersight of man, and cruell despite of the hellish enemy, it is come to pas (among many other great inconueniences) that, whereas the said studious Ientleman, hath at God his most mercifull handes: recyued a great talent of knowledge and sciences: (after his long, painfull, and costly trauails, susteyned for the same:) and both by God, being warned, and, of his owne disposition, desirous, not only to enlarge and multiply the same, but also to communicate to other: he findeth himself, (now, at length), partly forced, somewhat to yelde to the wickednes of these tymes, (being not possible to sayl against the windes eye): and partly demeth himself (in Gods judgment,) excusable, not to bestow any more of his talent and * carefull tra-

* A. iij.

uailes,

uailes, vpon the ingratefull and thankles: nay, vpon the skorners and disdainers of such his faythfull enterprises: vndertaken chiefly, for the aduancement of the wonderfuil veritie philosophicall: and also, for the state publik of this BRYTISH MONARCHIE, to become flourishing, in HONOR, WEALTH, and STRENGTH: as much, as any thing in him, mought have bin thereto, (by any means,) found seruisable.

But, who would haue * thought, that they, who are (in dede) of the honester sort, and more charitable: yea, of the wiser, and (by office) mightier (and some of them, taken for his especial great freends) would, so many yeres, haue bin so * careles: or slack, to ayde, and procure the innocent, to be * deliuered, from the greuous, and most jniurious spoyles of his good name and fame: and all the inconueniences, depending thereon? or, who would haue thought, that so great and so vncharitable vntruthes, should so vndiscreetly haue bin published: by those men especially, who, otherwise, in woord and life, were very modest, and circumspect.

* *Solomon in Ecclesiastes, cap.* 4. So I turned me, and considered all the violent wrong, that is done vnder the sunne: and behold, the teares of such as were opressed, and there was no man to comfort them: or, that would deliuer or defend them from the violence of their oppressions.

I thought

I thought it good, therefore (my honest freend and cuntriman) to aduertise * thee, of some parte of the cause, of the strange maner, of this treatise comming to thy sight, or reading: as, without the name, of any certain author thereof: and and without the name, of the zealous artificer, who first did sollicite, and collect such matter (by dictata, as it were) from this Ientleman. And thirdly: without my own name: into whose hands, the sayd artificer, hath deliuered all the matter, that he could get of this Brytish Ientleman, to the title of this booke answerable; yea, and other rare instructions, also.

For (undowtedly) this BRYTISH PHILOSOPHER, is not only discouraged to labor, or * pen any more treatises or bookes himself in ARTIFICIALL METHOD, for his vnkinde, vnthankful, disdainfull and slkanderous cuntrymen, to vse (nay abuse:) but also is loth (and hath great reason so to be) to haue his name any more prefixed, or subscribed, to any treatises, passing from him, either by writing or by speech.

And both these inconueniencies are purposely committed to anoyd, or somewhat to preuent hensforward, the farther grief and offence that might grow to him and his true freends; to perceiue the former sundry sorts of caterpillers, and

* The chief occasion of this aduertisement giuing.

great

great hinderers of the prosperous estate of any commonwealth, to knaw vpon the leaf or flower of his commendable faine; who would take very quickly an occasion (by the forefronts of bookes garnished with his BRYTISH NAME,) to fall to a fresh pang of enuious busiosity, impudent arrogancy, and dogged malicious speeches vsing and vttring against the Ientleman, who (vndoutedly) wisheth euill to none. And (perhaps) though it were very good matter, that should by him be contriued and written, and vnder his name be published: yet they would (in perusing it) either peruert their own judgements of it, through their vnquieted and mere malicious fantazie, wilfully bent against him; or, rather in dede, through their own great ignorance would verify the prouerb, *Scientiâ non habet Inimicum, nisi Ignorantem*: as they did by his *Monas Hieroglyphica* *, dedicated to the late Emperor Maximilian, wherein the Queene her most excellent Maiestie can be a sacred witness (as I haue heard) of the strange and vndue speeches deuised of that hieroglyphicall writing.

Or, if they liked the matter, they would say, that such a Treatise (vnder his name published) is not, or was not of his owne compiling and ordring, as Author thereof, but that some other man, now liuing, or long since dead, was the

* A° 1564.

only and first Author of such a good Treatise. And that maner of malicious iniury hath bin very notably done vnto him for these many yeres past, about his booke intituled *Propœdeumata Aphoristica;* and is yet scarse ceased in all corners (for it is backbiting worke, and seeketh corners.) For some men, (and they such, who ought to haue bin honest and discreet, as they are, or were accounted learned) haue very enviously fathered it upon the excellent *Gerardus Mercator Rupelmundanus*, (yet liuing at *Duysburgh*) as to be the only and true Author of those *Aphorismes*. But afterward, when that was found a peuish fable; then vpon one *Virso* (who liued many hundred yeres since) was all the commendation bestowed for that *Aphoristicall* worke contriuing. And then agayne, after that, vpon one *Alkabitius:* And at length, with shame enough (but more will follow) being driuen from these mere enuious and spitefull false deuises; yet (most obstinately and impudently) they still auouch to diuers Ientlemen, and certaine Noble Men, that some other, or (in effect) any man els, was the author thereof; rather than they would honestly acknowledge the truthes of only this Ientleman his peculiar industry, and no small skill vsed in the contriuing and framing of that * booke; containing the chief Crop and

* A° 1558 in July first printed.

Roote,

Roote, of ten yeres his first Outlandish and Homish studies and exercises philosophicall; as partly in the Preface thereof, to the reader is specified; but more habundantly and purposely hath that point bin * proued and testified to some, who were (before) fowly infected with the sklanderous opinion, that one *Vrso* was the author of it, and not this honest *Brytish Ientleman*; as at another tyme, will be made more euident: when a ful declaration, in more conuenient place, may be made, of the mere malicious, very rash, and Brutish Censure of a certain Doctor, (yet liuing) who lately endeuored himself, to perswade some right worshipful Ientlemen, that it were good and behoofull for this Common Wealth, if the sayd Philosopher, were *banished* this land for "euer; bicause, said this Doctor, (but most vn-"truly, as is now very euident to thousands of "men of this kingdom, and other) that to no man "of this realm, he did at any tyme, or yet doth, "or will communicate any part of his learned ta-"lent, by word or writing; but is wholy addicted "to his priuate commodity, only auancing by his "own studies and practises very secret." That doctor, his name shall not here by me be disclosed: for that he hath (vpon honest repentance, for his so iniurious and dammageable in-

* A° 1574 in Aug. at Morflach.

tent) receiued his * sentence of free forgiuenes, in the presence of worshipfull witnes yet aliue.

And when, likewise, the perfect declaration may more aptly be had, of the most Judas like pranke, of an other Doctor; who (in the tyme of this Brytan Innocent his captiuity: and somewhat before the day of his enlarging by letters † sent to his keper from the right honorable Priuy Counsail, to KING PHILIP and QUEENE MARY) did, very earnestly sollicite with the Lord Chauncelor, (with whom he could do very much) and with the Bishop of London, (whom also he could half perswade) that it were requisite and justice, that the sayd Brytan Captiue were not set at liberty at all, but should be forthwith committed to PERPETUAL PRISON; and that, vpon such respects as he most vnchris-

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* A° 1575 in March at Mortlach.

† *The true copy of these letters sent to D. Boner, Bishop of London.*

*After our harty commendations to your good L. the King and Queenes Maiesties pleasures is, you shall cause John Dee, committed to your L. custody, to be brought before some Master of the Chauncery, and there bound to be of good abearing, and forth comming when he shall be called for, betwixt this and Christmas next, and therupon to set him at libertie. Whereof we pray you not to faile. And so we bid the same hartily farewell.*

*From Greenwich, the* xxix *of August*, 1555.

*Your L. louing frendes.*

*Ste. Winton, Cancell. W. Rochester, Thomas Ely. Jo. Bourn. John Baker. Francis Engerfield. E. Waldegrave.*

tainlike

tianlike and maliciously had deuised, and uery impudently vpon his credit with them (such as it was) would haue forced to preuaile. But God would not suffer the sayd courteous Captiue his great freendship and humanity, a few yeres before, vsed toward that doctor (in *Paris*) so to be requited with worse then ingratitude. Besides, that the sayd Captiue could neuer (nor yet can) be duly charged, with any word or deed, vttred or done, contrary to the performance of his duty toward his Soueraigne and the higher powers.

And though I here omit many other great iniuries done unto him, about the bereauing him, of the true and due title and interest, in and to his own works, writings, and inuentions, in other places recorded (and among that sort, omitting that foule iniury done to him by one *Joannes Franciscus Offhuysius*, whose booke *De Diuina Astrorum facultate*, was of this Brytan Philosopher, his inuention, chiefly: as may be made euident, both by the matter therin contayned, being compared to his *Propædeumata Aphoristica*.

And also, by the said *Franciscus* his daily familiar * letters, solliciting and requesting those and

* As may sufficiently appeare by these few places taken out of some of his letters.

and such like *Hypotheses Astrologicall*, at the said philosopher his hands; he being, moreouer, here conuersant with, and depending vpon this our Brytan *Mathematicien* above a whole yere.) Yet I must note unto you, euen here, that one of those iniuries was aboue all the rest, so notorious, and withall, so notably well * known to be an iniury, that the last yere, a certain me-

---

*Doctissimo probæq. Indolis Dn°. Joanni Deeo, suo Intimo.*

*Occupatiunculæ me hactenus domi detinuere, &c. Quas de Aeris mutatione, concepisti causas, ne relinquas, oro, &c.*

Ex Diuersorio, raptim,
30 Octob. 1553.
Tuus si suus,
J F van Offhuysen.

And agayne,

*Suo Charissimo Dn°. Joanni Deo.*

*Hiis proximis diebus, &c. Hypôthesibus ad Astrologiam confirmandam, quæso, seriò Des (vt cepisti) operam. Syderum sedes, spero te vtcunq. certas à me accepturum, saltem eorum quæ per nos obseruata fuere quandoq. &c.*

Vale, 6 Novemb. 1553.
Tuus Offhuysius.

And agayne.

*Domine, si non queas incommodè carere Ephemeridibus præsentis anni, obsecro, mitte: et de tuis intelligamus studijs. Ego diligenter planto sydera. Spero, dum tuæ creuerint, quas concepisti Hypotheses, aliquid boni seminis nos collecturos. Vale felix.*

Tuus Offhuysius.

* M. Steuen and M. William Borowgh, two of the chief Moscouy Pilots (after the incomparable M. Richard Chancelor his death) can be sufficient witnesses also.

chanicien

chanicien (being busied about matter of nauigation) calling to his remembrance the same iniury, being a fowle and impudent † brag, that an English mariner (now aboue 20 yeres sins) had made to diuers honest men, (of the new sea instrument, newly also, called the *Paradoxall Cumpas*, as to haue bin of his inuention) was so inflamed with indignation against this arrogant mariner, his abhominable impudency, (so long tyme, by this Ientleman, very patiently suffred,) that he made very earnest request to this Ientleman (the true inuentor of this instrument Paradoxal,) that, although all the Iniuries receiued at their hands, who were deemed learned, he would not very sharply reproue: and but at leysure; yet, that it should be an act, mete and needfull for him to do, (being also behoofall for the common wealth) speedily to detect such shameless braggers and crakers; onely sophistically furnished to outward shew: and that, with other mens rare inuentions; but of themselues, vtterly vnhable to inuent any worthy conclusion, to be profitably practised on sea or land.

Which Mechanicien his earnest request, (by the foresayd Ientleman) being graunted, was the very chief and first occasion of these Rare

† An iniurious brag.

Memorials* (concerning *the perfect Arte of Nauigation*) so comming in record, after a mechanicall and vulgar artificer his blunt maner of penning and collecting the same. Who, about the entrance into the matter of nauigation, finding good † opportunity to speake first of a PETY NAVY ROYALL, continually to be maynteyned, for manifold great commodities procuring to this BRYTISH MONARCHIE; (which no other way can be brought to pas) and among them all, the PERPETVALL POLITIK‡ SECVRITIE and better preseruation of this famous kingdom from all forrein danger, or homish disorders, to be the chiefest and most needfull publick benefit; (and vndowtedly, likely to ensue therof) he was dutifully willing, rather to follow some brief discussing of that very waighty matter, (and especially in these dangerous dayes, and incredible peeuish practises, ful often deuised against the GOOD PEACE AND PROSPEROVS TRANQUILLITIE of this INCOMPARABLE ILANDISH MONARCHIE;) then to fall to the foresayd Generall

* The volumes of Rare Memorials, by what occasion they became to be written first.

† The brief argument of the Preface, or first booke of the General Rare Memorials.

‡ Perpetual politick securitie is to be sought for; but not sluggish and reckless securitie, which is the ouerthrow of many a noble kingdom.

and

and Rare Memorials, recording of THE PERFECT ARTE OF NAUIGATION; which he, (therupon) set aside awhile, and wherof, now only the second volume entreateth, vnder this proper title: THE BRYTISH COMPLEMENT, OR THE PERFECT ARTE OF NAUIGATION †. (For no vulgar doctrine or practise is therin conteyned; but rather the GENERALL COMPLEMENT, and almost (in particular,) all that which hitherto was wanting; or, which mought be most needfull to so excellent an arte, and (to this kingdome) most beneficiall of all other mechanicall exercises.

And such is the forcsayd Brytish complement, (as I do right well know) that the contents therof, are aboue the most part of the best learned mens expectations (yea, or hope) of being brought to pas; and all that in rare, general, and excellent conclusions of Gubernautik, chiefly. And so great is the volume therof, that, to haue it fairely and distinctly printed, with all the appertenances, it would be (in bulk) greater than the English Bible, of the greatest volume; and yet the plat of inuention, disposition, and recording therof was finished in les than 4 monthes space; it is to wete of September, October, Nouember, and December last. Due laud

† The title and brief argument of the second volume.

and glory be therfore ascribed to the free geuer of all good and perfect gifts.

The third booke *, I neither will, or may (as yet) say any thing of. The Ientleman his desire was, that it should be vtterly suppressed, or deliuered to Vulcan his custody.

But the fourth volume †, I may judge it to be as an earthly paradise; a booke, of as great godly pleasure, as worldly profit and delight; a booke for the BRYTISH HONOR and WEALTH, (and that in diuers maner) such an one as neuer King *Ptolomæus*, or Prince *Abilfada Ismaël*, or any geographicall or hydrographicall discouerer did write or collect, as I (for my simple capacity) do verily judge of it. The title wherof, is OF FAMOUS and RICH DISCOVERIES; the discourse thereof, not only conteineth the generall suruey hydrographicall of all the whole world, (and chiefly the rare euidences for all the partes therof, most septentrionall) but also a particular and ample examination of King Solomon his Ophirian three yeres voyage; and also the lawfull and very honorable entitling of our most gratious and soueraigne Lady, QUEENE ELIZABETH, (and so this BRYTISH SCEPTRE ROYALL) to very large forrein dominions; such as in and by

* The third booke suppressed.

† The fourth volume.

the

the same, duly recouered and vsed. The course of the Diuine Prouidence generall, in this present age will bring to light and life, matter of great importance and consequency, both to the glory of God and the benefit of all Christendom and Heathenesse. The greatness of this volume is not much les than of the second. And one way it far passeth the second: for, in the secret centre therof is more bestowed and stored vp, than I may, or (in this place) will express.

The same volume, was chiefly of the Ientleman his own very speedily collecting; and (by his wil and order) hath this inscription or dedication, To THE MOST WORTHY; and the same inscription to be written or printed in letters of gold.

And had not the incredible and manifold iniuries, and vndue disturbances bin, which haue happened to him (by sundry parcels of tyme) for the space of three monthes and more, (in totall summe) within the tyme of all these collections, most speedily and carefully heaping vp togither, since August last; I am right well assured, that neuer, in so small tyme, so much matter of so great importance, with such syncere and dutifull zeale to pleasure his natiue cuntry, had by any subject (BRYTISH OR ENGLISH) bin deliuered from him by inuention of his own, or by circumspect collection, or discrete application,

cation, out of former or present writers and authours.

What is than (I pray you) in all his life tyme, to be thought likely or possible, and in tymes more commodious, to haue bin inuented, or conuerted to better method of knowledge or vse of practise, or notably reformed, by the said Ientleman? especially for the space of these thirty * yeres last past? In which long tyme of his Tyrocinie he hath incessantly, to the uttermost of his power and hability, followed an extraordinary, and most painfull, and very costly course of Philosophical enquiries making after the best verities, which may yeld † (by due considerations of the creatures, their vertues and properties) to their Creator, and ours, glory, praise & honor vnspeakable: for his infinit goodnes, wisdom and power; the euident print & demonstrable proof wherof the same (our God) hath most in his own handy worke, of all his creatures creating; all the whole and vniversall world over dispersed; nay, rather filling the whole como-

* In which space of tyme he hath aduisedly spent above thirty hundred pounds, for learning of worthy knowledges and sciences: to the honor of God aduancing (far and nere) and the better enhabling of himself to pleasure his native cūtry aboue all other, how little so euer they haue (yet) deserued it at his hands.

† The fruit and end of Naturall Philosophy, being vsed as christen men ought to vse it.

graphi-

graphicall frame and orbe; from the center therof to the vttermost circumference of the same; being, to mortall mans outward eye, vtterly vnsensible.

It will appeare, hereafter, in due tyme, that greater, furder, and of longer continuance hath bin his doings, and very well liked of, aduertisements and instructions in sundry affayrers, philosophicall, and cosmopoliticall, FOR VERITIE, JVSTICE AND PEACE FVRDERING, than hath of any three of his neerest freends, and most familiarly acquainted cuntrymen, bin (as yet) perceiued.

And this also I may say of the same Ientleman (without seeming to flatter him, or any whit to abuse thee, my honest freend and cuntryman) or, he, himself, with great modesty, and no arrogancy, might (to God his high glory) say that, yf in the foresaid whole cours of his tyme, he had found a constant and assistant CHRISTIAN ALEXANDER, BRYTAN should not haue bin now destitute of a CHRISTIAN ARISTOTLE *.

Any farder is nedeles to be disclosed of this Ientleman, whose greuous † wounds, (by dedly

* Alexander, Aristotle.

† The wordes of a sklanderer, are very wounds, and go through vnto the innermost partes of the body. `Prouerb. 18.

no

sklanderss vpon diuclish enuy only; and the same, priuily slasht and hewd into his sydes, and nere vnto his hart) are not yet in the perfect and charitable chirurgiens curing, the more lamentable will the case be found, and the remedy to late thought upon, I am greatly afraid.

In the mean space (my louing freend and vnpartiall reader) I am to aduertise thee, as concerning the publishing of the other two great volumes; though the inuentions and collections be such as I sayd, and of great value; both for the HONOR AND WEALTH OF ENGLAND, and no little furderance of the GLORY OF GOD, yet (by order taken by him who hath the chief interest therein) the same are not to be printed VNTIL THE PROOF BE PAST. How this Mechanicien, his zealous, dutifull, and humble aduertisement politicall, (for the perpetuall garde, and furder seruice of a PETY NAVY ROYALL*, to be mainteined, without any cost or charge to the Queene her most excellent Maiestie, or any vnpleasant burden to the Commons and faithfull Subiects of this BRYTISH MONARCHIE) shall be liked of and accepted; (for the zeale and matter, I mean, rather than for any rhetoricall polishing bestowed on it.) Seeing the same con-

* A PETY NAVY ROYALL continually to be mainteyned without the Queenes Maiesties charges, or any vnpleasant burden to the Commons.

teineth

teineth in it such fragments of instructions receiued from the forsaid philosopher, being hitherto (almost) a † freendles freend. Why say I freendles? Seeing a Ientleman of great experience in this world, sayd vnto him, in my hering, within these few dayes:

*Tu certè infelix, at multos inter amicos.*

Wherby it might seme that he hath many freends. But for all that, betwene a cold freend and a faint harted enemy, is small diuersity. And vndowtedly a fayned hollow harted or hypocriticall freend is worse, ten tymes, than an open enemy; and, in very dede, is not to be counted a freend. And so may the outward repugnancy of these two sayings aptly be reconciled.

But, proceding in my former purpose, you may vnderstand this, moreouer, that the second booke or volume (to this Preface aperteyning) will be of more hundred pounds charges, to be prepared for the print (in respect of the tables and figures therto requisite) than you would easily beleue. Therfore, though there were no warning of attendance to be giuen to vnderstand the issue of liking or misliking the foresaid, (zealously collected, and as humbly presented)

† Exceptis excipiendis ast illis quidem paucissimis.

politicall

politicall aduertisement. Yet, this m
charges so far passeth my slender habili
withall, is so dreadfull to the Printers,
of great los therby susteining (so rare,
mens studies are in such matters emplo
delay, on my part, is rather that way con
And, therfore, no order is to be thou
by me, for the printing therof*, TYLL
FORTABLE AND SVFFICIENT OPPOR
OF SVPPLY DOTH VERY WELL SERVE T

And before I bid thee farewell (my
man) I may yet aduertise thee of one poi
(whither the sayd second volume be euer
or no) that therin is one parcell contei
contriued and dedicated vnto the aeternall
and heroicall honor and renowm of our
parable gracious QUEENE ELIZABETH;
the whole world ouer, yea, among the I
as well as Christen; what language so e
speake, that haue to deale with hydogra
dangerous and long voyages by sea; euc
will most thankfully and for euer sing an
her marueilous princely benefit herein
them, chiefly for her Maiesties sake and
imparted, who hath bin so constantly fa
and so gracious a soueraign Lady vnt
uentor therof, her most faythfull and

* Till then.

subiect. The richest *Pyramis* at *Memphis*, did neuer so far and so durably spred the fame and commendation of the builders therof, as these TABLES GUBERNAUTIKE will win, and procure the large loue and good liking of our Elizabeth, all the world endureth to florish. The English title therof is, THE BRYTISH QUEENE ELIZABETH, HER TABLES GVBERNAVTIK †. And the same is of many quires of paper conteining.

Now haue I sufficiently (for this place and tyme) giuen vnto you (my courteous cuntryman) aduertisements; which (I trust) you will take in good part and thankfully, yf in your own conscience you plainly perceiue that all my zealous speech herein bestowed, tendeth to the aduancement of vertue, and to the great benefit and commodity publik. At an other tyme I hope to haue comfort and conuenient opportunitie to impart vnto you other matter, for your exceeding good contentation and great delight also.

And in the mean space, I trust, that this my syncere, blunt, and simple aduise, shall be

* A strange monument, dedicated to the æternall and heroicall renowne of our Queene, her most excellent Maiestie.

† A treasor incomparable for the Arte Gubernautik: and for very many other experiences.

some occasion, that hensforward this honest Ientleman shal be fully restored to the integrity of his duly deserued honest * name and fame; and also receyue great publick thanks, comfort, and ayde of the whole Brytish state, to the honor, welfare, and preseruation wherof (next vnto his duty doing vnto God) he hath directed all the course of his manifold studies, great trauailes, and incredible costes. As both by these his *Hexameron Lessons* (first here for security of the same) speedily dictated, and also by very many other his wordes, workes, and writings els, both in England and other where spoken, done, communicated, and published, will or may abundantly be testified. And so fare you well in Christ, my courteous and vnpartiall cuntryman; and for a remembrance at this our most freendly farewel, take this heauenly counsail with thee: *Omnia quecunque volueritis vt faciant vobis homines, sic & vos facite illis; hæc enim est Lex & Prophetæ.*

Which kinde of skantlin and measure diuine, being before hand, and in due tyme layd vnto all our thoughts, wordes and dedes, may be as a

* Da operam vt Fama tua integra sit. Hæc enim durabilior quàm mille thesauri. Vita quam vis bona, ad breue exiguumq. tẽpus durat; bonum verò nomen, ad perpetuitatem stabile est. Jesus Siracida, cap. 41.

good

good and familiar angell vnto vs; to help vs to shonne and flie from all sklandrous-speeches vsing, all malicious or seditious libels skattring, and all other vniust and vncharitable dealings, yea, and from consenting to or suffering the same, where we can or ought to redres the cause.

And then the glory and peace of God will florish in this BRYTAN MONARCHIE. Ouer which (so reformed) that our most Gracious and Soueraign QUEENE ELIZABETH may, very many yeres, most prosperously and triumphantly raigne, it is (vndowtedly) our bounden duty, feruently and full oft, by prayer, to request at his hands, who is the King of kings, Almighty. To whose protection and furderance also, most hartily and dutifully, I commende the very waighty case of this Common Wealth; not vtterly vnduly, or (yet) out of season (I hope) in this first booke ensuing, somewhat considered of; as in a * Preface very nedefull to the BRYTISH COMPLEMENT, OF THE PERFECT ARTE OF NAVIGATION.

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* The first book here following is but (as it were) a preface to the second, conteyning in it the Art to this Kingdome most beneficiall, if it might be duely vsed.

And herewith (once more) I say *Adieu*; and well motest thou fare, my Christian brother, and syncerely beloued cuntryman.

*Anno Stellæ (Cælo Demissæ, rectàque reversæ) Quinto;*
*Julij verò Die* 4.
*Et*
*Anno Mundi*
5540."

At the end of the volume is a copy of verses, if they may be so called, addressed

"To the Right Worshipful M. Christopher Hatton, Esquyer, Capitayn of her Majesties Garde, an Jentleman of her Privy Chamber."

Dee's manuscript at the end of the Museum copy, is dedicated "To my very honorable frende Syr Edward Dyer, Knight."

The title of it is

"ΘΑΛΑΤΤΟΚΡΑΤΙΑ ΒΡΕΤΤΑΝΙΚΗ
MISCELANEA QUÆDAM EXTEMPORANEA
DE IMPERII BRITANNICI JURISDICTIONE
IN MARI."

This is dated "Manchester, September 8, 1597," and concludes,

"Your worshipe in fidelitie,
And sinceritie
during life.
S. JOHN DEE."

A short

A short Postscript is added, in which he informs Sir Edward Dyer, that perhaps he may not happen to have by him a copy of the "BRYTISH MONARCHIE," so often referred to in the tract, and promises to send him one.

The Museum copy of this book was a presentation copy to Whichcotte, as appears in the leaf at the beginning. It is altogether a singular curiosity.

# GEORGE GASCOIGNE.

THE works of this early English Poet now sell for a most enormous price. Collectors in general are not aware, that there exists in the British Museum an unpublished Poem by Gascoigne.

Great as the research is, and extravagant as the price which is given, for the printed publications of Gascoigne, I question whether it would not be a very hazardous experiment to print this Poem. I shall, however, venture to describe it.

"THE GRIEF OF JOY,

Certeyne Elegies, wherein the doubtfull Delightes of Manes Lyfe are displaied.

Written to the Queenes moste excellent Ma^tie.

Tam Marti quam Mercurio.

1576.

To the highe and mightie Pryncesse Elizabeth, by y^e Grace of God, Queene of England, France and Ireland, Defender of the Faithe, &c. George Gascoigne, Esquier, one of her Ma^ties most humble and faithfull servants, wisheth longe lyfe, w^th trew felicitie nowe and ever.

The

The life of mann (my most gracious and soveraigne Lady) is besett withe sundrie enemyes, and subjected to manye perilles; neither have wee in this worlde, any joye that maye be accounted sure and stable, nor yet any suche stabilitie as maie yielde us sufficient cause of perfecte joye and contentation. But amongst all other occurrents I have noted, that even in greatest prosperities, man is oftentymes burdened with great cares, and bearethe continually on his shoulders an untollerable weight of woes; soe that oure age seemeth (unto mee) a flyeng chase, continuallie hunted withe calamities. And even as the harte, hare, or foxe do oftentymes lyght in the nett or snare (unseene) whyles theye flie to eschewe the open mouthed hounde, in like manner do we most comonly fall into the botomless pitt of abuse, whiles we seeke things that seeme most necessarie for sustentation of oure bodies (yea as hunters doe soonest kyll their chase) whiche lurke in the faire pretence of oure fading pleasures, and lye closely wrapped upp inn the mantle of oure posting felicities. To conclude, as the stoutest chieftaines have often founde much travaile to keep the victorie whiche they had (withe payne and danger) ones obteined, even so the wisest and most polletyke braynes shall hardly hold their heapes from demnishing, and with much adoo shall they so bridle their affections, as that extreeme

delights do not sometymes carrie them into depth of secret dollors and greves. For well wrott hee whiche said: *Omnia commoditas; sua fert incomoda secum.*

Upon these considerations (peereless Queene) I have presumed to employ my pen in this small worke, (which I call the Griefe of Joye,) and with greater presumption have I adventured to present the same unto youre royall and most perfect judgement. Not that I think my Poemes any way worthie to be ones redd or beheld of your heavenly eyes, but that I might make your Majesty witnesse, how the interims and vacant houres (of those dayes which I spent this sōmer in your service) have byn bestowed.

Surely, Madame, the leaves of this Pamphlett have passed with mee in all my perilles, neither could any daies travaile so tyre mee, but that the night had some conference withe my restles (and yet worthless) muse. Suche care I had to prepare some present for your imperiall person, and suche was myne arrogance, that I assured myselfe youre infinite vertues, would easely be accompanied withe a gracious benignitie, in receiving and accepting so symple a gifte.

For thoughe the height of youre honour might justlye disdaine so worthless a trifle, yet I hoope that the depthe of youre discretion will consider, *The sum of his good will is not small, which presenteth hym selfe and all that he hathe.*

Towching the methode and invention, even as Petrark in his workes *De remediis utriusque fortunæ* doth recoupt the uncerteine joyes of men in severall dialogues, so have I in these elegies distributed the same into sundrie songs, and have hetherto perfected but fowre of the first, the which I humbly commend unto your noble sensure and gracious correction. And therewithall I proffer in like manner that if your Ma^tie^ shall lyke the woorke, and deeme it worthy of publication, I will then shrinke for no paine untill I have (in such songes) touched all the common places of mans perylous pleasures.

But without the confirmation of your favorable acceptains (your Ma^tie^ well knoweth) I will never presume to publish any thing hereafter, and that being well considered (compared also withe the unspeakable comfort which I have conceived in your Ma^tie^ undeserved favor) maie sufficiently witnes without further triall that doubtfull greeves and greevous doubtes, do often accompanye oure greatest joyes.

Howsoever it be, I right humbly beseeche youre heighness to accept this *Nifle* for a new yeres gyfte, and therewithal to pardon the boldnes of your servaunt who eftsoones presumethe by contemplation to kysse youre delicate and most honourable handes, and voweth willingly to purchase the continewance of youre comforte, by any deathe or perill, which occasion maye present

present for accomplishment of any least service acceptable to so worthie *a Queene*, whome God preserve this first of January, 1577, and ever. Amen.

Youre Ma^ties^ joyfull greeved servant,

GEORGE GASCOIGNE.

The Poem consists of what the Author calls four songs. At the end of the last he has written "*Left unperfect for feare of horsmen.*"

Tam Marti quam Mercurio.

The following specimen of the Poem is taken from the fourth song or section.

I graunt yong mynds may youthfully delight
Yn sondrie sortes of exercyse and sporte;
I graunt the meane to heele a heavy spright
Ys myrth and glee where idly guests resort;
I graunt that pastyme ys the lowly porte
Wherein mans mynde maie shrewd yt selfe full oft,
Whyle crewell cares bestowe theire blasts alloft.

But as the bell can hardly holde the hawke
From soaring sometymes when shee list to gadd,
Even so the mynde whiche woontedly dothe walke,
In fancies fields most lyke a lusty ladd,
Can seldom be so bridled from the badd,
But that delight maie drawe one foote to farre
Whilst vayne excesse, the mery meane doth marre.

To

To prove this trew who shall the game begynne?
Must MUSICKE first bewraye her vayne delight,
And must she saye that, as the fowlers gynne
Doth lye full close in depthe of dangers dight,
Whiles yet his pype doth play in pleasaunt plight,
Even soe her sweet consents beguyle sometymes
The highest harte in harmonye that clymes?

Alas alas, who sooner deathe deceave
Then doe the CIRENES with their sugred songes?
Of all the wooes that wanton worldlyngs weave
I finde not one more thrall to guylefull throngs
Then is the moane to MUSICKE that belongs;
Since * mellyshe mowthes can worst awaye with gall,
As † highest clymes are most afearde to fall.

Yn deede suche dynne appeasethe angrye mynds,
And MELANCHOLYE ys removed thereby,
Somtymes removed, somtymes encrease yt fynds,
When madness leades the mowrneful moode awrye:
For MUSICKE waytes, and where yt can espye
Or moane or myrthe yt dothe theire ‡ hewmore feede
And what they dreamt yt makes them doe yndeede.

Sett me asyde and harke to § holly syres,
Whose dyverse doomes maye skarce discusse the doubt;
For AMBROSE first the use thereof requires
Yn everie churche and all the worlde abowt;
But ATHANASE forbadd the same throughowt;

* No doubt the Author means honied, though I never remember to have seen this word.

† They who climb highest.

‡ Humour.

§ Holy fathers.

Att last came AUSTINE like a dreamyng dadd,
And dyed in doubt yf it were good or badd.

Yt is a treuth, and cannot be denyed,
That MUSICKE styrres some mynds to godly thought;
It is as trew, and hath byn often tryed,
That MUSICKE styrres moe myndes to be but nought.
Yt maie be founde yf it be rightly sought
That MUSICKE makes mo mery myndes starke madd,
Then secrete prayer sufferethe to be sadd.

The serpent tickleth whome she list to sting,
The surgeon stroketh whome he meanes to strike,
The fowler whistleth whome he fayne would wryng,
The Polipus with calling drawes in dike
The dazled wyghts, whome she to drowne doth like,
And musycke mufflethe many men with joy,
Whose myrth excesse turnes quickly to anoy.

Amongst the vaynes of variable joyes
I must confesse that MUSICKE pleasd me ones,
But whiles I searcht the semiquaver toyes,
The glancing sharpes, the halfe notes for the nones,
And all that serves to grace owre gladsome grones,
I found a flate of follye owt of frame,
Which made me graunt my MUSICKE was but lame.

I meane I founde that ravished thereby,
My wandring mynde sometyme forgott yt selfe,
And reason ranne his * cowrce so farr awrye,
That ere I wyst my wytts were set on shelfe,
Of trothe my braynes so full were of such pelfe,

* Course.

That

That some reporte contynually dyd ryng
Within myne eares, and made me seeme to singe.

I coulde not reade, but I must tune my words;
I coulde not speake, but as yt were by note;
I coulde not muze, but that I thought some byrds
Withein my brest did rellease all by rote;
I coulde not praye but eare there past my throte
Fyve faithefull boones to God for my request,
I soonge the syxth and quyte forgot the rest.

Laugh nott, SWEETE QUEENE, for I shall not be founde
The onely man whiche sleping in delight
Hathe alwaies dreamt a MUSICKES silver sounde.
Some singe soe longe till they bee madde owtright;
And thoughe the wise come seldome in suche plight,
Yet PLATO pleasd in MUSICKE so to dreame,
He thought yt helpt the rulyng of a realme.

And wonderfull it is that NEROES mynde
Which all the worlde and more coulde not suffize,
Was never seene so playnely to be pynde,
As MUSICKE set the same before owre eyes.
Soe greate a king to dye in hastie wyse,
Ytt greeved hym nott, but that so sweete a synger
Should dye so sone that sorrowe seemde a stynger.

And lyke the swanne he soong before his deathe,
Whiche maie suffise to prove the * tyckell trust,
That can be buylt upon our fading breathe;
Yt maye suffise to shewe that all oure lust
At last will leave us yn the depthe of dust;

* I presume ticklish is here meant.

Yt

Yt serves to prove that no man synges so sweete,
As can eschewe withe bytter deathe to meete.

Some spende muche tyme in learning sweete consents
On lute, on harpe, cythren and virginalls,
And some take paynes with wyndy instruments,
As fyfes, and flutes, cornetts, and such like calles;
Of whom the last to follye more be thralles,
The first but wringe theire fyngers owt of frame,
But thes make mowthes, and shew a seemely shame.

At every spoute that stands about a towre
Men may beholde suche gorgons in theire grace,
When paynters please to make a thing seeme sowre,
They portraye then the forme of some suche face,
And yet owre owne blynde judgments be so base,
Wee thinke joye to lende us some reliefe,
Which we beholde exprest and done with griefe.

I dwell to longe in musickes copye holde,
For nowe the DAWNCERS come and call for rome,
&c. &c.

The Poet proceeds to explain the vanities of extreme fondness for dancing, leaping, and what he writes *roonyng*, vaultyng, &c. He next proceeds to wrestlyng, where the Poem abruptly terminates, as he observes, "for feare of horsmen."

The object throughout, seems to be to impress the idea so beautifully expressed by the elegant author of the celebrated Ode to Indifference.

Bliss

Bliss goes but to a certain bound;
Beyond is agony.

The manuscript exhibits a beautiful specimen of penmanship; and wherever the Queen is immediately addressed, the letters are of gold.

# ANTONY WOOD.

THE following letter reveals what is not generally known, that a great part of the additions and corrections in the second edition of Wood's Athenæ Oxonienses were supplied by Dr. Tanner, the learned author of the Notitia Monastica.

It is copied from Archbishop Wake's manuscripts in the library of Christ Church, Oxford. See the Cracherode Copy in the library of the British Museum.

Norwich,
Febr. 22, 1719.

May it please your Grace,

To accept of my most humble thanks for the hopes you are pleased to give me of helping my brother, when consistent with your former engagements. I must leave the manner to your Grace's pleasure; what I represented in my last, I thought the better of, because I would not press for greater, and if it could be brought about, would settle him in a competency to mine and his liking, with no mighty expense of preferment.

I verily believe your Grace is misinformed that the new edition of Mr. Wood's Athenæ Oxon. will have all the ill natured reflections which

which Mr. Harrington and other friends persuaded him to leave out in the first. For those *truths* (as he used to call some secret histories) were, I dare say, long since destroyed. I assure your Grace, that I never saw them among the papers which pass'd thro' my hands after his death. Mr. Bennet having only the benefit of the first impression, the right of the copy came to Mr. Wood's neices and executrix's, who sold their interest in the same to Mr. Tonson some years since. He has talk'd a great while of reprinting this work; and sent several messages and letters to me, about the MSS. additions which were bequeathed to me under some sort of confidence of having them publish'd one time or other. I have been backward enough in that affair, but Mr. Archd. Eachard being here last year prevailed upon me to comply with Mr. Tonson, and to improve his intended new edition with the papers which were design'd by A. Wood for a third volume. I would not suffer the bookseller to make use of my name as Editor, for some, I thought, good reasons; and obliged him to consent to the omitting or softning any hard expression or character I should think fit; so that, tho' I shan't care for answering for all things which will in haste pass; yet your Grace may depend upon it, that what goes out of my hands for the press, will not be worse than what was publish'd in his life time. I don't know

that there is any t'.ing to be inserted from other people. For my own part, I have all along declared, that I would not be so far a partaker in any other mans's guilt, as to send abroad into the world and hand down to posterity any thing contrary to good manners and religion; and which the Author in a good mind and upon better information would have himself altered.

On the other hand, there will be now publish'd many corrections and improvements to the old lives and writings; many additional accounts of writers before 1690, which Mr. W. found out since to have been of our University; the Lives of all Oxford writers from 1690, where the 2d printed volume ends, to 1695, when the old gentn died; and memoirs of all those persons who were then alive and had publish'd any thing, ranged under their several colleges and halls.

As for a continuation, it can be expected from nobody that has been so long absent and lives at that distance from Oxford that I do. I did do a little, while I staid there, with this view, but not worth owning; so there will be nothing (except the title of a book now & then) but what is in Mr. W.'s own (but to your Grace I may confess there will not be *quite all.*) For as I would not have the world deprived of the usefull parts of my old friends pains, so I would not be instrumental in aspersing the memories of

other men. This is my intention: if any things thro inadvertence or otherwise escape, which should be untrue or unjust, it would be a grief to,

My good Lord,

Your Graces most dutifull & obliged Ser^nt^

THOM. TANNER.

# CATECHISM.

AMONG many obligations which I owe to Mr. Chalmers for many valuable hints in the progress of this work, the following communication is certainly not one of the least which his kindness has conferred.

We have already, in a former part of this work, laid before the reader, Archbishop Parker's Catechism, of the year 1548, when the dawn of Reformation was fast approaching, in England. We now submit to the reader, as an useful Supplement, some account of the Catechism of Archbishop Hamilton, of the year 1552, when the reformation was advancing with hasty steps in Scotland. The origin of this curious book may be traced to a provincial Synod of the Clergy which assembled at Edinburgh on the 26th of January, 1551-2, when an order was made for publishing a Catechism in *the mother tongue*; to contain a short explanation of the *Commands*, *the Belief*, and *Lord's Prayer*; and to enjoin the Curates to read a part thereof every Sunday and Holiday to the people. Archbishop Hamilton undertook this useful work. He seems to have induced some of the ablest of his clergy to compile this Treatise. And he certainly transplanted John Scott, the printer, from London to

to St. Andrews, for the express purpose of multiplying a sufficient number of copies, by means of the typographic art, for the common use of the Scotish Clergy.

This work appeared in the subsequent year, in 205 folios, or 410 close printed pages, in a handsome quarto, with the following title: "THE CATECHISME: that is to say, ane Comōne & Catholick instructioun of the Christin people in materis of our Catholick faith and religioun quilk na gud Christin man or woman suld misknaw: set furth be ye maist reverend father in God Johne, Archbishop of Sanct Androus Legatnait and Primat of the Kirk of Scotland in his provincial Counsale haldin at Edinburgh, the xxvi day of Januarie the yeir of our Lord 1551; with the advise and counsale of the Bischoippis and uthir prelatis, with Doctours of Theologie and Canon Law of the said realme of Scotland, present for the tyme.

S. Aug. libro 4 de trinitate cap. 6, Contra rationem nemo sobrius, contra Scripturam nemo Christianus, contra ecclesiam nemo pacificus Senserit.

Agane reasone na sober man, agane Scripture na Christin man, agane the Kirk na peaceabil or quiet man will judge, or hald opinioun."

On the back of this title page there are some Latin verses, "Ad pium Lectorem." Then follows the Archbishop's "Admonition to the *Vicars*

& *Curattis* of his *Diocye*, to have yis Catechisme usit and reid to their parishionours insteid of preching, quihil God of his gudnes provide ane sufficient nowmer of Catholyk and abil precheouris, quilk sall be within few yeiris as we traist in God."

Now follows this *Catechisme:* and at the end, there is the following Colophon: "Prentit at Sanct Androus, be the Command and expēsis of the maist reuerend father in God Johne, Archbischop of Sanct Androus, and Primat of the hail Kirk of Scotland, the xxix day of August, the yeir of our Lord, M.D. lii."

"No divine at this day need be ashamed of such a work," says honest bishop Keith, in his History of the Church and State of Scotland, p. 63. "It is," continues he, "a judicious Commentary upon *the Commands*, *Belief*, *Lord's Prayer*, *Magnificat*, and *Ave Maria:* and the author shews both his wisdom and moderation, in avoiding to enter upon the controverted points."

The late Lord Hailes did not, however, concur with bishop Keith, in his character of this elaborate Catechism. His Lordship insists, in opposition to the *Colophon*, that this Treatise was not printed "be the command and expensis" of Archbishop Hamilton. Neither can his Lordship be persuaded, whatever bishop Keith may say, that this Catechism is *the Two-*

*penny*

*penny Faith*, which was derided by Knox, and the other reformers of those times. Hist. Mem. of the Provincial Councils of the Scot Clergy, 35—6.

Of this worthy Prelate there is an account in Keith's Catalogue of the Scotish Bishops, p. 24. He was a natural brother of the Regent Arran. He was translated from the See of Dunkeld to the Primacy of St. Andrews, after the murder of Beaton. He adhered to his Sovereign, in opposition to the regent Murray, who dethroned her. He attended her to the Solway, after all was lost, at the battle of Langside: and wading into the river, and seizing the bridle of her horse, the Archbishop conjured Mary Stuart *not to trust her person in England.* This affecting scene has been deemed a fit subject for the pencil, by the English painters. He now fled, for security, to the strong castle of Dunbarton, wherein he was found, when this fortress was surprized by his enemies. "By them," says Keith, "he was hanged publickly on a gibbet, in the town of Stirling, on the first day of April, 1570." This act is one of those blots in the reformers of that country, which, according to Dryden, "Nor death itself can wholly wash their *stains!*"

## BIBLIA.

DR. COMBE, to whom Literature is considerably indebted in more than one of its branches, had made a Collection of English Bibles, many of which are of unexampled rarity and value.

He condescended to dispose of them to the British Museum, for the sum of one hundred and fifty pounds; which must be considered as a great instance of generosity, as they are certainly worth very much more.

The following is a description of them, in the order of their respective dates. I give their titles at full length.

### COVERDALE'S BIBLE.

"THE BIBLE that is the Holy Scripture of the Olde and New Testament, faithfully and truly translated out of Douche and Latyn into Englishe. By Myles Coverdale.

Printed in the yeare of oure Lorde, MDXXXV." Folio.

### MATHEW'S BIBLE.

"THE BYBLE, which is all the Holy Scripture: in which are contained the Olde and Newe Testament, truly and purely translated into Englysh, by Thomas Matthew. Prynted and fynesshed in the yere of oure Lorde God, MDXXXVII." Folio.

TAVER-

## TAVERNER'S BIBLE.

"THE MOST SACRED BYBLE, which is the Holy Scripture, conteyning the Old and New Testament, translated into English, and newly recognised with great diligence after moost fayth-ful exemplars, by Rycharde Taverner. Prynted at London, in Fleetstrete, at the Syne of the Sonne, by John Byddell, for Thomas Barthlett, M.DXXXIX." Folio.

## HENRY THE VIII^th^'s BIBLE.

"THE BYBLE IN ENGLYSHE, that is to saye, the Content of all the Holy Scrypture, bothe of y^e^ Olde and Newe Testament, truly translated after the veryte of the Hebrue and Greke Textes, by the dylygent studye of dyverse, excellent learned men, expert in the forsayde tonges. Prynted by Rychard Grafton and Edward Whitechurch. M.D.XXXIX." Folio.

The above is the first edition of what is commonly designated by the appellation of Henry the Eighth's Bible. It has the arms of Cardinal Wolsey engraved in the title page.

## HENRY THE EIGHTH'S BIBLE.

SECOND EDITION.

"THE BYBLE IN ENGLYSHE, of the largest and greatest Volume, auctorised and apoynted by the

the Commaundement of oure most redoubted Prynce and Soveraygne Lorde, Kynge Henry the VIII, supreme Head of this his Churche and Realme of Englande: to be frequented and used in every Church within this his sayd Realme, accordynge to the tenoure of hys former injunctions geven in that behalfe.

Overseene and pervised at the comaundement of the Kynges hyghnes, by the ryght reverende fathers in God, Cuthbert, Byshop of Duresme, and Nicolas Bishop of Rochester. Printed by Rycharde Grafton. 1541." Folio.

The above is the second edition of Henry the Eighth's Bible, and it is worthy of observation, that the arms of Cardinal Wolsey are erased from the title page.

## EDMUNDE BECKE'S BIBLE.

"THE BYBLE, that is to say, all the Holy Scripture, in which are conteyned the Olde and New Testamente, truly and purely translated into Englysh, and nowe lately with great industry and diligence recognised.

Imprynted at London, by Jhon Daye, dwelling at Aldersgate, and William Seres, dwelling in Peter Colledge. MDXLIX." Folio.

This is the first edition of Edmunde Becke's Bible, who has subscribed his name to the dedication to Edward VI.

EDMUNDE

## EDMUNDE BECKE'S BIBLE.

SECOND EDITION.

" THE BYBLE, that is to say, all the Holy Scripture conteined in the Olde and New Testament, faythfully set forth according to y^e^ Coppy of Thomas Matthewes Traunslation, whereunto are added certaine learned Prologes and Annotaciõs for the better understanding of many hard places thorowout the whole Byble.

Imprinted at London, by Jhon Day, dwelling over Aldersgate. M.D.LI." Folio.

The above is the second edition of Edmunde Becke's Bible.

## ROUEN BIBLE.

" THE BIBLE in Englyshe, of the largest and greatest Volume, that is to saye, the contentes of all the Holye Scripture, booth of the Oulde and Newe Testament, according to the Translation apoynted by the Queenes Majesties Injunctions, to be read in all Churches within her Majesties Realme.

At Rouen, at the coste and charges of Richard Carmarden. 1566." Fol.

## BISHOP'S BIBLE.

" THE HOLIE BIBLE.

Imprinted at London, in Poules Churchyarde, by Richard Jugge, Printer to the Queenes Majestie. 1568." Fol.

This is the first edition of the Bishop's Bible. It is often designated by the appellation of the Leda Bible, for strange to say, at the commencement of the Epistle to the Hebrews, the story of the connection between Leda and Jupiter in the shape of a swan, is engraved on wood.

This Bible is farther remarkable for these particulars. At the beginning is the head of Elizabeth; at the end of the second part is the head of the Earl of Leicester; at the end of the third part is the head of Burleigh.

There is also a double translation of the Psalms: one from what is called the Great Bible, the other entirely a new one.

## BISHOP'S BIBLE.

### SECOND EDITION.

" THE HOLIE BIBLE.

Imprinted at London, in Poules Church Yarde, by Richard Jugge, Printer to the Queenes Majestie. 1572." Fol.

This

This is the second edition of the Bishop's Bible. It has the same portraits, but the impressions are much fainter.

## GENEVA BIBLE.

" THE BIBLE translated according to the Ebrew and Greeke, and conferred with the best Translations in divers Languages.

Imprinted at London, by Christopher Barker, Printer to the Queenes Majestie. 1578." Folio.

This is usually denominated the " Breeches Bible." The Bishop's Bible translates Gen. III. 7. Aprons.

The confounding of these editions has been productive of very dangerous errors.

" Certain questions and answers, touching the Doctrine of Predestination, the use of God's Word and Sacraments" were not drawn up by our Reformers, as asserted in the Bishop's Bible, in the Preface to which Archbishop Parker maintains *Universal Redemption*, P. P. X, XI.

This Calvinistic Catechism is bound up with some editions of the Geneva Bible.

## KING JAMES'S BIBLE.

" THE HOLY BIBLE, conteyning the Old Testament and the New, newly translated out of the Originall

Originall Tongues, and with the former Translations diligently compared and revised by his Majesties speciall Cōmandement.

Imprinted at London, by Robert Barker, Printer to the King's most excellent Majestie. 1611." Folio.

This is the first edition of King James's Bible.

There is another edition of King James's Bible in the British Museum of the same date. This also belonged to Dr. Combe. They are word for word the same throughout. One, however, is printed in a larger letter than the other, and makes a thicker volume, but it is impossible to determine which of these two was first printed.

## RHEMES TESTAMENT.

"THE NEW TESTAMENT OF JESUS CHRIST, translated faithfully into English, out of the authentical Latin, according to the best corrected Copies of the same, diligently conferred with the Greeke and other editions in divers Languages. With Arguments of Bookes and Chapters, Annotations and other necessarie Helpes for the better understanding of the Text, and specially for the Discoverie of the Corruptions of divers late Translations, and for cleering the Controversies in Religion of these Daies.

In the English College of Rhemes.

Printed at Rhemes, by John Fogny. 1582." 4to.

DOWAY

## DOWAY BIBLE.

" THE HOLIE BIBLE, faithfully translated into English, out of the authentical Latin, diligently conferred with the Hebrew, Greeke, and other editions, in divers Languages. With Arguments of the Bookes and Chapters, Annotations, Tables, and other Helpes for better understanding of the Text, for discoverie of Corruptions in some late Translations, and for cleering Controversies in Religion. By the English College of Doway.

Printed at Doway, by Lawrence Kellam. M.DC.IX. M.DC.X." Two vol. 4to.

## THE PENTATEUCH.

" THE PENTATEUCH, by Willyam Tindale. 1530." 8vo.

This is the first edition, and of extraordinary rarity and value.

## THE PSALTER OF DAVID.

" THE PSALTER OF DAVID, in Englishe, purely ād faithfully translated after the Texte of Feline, every Psalme havynge his argument before declarynge brefly thentente and substance of

when he hadde taken the strongest men of armys, that were unto hym by Ptolomeus, in the night he gat him to Ptolomeus tent to kyll hym unwares, and so make an end of the battel. But Dositheus called the sonne of Drimilius, a Jew borne, and afterwardes forsakyng the lawe, and tourued (*sic*) from hys fathers ordinaūces, whiche was hired for the purpose, put in hys steede in the tente an other poore man, which chaunsed to be slayn for him. And as they fought fearcely together. But Antiochus moare. Arsinoe went diligently about her men, weping pitifully, her heare about her shuldars, and desyred them, that they would healpe her valiauntly, promisinge to gyve unto every of there wives and children yf the had the vyctory, two poundes of golde. Thys is chaunsed that there enemies were over throwen, and many taken. Then when he hadde thus dysapointed there traines, he went about ȳ cities that were next, and thought to cōfort them with wordes, whiche when he had done, he gave gyftes unto ther churches, and conforted the subjectes hartes. And when the Jewes had sent the elders of there counsailours to Philopater, to salute hym, berynge gyftes and to shewe there, for the thyngs that he hadde done, it fortuned that he hadd a greater desyre to go to them assone as might be. So he came to Jerusalem and dyd sacrifice to the moste myghtye God, and whē he had done, he dyd to ȳ place as was

conve-

## THE THIRD BOOK OF MACCABEES.

"A BRIEFE AND COMPENDIOUSE TABLE, in a Maner of a Concordaunce, openyng the Waye to the principall Histories of the whole Bible, &c.

*(To which is added)* The Thirde Boke of the Machabees, a Booke of the Bible, also prynted unto this Boke, which was never before translated or prynted in any Englyshe Bible.

Imprinted at London, for Gwelter Fynlib, dwellynge on Somers Kepe, by Byllinges Gate. M.D.L." 8vo.

This is the first edition of the Third Book of the Maccabees, and is so very rare, and in itself so very curious, that the following extract cannot fail of being acceptable to the reader.

"THE THYRDE BOKE OF THE MACHABEES.

CAP. I.

When Philopater had understande by thoos that were comen agayne, that Antiochus had taken frō hym suche holdes as he had, he rayséd all hys army aswell fote men as horsemen, and taking with him his sister Arsinoe, he ranne out even asfare as the countries of Raphia, that were borderynge upon hym, where Antiochus host camped. And one Theodotus, thynkynge to brynge the matter to passe by craftye traines,

when he hadde taken the strongest men of armys, that were unto hym by Ptolomeus, in the night he gat him to Ptolomeus tent to kyll hym unwares, and so make an end of the battel. But Dositheus called the sonne of Drimilius, a Jew borne, and afterwardes forsakyng the lawe, and tourued (*sic*) from hys fathers ordinaūces, whiche was hired for the purpose, put in hys steede in the tente an other poore man, which chaunsed to be slayn for him. And as they fought fearcely together. But Antiochus moare. Arsinoe went diligently about her men, weping pitifully, her heare about her shuldars, and desyred them, that they would healpe her valiauntly, promisinge to gyve unto every of there wives and children yf the had the vyctory, two poundes of golde. Thys is chaunsed that there enemies were over throwen, and many taken. Then when he hadde thus dysapointed there traines, he went about ȳ cities that were next, and thought to cōfort them with wordes, whiche when he had done, he gave gyftes unto ther churches, and conforted the subjectes hartes. And when the Jewes had sent the elders of there counsailours to Philopater, to salute hym, berynge gyftes and to shewe there, for the thyngs that he hadde done, it fortuned that he hadd a greater desyre to go to them assone as might be. So he came to Jerusalem and dyd sacrifice to the moste myghtye God, and whē he had done, he dyd to ȳ place as was

conve-

convenient. And after when he was come in, he wondred to see the costly worcke, and mervelynge at the fine buyldynge of the temple, he desyred to go also into the inner tabernacle that was holiest of all. But when they denyed hym sayenge it was not leafull, no not to eny that were borne there, to go in, not so much as for ȳ priestes themselves, save only for the cheaffe. byshop, and that but onse in the yere onlye, yet woulde he not betourned one wyth. And when they reade unto him ȳ law, yet would he not cease, but said he must nedes go in. And although this honor was denied unto thē, yet y$^{t}$ it ought not to be so unto him, and axed thē, why no mā yet stopped him frō going into eny tēples. And whē one had made answere unadvisedlye, y$^{t}$ they did well because they did not, but this, quoth he, shall be done, and let the cause what so eny the lyst, he would in whither they would or not. And when the pryestes hadde fallen w$^{h}$ there faces upō the ground, and were in all there vestimentes, and prayed unto the highest God, to helpe them in there moste nede, and that he woulde put awaye his strenght that threatened to hurt them, & had filled the temple with cryeng and weapinge, the rest that were in the cytye beyng greatly amased, & not knowyng what hadde happened, came out as fast as they could. Virgens that were in the chaumbers, & women in childbed ran forth, casting

dust upon there heddes, and filling the street with morning and lamentacion. And the banners that they had a lytle before prepared to go meat hym, forgettynge the maner that became them, they bare them about the cytye, and forsakynge y^r^ young infantes, bothe mothers and merses (*sic*) ran wanderinge about the streates, some one waye, some another, into the hyghe temple, and beynge gathered together, strived diversly agaynste those thynges whyche he wyckedly wente aboute. Besides this the cityzens moved wyth bouldnes, woulde not suffer hym to rushe in, and accomplesh hys purpose, but toke them to there weapens, and with great cryes redy to suffer death, they styrred up a great busynes in that place, but yet removed back by the priestes and seniores, they came agayne to ther old place of prayer. And the common people as they had begonne in dede were set to prayer, but the elders sendyng the kyng assayed many wayes to remove hys prowde mynde from hys purposed intent. But he styfly agaynste them all, purposed to go in, thynckynge to perform that, that he had ons sayde, whych thynge when the saw the hylde agaynste hym, tornynge them to hym, wyth whom all power is, called upon hym, they and the people, to helpe them at that point, and not to wincke at that prowde and mischevous dede, in so much that for the great noise that was amonge the care full people,

the

the crye was incomparable, for it seamyd as thoughe they had runne thorow not only the enemies heddes, but thorow y^e^ walles also, and all the pavimente. Al men rather willing to dye then to have thy place defyled and unhalowed."

(Copied from the first edit. 8vo. Lond. 1550.)

## THE FIRST ENGLISH TESTAMENT DIVIDED INTO VERSES.

"THE NEWE TESTAMENT of our Lord Jesus Christ, conferred diligently with the Greke, and best approved Translations.

Printed at Geneva, by Conrad Badius.

M.D.LVII." 8vo.

My friend Mr. Hawkins, of Twickenham, has the following rare Bible, which is not in the British Museum.

## HARRISON'S BIBLE.

"THE BIBLE IN ENGLISHE; that is to saye, the Contentes of al the Holy Scriptures, both of the Olde and Newe Testament, according to the Translation that is apointed to be read in Churches.

Imprinted at London, in White Crosse Strete, by Richard Harrison.

Anno Domini.
1562."

Mr. Hawkins's Library also contains the following rare and early editions of the Liturgy.

"THE BOOKE OF THE COMMON PRAYER, and Administracion of the Sacramentes, and other Rites and Ceremonies of the Churche: after the vse of the Churche of England.

LONDINI IN OFFICINA
Edouardi Whitchurche.
Cum priuilegio ad imprimendum solum.
ANNO DO. 1549. Mense
Maii."

Printer's colophon at the end.

" Imprinted at London, in Fletestrete, at the Signe of the Sunne ouer against the Conduyte, by Edvarde VVhitchurche, The fourth day of Maye, the yeare of our Lorde, 1549."

" THE BOKE OF COMMON PRAYER and Administracion of the Sacramentes, and other Rites and Ceremonies in the Churche of Englande.

¶ Londini, in Officina Edwardi Whytechurche.
¶ Cum priuilegio ad ImPrimendum Solum.
Anno 1552."

Printer's

Printer's Colophon at the end.

" ¶ IMPRINTED AT LONDON.

In Fletestrete, at the Signe of the Sunne, ouer agaynste the Conduite, by Edwarde Whitchurche.,

M.D.LII.

Cum priuilegio ad imprimendum solum."

IN addition to the Bibles specified and described in the preceding pages, I will now beg to subjoin some account of the Bibles that have been printed in North Britain. As early, indeed, as the 19th of March, 1542-3, an Act was passed during the government of the Regent Arran, for making it lawful to read *the Scriptures* in the *vulgar tongue* *, notwithstanding the protest of the Bishop of Glasgow, who was then Chancellor of Scotland. There is, however, reason to believe, that this Act was restricted to "the having of the *New Testament*, in the vulgar tongue †." Yet at this epoch they had not the *Scriptures* in Scotland: and the zeal of the Regent induced him to apply to Sir Ralph Sadler, the English ambassador, "to write into England for some Bibles, in English ‡."

Whatever may have been the progress of the Reformation in Scotland, during the infancy of Mary Stuart, more than thirty years elapsed, before any bible was printed, within her Kingdom. There was printed, indeed, at Edinburgh, in 1568, by Thomas Bassandyne, "A *Psalme*

* Crawford's Officers of State, App. No. ix; Keith's History, ch. iv.

† Keith, p. 37.

‡ Ib. 38.

*Buik*,

*Buik*," in the end whereof was found "ane lewd song, called, Welcome Fortunes." This *buik* gave great offence to the General Assembly, which met the same year, at that city; and which ordered the Printer to call in *those buicks*: but there is reason to believe, that the *lewd song* at the end of this buick, did not give such offence, as what appeared in the beginning of it, "The fall of the Romain's Kirk; naming *our King and Soveraigne supreame head* of *the primitive Kirk* *." At length appeared, in 1576, from the reprobated press of Bassandyne, *the Scriptures*, in the *Genevan Translation*, comprehending the *Olde-Testament*, the *Apocrypha*, and the *Newe Testament*. There is a Dedication to King James, in the Scotish language. There comes next, "A brief Table of the Interpretation of the Propre Names, which are chiefly founde in the Olde Testament." Then follows

* Herbert's Typ. Antiq. v. 3. p. 1491. The Printer was not deterred, however, from printing a *Psalme Buik*, of a different kind. In 1575 he published "The CL. Psalmes of David, in English metre. With the Forme of Prayers, and Ministration of the Sacraments, &c. used in the Churche of Scotland. Whereunto besydes that was in the former bookes, are also added sundrie other Prayers, with a new and exact Kalender for xvi yeres next to come. Printed at Edinburgh, by Thomas Bassandine, dwelling at the Nether Bow. 1575. Cum Privilegio." This rare book is in Mr. Chalmers's library.

*The*

*The Romane Calendare*, compared with The *Hebrew Calendare*. To these *Calendares* are subjoined "Rules for understanding this double Calendare," by R[obert] Pont, a scientific Ecclesiastic, who, with the leave of *the Kirk*, was appointed a Lord of Session, and died on the 8th of May, 1608, aged 81. To the *Calendares* of Pont are annexed some verses "On the incomparable treasure of the Holy Scriptures:

> Here is the spring where waters flowe
> to quenche our heat of sinne;
> Here is the tree where trueth doth grow,
> to lead our lives therein:" &c. &c.

To the verses, and a prayer for the true use of the Holy Scriptures, follows "A description and successe of the Kinges of Juda, and Jerusalem; declaring when, and under what kinges every prophete lyved: and what notable thinges happened in their times, translated out of the Hebrew."

Now begins "The first Boke of Moses, called Genesis *."

From a slight collation of Bassandynes' edition of the Bible, with the Geneva edition of 1561, it is apparent, that they are the same in the text,

* "This worde signifieth the beginning and generation of the creatures."

in

in the notes, in the marginal references, and the whole disposition of the several parts. The colophon of the Scotish edition is, "At Edinburgh: Printed by Thomas Bassandyne: M.D.LXXVI. Cum priuilegio." Notwithstanding the late reproof of the Assembly, for considering *the Sovereign*, as the *head* of *the Kirk*, the Printer embellished his *titlepage* with the royal arms; and cried out, GOD SAVE THE KING. This is a very handsome folio, printed with a sharp Roman letter; the Olde Testament, in 503 double pages; and the New Testament, in 125 double pages. Such, then, is *Bassandyne's Bible*, from the Geneva Translation and Edition *.

There is said to have been printed, in 1579, by Alexander Arbuthnett, the King's Printer, at the Kirk in the field, Edinburgh, the Bible, for the Use of Scotland, by the Commissioners of the Kirk †.

In 1610, appeared Hart's Bible, which is also in folio; and which is praised by Watson, the Printer, as *well printed* ‡. Here is the title-

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* Bassandyne's Bible is a very rare book; and is very seldom seen in sale catalogues, or found in libraries. It is in Mr. Chalmers's Collection.

† Herbert's Typ. Antiq. 3 v. p. 1501. For this account Bishop Tanner's MSS. are quoted. It is also in folio, and is a still rarer book than Bassandyne's Bible.

‡ In his curious account of the Scotish Printers

page. "THE BIBLE that is, the *Holy Scriptures* contained in the Olde and New Testament. Translated according to the Ebrew and Greeke, and conferred with the best translations in diverse languages: with most profitable annotations upon all hard places, and other things of great importance. "Feare yee not, stand still, and beholde the salvation of the Lord, which he will shew to you this day. Exod. 14. 13." Then follows a sculpture, representing *the passage of the Red Sea*, which is encompassed by this text: "Great are the troubles of the righteous; but the Lord delivered him out of them all. Psalm 34. 19." Under the sculpture is the following text: "The Lord shall fight for you; therefore hold you your peace."

"At Edinburgh. Printed by Andro Hart, and are to be sold at his buith, on the North side of the Gate, a litle beneath the Crosse. Anno Dom. 1610.

Cum Privilegio Regiæ Majestatis."

Hart's Bible seems to contain the same prefatory matter as that of Bassandyne; with the addition of "An Almanacke and Table for 40 Yeeres to come:" [1610—1659.] The Olde Testament is obviously the general translation, which seems to have been printed, rather from Bassandyne's edition, than the Geneva edition. And

And it has the same arguments and marginal references, with some additional annotations. Hart's edition has sculptures throughout, representing scriptural countries, events, and things.

At the ende of Apocrypha, follows:

" The New Testament of our Lord Jesus Christ, translated out of Greeke, by Theod. Beza. Whereunto are adjoyned briefe Summaries of Doctrine upon the Evangelists and Acts of the Apostles, together with the Methode of the Epistles of the Apostles, by the said Theod. Beza. And also short Expositions on the Phrases and hard Places, taken out of the large Annotations of the foresaid Author, and Joach. Camerarius, by P. Los. Valerius.

Englished by L. Thomson. Together with the Annotations of Fr. Junius, upon the Revelation of S. John."

There follow the end two tables; the first, Of the Interpretation of the Proper Names which are chiefly found in the Old Testament: the second table is, Of the principal things that are contained in the Bible, after the order of the alphabet.

Such is the Olde and New Testament of Andro Hart! From this time we may easily suppose that they had in Scotland the same Bible as that of England, after the new translation, by the King's command. And in fact, we see many Bibles printed at Edinburgh by His Majesty's

jesty's Printers, from 1630 to 1640, ac to the new translation, " by His Majest cial commandement." These Scotish edit more ambitious of sculptures and othe ments than one would have reasonably e: in such a country, in such an age.

## LA SAINTE BIBLE.

*Qui est toute la Sainte Ecriture translateé en François par Robert Pierre Olivetan, aidé de Jean Calvin. Neufchatel de Wingle.* 1535. in Fol. Gothique.

THIS edition of the Bible is of very rare occurrence, and as it is the first which was published by the Protestants, it seems worthy of being pointed out to the attention of the curious. It is thus spoken of by De Bure.

" Cette edition de la Bible est la premiere qui ait ete mise au jour par les Protestants; elle est fort rare, et par cette raison tres recherchee des Curieux et des Amateurs.

Le fameux Jean Calvin passe pour avoir eu la plus grande part a cet ouvrage, et que n'osant pas encore tout-a-fait le publier sous son nom il fit passer cette version sous celui de Robert Pierre Olivetan, qui y travailla avec lui a la verité mais qui n'y mit que tres peu de sien."

V. Bibliographie Instructive.
T. 1. No. 52.

There is a fine copy of this very rare edition of the Bible, in the Cracherode Collection. In M. Guignat's catalogue, the price is marked

marked at 100 livres; but at the sale of the Duke de Valliere's library it produced only 40 livres.

## " BIBLIA SACRA LATINA.

Moguntiæ, per Johannem Fust et Petrum Schoyffer de Gernsheim, anno incarnacionis Dominicæ 1462." 2 vol. in Fol.

Impress. in Membranis.

The following memoranda of this most valuable book are taken from the beautiful copy on vellum, which enriches the Cracherode Collection.

"All things considered, and having duly weigh'd the opinions of different Bibliographers, I am inclined to conclude that the Bible (Schelhan's) with 36 lines was the 1st printed about 1452, during the partnership of Gutemberg & Fust, that with 42 lines (the Mazarine) abt the year 1456, by Fust and Schoeffer after their separation from Gutenberg in 1455.

Both the Bibles, I think, are clerely ãterior to 1460, the letter of the Mazarine is most like the Psalter of 1457, to which Fust has put his name (vid. Bibliotheca Moguntina à Wordtwein, 4to. 1788, p. 204) therefore 'tis probable this Bible came from the same press with the Psalter (let the smaller letter of the Psalter be examined) now it is improbable that Fust would have printed

printed two such works as these Bibles before 1457, and that consequently the other was by Guttenberg, during his partnership with Fust.

It appears that Fust was at Paris in July 1466, (Vide Schoefflini Vind. p. 61, et Bib. Mogent. p. 87,) and it is probable that he died there of the plague which raged there that year, in the months of August and September (eodem p. 88): so that the story of the Bibles and his being accused of magic, is probably all a fable, unless it should appear that he had been at Paris several years before 1466."

In the superb copy of this Bible in the Cracherode Collection, is the following note, in the hand writing of M. De Lamoignon.

" Un pareil exemplaire de cette Bible a été vendu trois mil cinque livres a la vente de la Bibliotheque Colbertine le 11 Aoust, 1728, cest le Compte Hoym, Ambassadeur du Roy de Pologne en la Cour de France, qui l'a achetté de Lamoignon."

There is a fine copy of this ancient Bible in the King's library: but the Testament only is on Vellum, and the Bible on large paper. I am given to understand, that copies on large paper are far more rare than copies on vellum, which indeed may be presumed from the one substance being of a far more perishable nature than the other. At the Pinelli sale, the first volume only

of this Bible, on common paper, sold for thi pounds.

The following list of Fust's Publications m I believe, be depended upon as accurate:

| | |
|---|---|
| The Bible (in the Mazarine library) about the year | 1 |
| Letters of Indulgence from Pope Nicholas V, - | 1 |
| Psalmorum Codex, - - - - - | 1 |
| Durandi Rationale Divin. Officiorum, - - | 1 |
| Psalmorum Codex - - - - - - | 1 |
| Catholicon, - - - - - - - | 1 |
| Constitutiones Clementis, V. - - - | 1 |
| The Latin Bible, - - - - - - | 1 |
| The German Bible, - - - - - - | 1 |
| Another edition of the German Bible, probably about | 1 |
| Tully's Offices, - - - - - - | 1 |
| Liber Sextus Decretalium Bonifacii VIII. - - | 1 |
| Tully's Offices, - - - - - - - | 1 |

# THE ENGLISH HUSWIFE.

IN my account of books on Rural Sports, I lamented the loss of "The English Huswife." Vol. III p. 244. In a copy of one of Markham's Works in Sion College library it makes a part of the volume. The general title of the book is "A Way to get Wealth, containing six principal Creations or Callings, in which every good Husband or House-wive may lawfully imploy themselves." This is the 14th edition, dated 1683, in 4to. One of these "Vocations" is "The English House-wife, containing the inward and outward Vertues which ought to be in a compleat Woman. As her Skill in Physick, Chirurgery, Cookery," &c. nearly in the words of the title already given. This is the 9th edition of that part of the volume. In p. 44 is the following receipt to make Oyl of Swallows.

"To make *Oyl of Swallows*, take Lavender-cotten, Spike-knot-grass, Ribwort, Lal.., Valerian, Rosemary tops, Woodbine tops, Vine strings, French Mallows, the tops of Alecost, Strawberry strings, Tutsan, Plantane, Walnut Tree leaves, the tops of young Beets, Isop, Violet leaves, Sage of Vertue, fine Roman Wormwood, of each of them a handful, Camomiles, and red Roses, of each two handfuls, twenty *quick Swallows*, and *beat them together in a mortar*, and put to

them a quart of Neats-foot oyl, or May butter, and *grind them all well together*, &c. &c. &c. This Oyl is exceeding soveraign for any broken bones, bones out of joynt, or any pain or grief either in the bones or sinews."

This work is dedicated to "The Right Honourable and most excellent Lady Frances, Countess Dowager of Exeter."

Among many other curious remedies are the following: "To preserve your body from the infection of the Plague," a drink is proposed, made of old Ale, Mithridate, &c. of which, "every morning fasting, take 5 spoonfuls, and after bite and chaw in your mouth the dried root of Angelica, or *smell on a nosegay made of the tassell'd end of a ship-rope*, and they will surely preserve you from infection."

"To take away deafness, take a *gray Eel* with a white belly, and put her into a sweet earthen pot, *quick*, and stop the pot very close with an earthen cover, or some such hard substance; then dig a deep hole in a horse-dunghil, and set it therein, and cover it with the dung, and so let it remain for a fortnight, and then take it out, and clear out the oyl which will come of it, and drop it into the imperfect ear, or both, if both be imperfect."

"If you would not be drunk, take the powder of Betony and Coleworts mixt together, and eat it every morning fasting, as much as will lye upon

upon a sixpence, and it will preserve a man from drunkenness,"

"For the Flux take Staggs pizzel dryed and grated, and give it in a drink," &c.

The qualifications of a *Cook* are thus described: "First, she must be cleanly, both in body and garments; she must have a quick eye, a curious nose, a perfect taste, and ready ear; (she must not be butter-fingred, sweet toothed, nor faint hearted) for the first will let every thing fall; the second will consume what it should encrease; and the last will lose time with too much niceness."

"If you will roast any venison, after you have washed it, and cleansed all the blood from it, you shall stick it with cloves all over on the outside, and if it be lean, *you shall lard it, either with mutton lard, or pork lard,* but mutton is the best: then spit it, and rost it by a soaking fire, then take vinegar, bread crums, and some of the gravy which comes from the venison, and boyl them well in a dish; then season it with sugar, cinnamon, ginger and salt, and serve the venison forth upon the sawce when it is rosted enough."

Besides the above, the following books on Husbandry, &c. are in Sion College library.

1. "MAISON RUSTIQUE; or, the Country Farme. Compyled in the French Tongue, by Charles Stevens and John Liebault, Doctors of Physicke, and translated into English, by Richard

Surfict, Practitioner in Physicke. Now newly reviewed, corrected, and augmented, with divers large Additions, out of the Works of Serres his Agriculture, Vinet his Maison Champestre, French. Aleyteris in Spanish, Grilli in Italian; and other Authors. And the Husbandrie of of France, Italie, and Spaine, reconciled and made to agree with ours here in England. By Gervase Markham. London. Printed by Adam Islip, for John Bill. 1616." Folio.

2. "THE WHOLE ART OF HUSBANDRY, contained in Four Bookes, by Captaine Gervase Markham. London, 1631. 4°." Black letter.

3. "THE ENGLISH HUSBANDMAN, drawne into two Bookes, and each Booke into two Parts. Newlie reviewed, corrected, and inlarged, by the first Author, G. M. London. Printed for William Sheares, and are to be sold at his Shops in Britainses Bursse, and neere York-house. 1635." 4°.

4. "MARKHAM'S MASTER-PIECE REVIVED: containing all Knowledge belonging to the Smith, Farrier, or Horse-leach, touching the curing all Diseases in Horses, &c. With The Countryman's Care for his other Cattle, &c. and The Compleat Jockey. London. 1683. 4°

5. "CAVELARICE, or the English Horseman; contayning all the Arte of Horse-manship, as much as is necessary for any man to understand, whether he be Horse-breeder, Horse-ryder,

Horse-hunter, Horse-runner, Horse-ambler, Horse-farrier, Horse-keeper, Coachman, Smith, or Sadler. Together with the Discouery of the subtill Trade or Mistery of Horse-coursers, & an Explanatiō of the Excellency of a Horses understāding, or how to teach them to doe Trickes like *Bankes* his Curtall: and that Horses may be made to drawe drie-foot like a Hound. Secrets before vnpublished, & now carefully set down for the Profit of this whole Nation; by *Gervase Markham.*" No date. 4°. but the title of the Second booke has, "London. Printed for Edward White, and are to be solde at his Shop, neare the little North Doore of Saint Paules Church, at the signe of the Gun. 1607."

6. "THE GOVERNMENT OF CATTLE AND HORSES, &c, by Leonard Mascal. London. 1620." 4°. Black letter.

7. "A NEW ORCHARD AND GARDEN, by Wm. Lawson. 4°. London. 1648."

8. "A TREATISE OF FRUIT-TREES, by Ra. Austen. Oxford. 1657." 4°. Above half this volume is employed in showing the *spiritual uses* of an Orchard or Garden of Fruit Trees. It has Dr. John Owen's Imprimatur, dated Aug. 2, 1656. After giving 100 observations, he concludes. "I have many more in my *nursery*; but most are yet in the *seede*, or *bud*, which when they are growen up and enlarged

(as these) into a *body* and *branches*, I shall (if the Lord please) communicate them also."

I fear I may have tired the reader's patience, and will therefore say no more, than that at the end of Weston's Tracts on Agriculture and Gardening, 2d edition. 8°. 1773, is a Catalogue of all the English Writers on that subject and it's connections.

EXPE-

# EXPEDICION IN SCOTLANDE.

THERE are few rarer Tracts in English Literature than this, of which, I believe, no more than two copies are known. It exhibits an extraordinary example of the increase of the price of books.

At the sale of Mr. West's books a copy sold for eighteen shillings and six-pence; at Mr. Woodhouse's sale, in December 1803, a copy was purchased for the Duke of Roxburgh at the enormous price of sixteen guineas.

The curiosity of the Tract itself, added to its extreme rarity, seems to justify my giving an extract.

The title is as follows:

" THE LATE EXPEDICION IN SCOTLANDE,
Made by the Kinges Army under the Conduit of the Ryght Honorable the Erle of Hertforde, the Yere of oure Lorde God.

1544.
Londini.

Cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum."

EXTRACT.

" The late Expedition in Scotlande sent to the Ryght Honorable Lorde Russel Lorde Privie Seale,

Scale, from the Kynges armye there, by a frende of hys.

After long sojornynge (my verie good Lorde) of the Kynges Majesties armye at Newcastell for lacke of commodious windes, which longe hath ben at North Easte, and Easte North Easte: moche to our greife, as your Lordshyppe, I doubte not, knoweth. The same as God wolde who doth all thynges for y^e best, the fyrst of Maye the xxxvi Yeare of his Majestyes mooste prosperous raigne vered into the South, and South South Weste, so apte and propice for our jorney, beying of every man so moch desyred, that it was no nede to haste them forwardes.

To be briefe, suche diligence was used that in two tydes the hole flete beinge two hundreth sayles at the least, was out of the haven of Tynmouth towardes our Enterprice.

The thyrde day, after we arryved in y^e Frith, a notable ryver in Scotlande, havyng thentry betwene two Islandes called the Basse and the Maye. The same daye we landed dyvers of our botes at a towne named S. Mynettes, on the Northe side of the Frith, whiche we brente and broughte from thense dyvers greate botes that served us after to good pourpose for our landynge.

That nyghte thole flete came to an anker under y^e Island called Inchekythe thre myles from the haven of Lyth. The place where we ankered

ankered hath of longe tyme ben called the Englysh rode: y^e^ Scottes nowe taketh the same to be a prophesie of the thynge which is hapened. The nexte daye beyng the fourth daye of May, the sayde armye landed two myles bewest the towne of Lithe, at a place called Grantame Cragge, every mā beyng so prompt thereunto that the hole armye was landed in foure houres. And perceyvynge our landynge to be so quyet whiche we loked not for, havyinge our guides ready we put ourselfes in good ordre of warre, marchynge forwarde towardes the towne of Lythe in thre battaylles wherof my lorde Admyral ledde the vant-guard, Therle of Shrewesbury thareregarde, and Therle of Hertford beinge lorde Lieutenant the battayll, havynge with us certen small pieces of artillary whiche were drawen by force of men: whiche enterpryse we thought necessarie to be attempted fyrste of all other for the commodyous lodgynge of our navy there and landynge of our artillerie and vittayle. And in a valley upon y^e^ ryght hande nere unto the sayd towne the Scottes were assembled to the nombre of fyve or syx thousande horsemen, besydes a good nombre of fote men, to empeache the passage of our sayd armye, in which place they had layd theyr artyllarie at two strayghtes, through the whiche we muste nedes passe yf we mynded to acheve our enterpryse. And semynge at the fyrste as though they wolde set

upō

upō the vanwarde, when they perceyved our men so wyllynge to encounter with them, namely the Cardynall who was there present, perceyving our devotion to se his holynes to be suche as we were redy to watte our feete for that purpose, and to passe a forde which was betwene us and them. After certen shotte of artyllary on both sydes they made a sodayne retrete and leavynge theyr artyllary behynde them fledde towards Edenborrowe. The fyrste man that fledde was the holy Cardynall lyke a valyaunt Champyon, and with hym the Governer, therles of Huntley, Murrey, and Bothewell, with dyvers other great men of the realme. At this passage was two Englishmen hurt with the shot of theyr artyllary, and two Scottyshmen slayne with our artillary.

The vanwarde hauynge thus put backe the Scottes, and VIII peices of theyr artyllary brought away by our hackebetters, who in this enterprise dyd very manfully employ themselves, we marched directly towardes the towne of Lythe, whiche before we coulde come to it, muste of force passe an other passage, whiche also was defended a whyle with certen ensignes of fote-men and certen peices of artyllary, who, beyng sharpely assayled havynge thre of theyr gonners slayne with our archers, was fayne to gyve place, leauynge also theyr ordinaunce behynd them, with whiche ordinaunce they slewe onely one of our men and hurte an other."

The

The Tract is of duodecimo size, in black letter, and at the end is

" Imprynted at London, in Powls Churchyarde, by Reynolde Wolfe, at the Sygne of y^e^ Brasen Serpent. Anno 1544.

Cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum."

I am indebted for the use of this curious and rare work to Mr. Isaac Reed, who bought it, if I am not mistaken, for half-a-crown.

# THE BOOKE OF FREENDESHIP.

THIS curious little volume, translated by the famous Sir John Harrington, has, I believe, been somewhere slightly mentioned by Mr. Parke.

It is of great rarity, and deserves a conspicuous place here. It is printed in a very minute form, which perhaps may be denominated 32mo. B. L.

I copy the title page.

" THE BOOKE OF FREENDESHIP OF MARCUS TULLIE CICERO.

Anno dñi.

1562."

It is thus inscribed:

" To the righte vertuose and my singuler good Lady Katharine Duches of Suffolke.

As my prisonment and adversitee moste honorable Lady was of their own nature joygned with greate and sundrie miseries, so was the sufferance of the same eased by the chaunce of dyverse and many Commoditees. For thereby founde I a great soule profite, a litle mynde knoulage, some holow hertes, and a few faithful freendes. Whereby I tried prisonmente of the body to bee the libertee of spirite: adversytee of fortune: the touche stone of vanitees, and

in

in the ende quietnes of minde the occasion of study. And thus somewhat altered to avoyde my olde idelnesse, to recompense my loste tyme, and to take profite of my calamitee, I gave my selfe amonge other thynges to studie and learne the Frenche tonge, havynge both skilful prysoners to enstruct me, and therto plentie of bookes to learne the language. Among whyche as there were dyverse notable and for their sundry mattier woorthy readynge, so none lyked me above this Tullius booke of freendshyp, nor for the argument any with it to be compared. The whole whereof whan I had perused and sawe the goodly rules, the naturall order, and civyle use of freendshyp, when before I but liked than was I ravished, and in a certaine wonder with the heathen lerning which chiefly for it selfe I phantasied, and for my state I deemed good to bee embrased as a glasse to dyscerne my freendes in, and a civile rule to leade my life by.

These causes moved mee to thinke it mete for moe. Wherefrom I (as I coulde) translated it, and though not so lyvely, nor yet so aptlye as some wold loke for, and many could doe, yet I trust they will rather beare with my good will then rebuke my boldness, for that it proceded more of a good mynd then of anie presumption of knoulage: so my enterpryse is to bee interpreted rather by freends as a treatise of freendship

ship, then by lerned clerkes in an argument of translacion.

Well how so ever it shalbe lyked of the learned, I hope it shall be allowed of the unlatined. Whose Capacitees by my owne I consider, and for lacke of a fine and flowynge stile I have used the playne and common speeche, and to thende the sense mighte not be chaunged, nor the goodnes of the matter by shift of tounges muche mynished, I caused it to bee conferred wyth the latine Auctor, and so by the knowen well lerned to be corrected: after whose handelynge me thought a newe spirite and life was geven it, and many partes semed as it were wyth a newe cote arayed, aswell for the orderly placynge and eloquently changeynge of some woordes, as also for the plainly openyng and learnedly amending of the sence, whiche in the Frenche translatyon was somewhat darkened, and by me for lacke of knoulage in many places missed.

Thus when the thinge was perfected and I beheld the fame of the Auctor, the nature of the treatise, and the clerenesse of his teachyng, I coulde not judge to whome I shoulde rather offer it then unto youre Grace, whome the freendelesse haply finde their defence and the helples repaire to as a refuge.

This did I not to teache you, but to let you see in learnynge aunciente that you have by nature

ture used! nor to warne you of oughte you lacked, but to sette forthe your perfection: the proufe whereof the deede mighte wytnesse, and their offspring hath just cause to knoulage it, as mo can recorde it then can requite it. And auch your freendly stedfastnesse declared to the deade, doth assertaine us of your stedfast frendlipesse towards the livyng, whiche the many have felte and diverse doe prove and fewe can want. Of whiche number youre Grace hathe made me one, that neyther leaste nor seldomest have tasted of your benefites both in my trouble and also libertie. Wherfore your Grace in my sight is of all other most worthy this small fruite of my prisons laboure, as a fitte patronesse to the honour of suche a worke and a trewe example in whom it is fulfilled. Thus the lord of trueth preserve you in freendshyp, encrease youre frendes and defend you from enemyes.

JOHN HARRYNGTON."

It is here acknowledged by Sir John Harrington himself, that he translated this tract, not from the original Latin, but from the French Version. After having translated it from the French, "he caused his Version to be conferred with the latine Auctor, and so by the knowen well lerned to be corrected."

This version is of particular importance to ascertain the orthography of the time, as adopted in the most polished society. Sir John Harrington was a courtier, and to him we may safely look for the terms, expressions, and mode of spelling, in fashionable vogue. The more remarkable peculiarities seem to be these: *joined* is spelt *joygned*, *commoditees* now obsolete is used for *advantages*, *knowlage* occurs instead of *knowledge*, *hertes* for *hearts*, *freendes* instead of *friends*, *none lyked me* for *none I liked*, *phantasied* for *admired*, *mete for moe*, *interesting to many*, *unlatined* for *those ignorant of Latin*, *treue* for *true*, &c. &c.

The style, considering the period at which it was written, may be allowed to be sufficiently easy and elegant.

At the end of the volume is

"Imprinted at London, in Fletestreete, by Tho. Powell."

The Copy which I have used is the property of Mr. Douce.

# SYR FRANCIS POYNGS.

OF this personage I have been able to obtain no farther information than that he was the first who translated Cebes into English: he did this, as the advertisement informs us, at the request of his brother, Syr Antony Poyngs.

The volume, if so it may be called, for it is of very diminutive size, was printed by Berthelette. It is in black letter, and without date.

The following is its title.

"THE TABLE OF CEBES THE PHILOSOPHER.

How one maye take profite of his ennemies, translated oute of Plutarche.

A Treatyse perswading a man paciently to suffer the death of his freende."

This last Tract is translated from Erasmus.

The following is the Address from the Printer to the Reader.

"This Table of Cebes, shewing how mortall creatures wander in this worlde, and can not atteyne to very felicitee for that they be mysled by false opinions and wrong weenynges: was translated out of latine into english by Syr Frances Poyngs, at the request of his brother Syr Antony Poyngs, which translacion is woorthy of high commendation. And if any faute be

 therein,

therein, I knowe well it is mistakinge, for my copie was somewhat combrouse what for the enterlining and yll writing."

As this is the first translation of Cebes, and in itself a most curious and rare book, I subjoin the following example of its style and execution.

"What is this place called? The habitation of blessed folke (quoth he). For here dwell all vertues and felicitee. It must needes then be a fayre place, quoth I. Then thou seest at the gate a certeyne woman, the which is verye fayre and of a constant face and behaveour, in hir middel and lusti age, and hauynge hir apparell and garmentes symple. She standeth not upon a rounde stoane, but on a square surely set and fixed: and with hir there be two other that seeme to be hir daughters? It appereth so. Of these, the myddlemoste is Learning, the other trouth, the other perswasion. But why standeth this woman upon a square stoane? It is a token, quoth he, that the way that leadeth folk to her is to them bothe fyrme and sure; and the gifte of those thynges that she geveth is to the receivours sure and stable. And what thynges be they that she geveth? Boldnes and assurednes without feare, quoth he. What be thei? Knowlage, quoth he, to suffer nothing grevously int his lyfe. By God, quoth I, these bee goodly gyftes: But stādeth she so without the compasse? To the intent, quoth he, she may heale these the whiche come thyther

thy therand maketh them to drinke a pourgacion; whan they be pourged from thence she bringeth them into the vertues. How is this, quoth I? I understād it not well yet. But thou shalt understande it, quoth he. In lykewyse as yf a man the whiche is verye sicke, cometh to a Phisicion, the Phisicion doth first by purgacion expell all those thinges that caused the sicknes: and so after restoreth the Pacient to his recovery and helth again. If the Pacient do not obey to those thinges the whiche the Phisicion cōmaundeth he should, not without a cause he is caste up of the Physicion and undooen by the syckenesse. This I understande (quoth I). Even in the same maner, quoth he, it is whan a man commeth to Learning, she cureth him and maketh him drinke hir vertue, first to purge him and to caste awaye all the evils the whiche he had whan he came to hir. What be those? Ignoraunce and Errour, the whiche he drancke of Deceyte, and pryde also and arrogance, concupiscence, intemperaunce, furie, covetousnesse, and all other with whiche he was replenished in the first cōpasse. Then when he is pourged, whyther doeth she sende him? In (quoth he) to knowlage, and to other vertues. To what vertues? Dooest thou not see (quoth he) within the gate a companye of women, the whiche seeme to be of good disposition and well ordred, having their apparell not gaie but symple, nor thei be not so trymme, nor so pickedly at-

tired as the other be. I see theim (quoth I) but what be thei called? The firſt (quoth he) is called Knowlage, the other be hyr systers, Strength of minde, Justice, Goodnesse, Temperance, Sobernesse, Liberalitee, Continence and Mekenesse. O these be marvelous goodly, quoth I, in how greate an hope be we nowe. Yea yf ye understande, quoth he, and wyll roote in you by practyse those thynges, the whiche you heare. We shall assaie as diligently as we can quoth I. Than you shall bee safe, quoth he."

At the end of the volume we find

" Imprinted at London in Fletestreete in the house late Thomas Berthelettes. Cum privilegio."

There is no date.

The copy to which I have had access, formerly belonged to Mr. Herbert, but is now in the possession of Mr. Douce.

ORIGIN

# ORIGIN OF PRINTING.

THE book hereafter described is the most diminutive printed book I ever saw. The page is not more than two inches in length and one in breadth. It extends to one hundred and twenty-three pages. Except this, with the use of which I have been favoured by Mr. Douce, I know but of one other copy, which I believe is in the possession of Mr. Edwards, of Pall-mall.

The following is its title.

"A SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE FIRST RISE AND PROGRESS OF PRINTING.

With a compleat List of the First Books that were printed.

London. Printed for T. Parker, Jun. in Jewin Street." No date.

In Mr. Douce's copy some one has added in manuscript the date of 1763.

The book is full of inaccuracies, but I give a short extract.

"After Mentz and Harlem, it (Printing) seems next of all to have been practised at Oxford: for by the care and at the charge of King Henry VI. and of Thomas Bourchier, then Archbishop of Canterbury and Chancellor of

the University of Oxford, Robert Turner, Master of the robe, and William Caxton a merchant of London, were for that purpose sent to Harlem at the expence partly of the King and partly of the Archbishop, who then (because these of Harlem were very careful of the Secret) prevailed privately with one Frederick Corseles an under Workman for a sum of money to come over hither, so that at Oxford Printing was first practised in England, which was before there was any printing press or printer in France, Italy, Venice or Germany, except only Mentz, which claims seniority (in regard to printing) even of Harlem itself, calling herself Urbem Moguntinam Artis Typographicæ primam, though, it is known to be otherwise, that City gaining that art by the brother of one of the workmen of Harlem, who had learned it at home of his brother, and after set up for himself at Mentz.

The Press at Oxford was at least ten years before there was any printing in Europe (except at Harlem and Mentz), where also it was but new born. The Press at Oxford was afterwards found inconvenient to be the only Printing place of England, and being too far from London and the Sea: whereupon the King set up a Press at St. Albans, and another in Westminster Abbey, where they printed several books of Divinity and Physic; for the King, for reasons best

best known to himself and Council, permitted then no law-books to be printed, nor did any Printer exercise that art but only such as were the Kings sworn servants: the King himself having the price and emolument for Printing books.

It may be objected, that the year 1467 cannot bring it within the reign of Henry VI., who had been deposed six years before, but I answer that the manuscript does not assert the Dutch Printers came not into England till that Year, but that their Press was not set up till then, and though this happened in another reign, yet it will still be true that King Henry caused them to be brought over whilst he was upon the throne, though the civil Wars and his being deposed put a stop to their proceedings for six or seven years.

As for its complimenting the Archbishop with having been at the whole expence of the journey, it may be imputed to want of better information, or partiality to that Prelate, who might still be in great esteem under King Edward, whilst the good King Henry was striped of his loyal dignity and wholly neglected.

With respect to the two Printers that came from Harlem; the first is probably the same Theodoric Rood who printed afterwards by himself, and of whom we have but two editions

It is important to state the time of his death, because it offers a question to those who are well versed in Old English Literature, whether the idea of adopting the ancient metres, which towards the end of the sixteenth century prevailed so much with our English Poets, might not be borrowed from this French writer.

# JACQUES DE LA TAILLE.

MR. TODD, in his Life of Spenser, has made many ingenious remarks on the false taste of some of our Poets of that period, and particularly on that absurd propensity which distinguished many of them, to accommodate the English language to the metres of the ancients. The absurdity, however, did not escape the animadversions of the critics and satirists of those times. Bishop Hall terms such effusions "rhymeless numbers." In his Sixth Satire he thus speaks of them:

> Whoever saw a colt wanton and wild,
> Yoked with a slow-foot ox on fallow field,
> Can right areed how handsomely besets
> Dull *spondees* with the English *dactylets*.
> If Jove speak English in a thundring cloud,
> *Thwick, thwack* and *riff raff* roars he out aloud,
> Fie on the forged mint that did create
> New coin of words never articulate.

Strange as it may seem, there was not long since, an attempt to revive this foolery, but the very happy ridicule of the writers of the Poetry in the Periodical Work of the Antijacobin, extinguished it, it may be hoped for ever. Few can forget the

the humourous effusion of the "Needy Knife Grinder."

The absurdity, however, was not confined to our countrymen. The French also had a similar ambition. By the kindness of the Bishop of Rochester, I am enabled to describe the following very singular and uncommon French book.

"LA MANIERE DE FAIRE DES VERS EN FRANÇOIS COMME EN GREC ET EN LATIN,

Par feu JACQUES DE LA TAILLE, du pays de Beauce.

Paris par Frederic Morel 1573." 12mo.

This is a regular prosodical Treatise, and proceeds, after having laid down and adjusted the quantities of syllables, to treat of the different metres, and to exemplify them in French verses. These examples are very curious and amusing, though they prove, that the attempt to introduce the classical metres into a modern language, was as unsuccessful in France as it was with us.

It requires no common sagacity to find out that the following line is an Hexameter.

Dēssūs toūs ănĭmāux Dieu fōrmā l'hōmmĕ mălheūreūx.

When the discovery is made it is not easy to bring the ear to acknowledge that it is so.

The same may be observed of the Pentameter.

Īl noūs faūt ăbŏlir toūtĕ sŭpērstĭtiōn.

The

The following is an example of the long Asclepiad.

Chārle ēn Frāncĕ fĕrā naītrĕ lĕ siĕclĕ d'or.

This of the short Asclepiad.

Ō seigneur quĕ jĕ sens dĕ mal.

As a specimen of the long Iambic I subjoin

Celui perire qui se confie en son bien.

Of the Sapphic

O le seul auteur de se monde parfait,
Pere qui aux cieux ta demeure choisis,
Fay que ton nom tant venerable partout
Sanctifié soit.

It is not unworthy of observation, that the Sapphic metre is that which seems best to accommodate itself to the form of both languages.

The author of this curious little volume died of the Plague in the year 1562, before he had compleated his twenty-first year. Young as he was, he had written five Tragedies besides other Poems, which were collected and published, together with the works of his Brother, who was named JOHN DE LA TAILLE, who also was a Poet in 1573 or 1574.

It

It is important to state the time of his death, because it offers a question to those who are well versed in Old English Literature, whether the idea of adopting the ancient metres, which towards the end of the sixteenth century prevailed so much with our English Poets, might not be borrowed from this French writer.

# FYLOSTRATO.

IT is now sufficiently well known, that Chaucer borrowed the tale of his Palamon and Arcite from the Theseida of Boccace. It is not so notorious that our old English Poet is indebted to the Filostrato of Boccace for his Troilus.

Filostrato is very scarce, even in Italy; but the edition which enables me to give this account is, probably unique in this country.

The learned Mr. Tyrwhitt was induced first to suspect the obligation of Chaucer to Boccace, from reading the title of Fylostrato at large in Saxii Hist. Lit. Typog. Mediolan. ad an. 1498, but he afterwards met with a printed copy of the work itself in the valuable collection of Mr. Crofts.

I give its title at length.

" Il Fylostrato

Che tracta de lo inamoramento de Troylo e Gryseida: et de molte altre infinite ballaglie.

At the end is,

Impresso nella inclita cita de Milano per Magistro Uldericho Scinzenzeler nell anno M.CCCCLXXXXVIII. a di XXVII. di mese de Septembre."

Quadrio Vol. VI. P. 473. mentions two later editions of this Poem.

" In

"In Venezia per Joanne Baptista Sessa 1501. 4to.

The second edition was also printed at Venice in 1528, 4to.

Of the edition given to the Museum by Mr. Tyrwhitt, no other copy is known to be in England.

Some authors have affected to doubt whether the Filostrato was actually written by Boccace. These doubts, Quadrio has both considered and answered, and indeed several ancient manuscripts name Boccace as the author without reserve.

Boccace, in his Decameron speaks in high terms, both of the Filostrato and the Theseide, but does not avow himself as the author of either.

The Fylostrato is written in the Octave stanza, and it seems rather singular, as Mr. Tyrwhitt observes, that Chaucer did not use this stanza. Chaucer, however, was the inventor of the stanza of seven verses, in which he was a long time followed by the Poets who succeeded him. The Alexandrine was afterwards added to this stanza, which Milton also has used in his Juvenile Poems.

For the general substance of the above, I confess myself indebted to Mr. Tyrwhitt's octavo editión of Chaucer, vol. 4. p. 87. Mr. Tyrwhitt purchased this most rare book at the sale of Mr. Crofts's Library, 1783.

DR.

# DR. TYE.

DR. CHRISTOPHER TYE, Organist to King Edward VI. is well known in our cathedrals, as the author of some anthems still in use: but he is very little known as an Author and a Poet. There is extant, however, a very curious little book, in which he appears in both these characters; and it is no less than *the Acts of the Apostles*, or rather a part of them, turned into verse, and set to Music. The following is the exact title of this singular book.

" THE ACTES OF THE APOSTLES, TRANSLATED INTO ENGLYSHE METRE, and dedicated to the Kynges moste excellent Maiestye, by Christopher Tye, Doctor in Musyke, and one of the Gentlemen of hys graces moste honourable Chappell, wyth notes to eche Chapter, to synge, and also to play upon the Lute, very necessarye for studentes after theyr studye, to fyle theyr wyttes, and also for all Christians that cannot synge, to reade the good and Godlye storyes of the lyues of Christ hys Apostles. 1553." At the end " Imprynted at London by Nycolas Hyll, for Wyllyam Seres. Cum priuilegio ad imprimendum solum."

Dr. Tye dedicates his book " to the Uertuous and Godlye learned prynce, Edwarde the

vi. by the Grace of God," &c: and cation is in Verse; of which the reader bably be glad to see a specimen. thus:

Consydrynge well, most godly Kyng
The zeale and perfecte loue:
Your grace doth beare to eche good thy
That geuen is from aboue.

And that your grace, oft tymes doth loo
To learne of the last daye:
The whiche ye fynde, with in Gods boo
That wyll not passe alwaye.

Whose boke is geuen, in these your da
Wherein ye do reioyce:
And eke prayse hym, in al his wayes
And that with thankeful voyce. &c

The version of the history is no than this Address to the King.

In the former treatyse to thee
Deare frende Theophilus:
I have written the verite
Of the Lorde Christ Jesus.

Whiche he to do, and eke to teache
Began untyll the daye:
In whiche the sprite up dyd hym feach
To dwell aboue for aye.

After that he had power to do
Even by the holy ghost:
Commaundements then he gaue unto
His chosen least & most.

The whole is printed in black letter, and is carried through the first fourteen chapters of the Acts. The music is in four parts, Meane, Countertenor, Tenor and Bass. This curious booke is in the possession of the Rev. Henry White, of Lichfield.

In the same volume is bound up a selection from the Psalms, versified by Francis Seagar, of the same date. It is dedicated, in metre also, to "the ryght honorable lorde Russell." These have also Music with them, in four parts.

# SIR JOHN HARRINGTON.

SOME readers may be inclined to express surprize at the seeming want of regularity in these pages, and that articles which ought to follow one another as descriptions of works by the same author, or from similar subjects being discussed, are often widely separated. The reason is, that the rare books here exhibited are not of every day's occurrence, that accident has thrown in my way curious publications by the same author, or on similar subjects, at different periods of my work; besides this, as an act of atrocious villany perpetrated by a Visitor on the property of the Museum, with which the public are well acquainted, has been the means of depriving me of the source from which I drew most largely, I have been compelled to drink at smaller, though not less pellucid and refreshing, streams, and, in short, to obtain the means of fulfilling my engagements where I could find them.

The volume hereafter described is the property of Mr. Isaac Reed: it is of most extraordinary rarity, and particularly curious as having been Sir John Harrington's own copy of a work which procured him the displeasure of his Royal Mistress;

Mistress; and above all, as being distinguished by his own manuscript notes.

The volume contains three Tracts by the same author.

1. " A NEW DISCOURSE OF A STALE SUBJECT, CALLED THE METAMORPHOSIS OF AJAX.

Written by MISACMOS to his friend and cosin PHILOSTILPNOS.

At London. Printed by Richard Field, dwelling in the Blackfriers.

1596."

At the bottom of the title page Sir John has written, in red ink,

" Seen and dissalowed."

The dedication is also in manuscript by the author, and is as follows:

" To the Right Worshipfull
Thomas Markham,
Esquyre, this
bee d. d.

I will not say moche to you in the beginning of my booke, becaus I have sayd perhaps more then enough of you in the end.

I pray you take yt well for I doubt not but some will take yt ill, but yf they doe yt will be becaus they doe ill understand yt: yo^r interest

is moch in the work becaus yt is moste in the wryter. So I end the 11th of August, 1596.

By the Autor."

Many readers must have seen a facetious Tract on Decency and Places of Retirement, written with considerable learning, and no small degree of humour and wit. It is not easy to say, whether the writer of that performance did or did not borrow many of his ideas from the work before us. He was probably indebted to it. There is, certainly, a great deal of genuine humour in this production from Sir John Harrington, and it is more particularly curious, as illustrative of the domestic manners of the times: but from the subject, it has cost me some little trouble to select an extract, which might not give offence to the refinements of modern delicacy. I think the following is liable to no objection on this head.

" Now (gentle reader) you haue taken much paines and perhaps some pleasure in reading our Metamorphosis of AJAX: and you supposed by this time to haue done with me: but now with your fauour I haue not done with you. For I found by your countenance, in the reading and hearing hereof, that your conceit oft-times had censured me hardly, and that somewhat diuersley, and namely in these three kindes. First you thought me fantastical; secondly you

blamed my scurrilitie; and thirdly you found me satyricall.

To which three reproofes, being neither causeless nor vniust, do me but the iustice to heare my three answers.

I must needes acknowledge it fantasticall for me, whom I suppose you deeme (by many circumstances) not to be of the basest, either birth or breeding, to haue chosen, or of another man's choise to haue taken so straunge a subject. But though I confesse thus much, yet I would not haue you lay it to my charge, for if you so do, I shall straight retort all the blame or the greatest part of it vpon yourself: and namely, I would but aske you this question, & euen truly between God, and your conscience, do but answer it. If I had entituled the booke, *A Sermon shewing a soueraigne salue for the sores of the soule.* Or, *A wholsome hauen of health to harbour the heart in.* Or, *A maruellous Medicine for the Maladies of the Minde,* would you euer haue asked after such a booke? would these graue and sober titles haue wonne you to the view of three or four tittles? much lesse three or foure periodes? But when you heard there was one had written of A JAX, straight you had a great mind to see what strange discourse it would proue, you made enquirie who wrote it, where it might be had, when it wold come forth, you prayed your friend to buy it,

beg it, borrow it, that you might see what good stuffe was in it. And why had you such a minde to it? I can tell you; you hoped for some meriments, some toyes, some scurrilitie, or to speake plaine English, some knauerie. Yet giue me leaue briefly to shew you what pretie pills you haue swallowed in your pleasant guadlings, and what wholsome wormewood was enclosed in these raisins of the sunne.

Against malcõtents, Epicures, Atheists, heretickes, & carelesse & dissolute Christians, and especially against pride and sensualitie, the Prologue, & the first part are chiefly intended. The second giues a due praise without flatterie, to one that is worthie of it, and a just checke without gall to some that deserue it. The third part indeed as it teacheth a reformation of the matter in question, so it toucheth in sport, a reprehension of some practises too much in custome. All which the reader that is honorable, wise, vertuous and a true louer of his country must needes take in good part. Now, gentle reader, if you will still say this is fantasticall, then I will say againe, you would not haue read it except it had been fantasticall, and if you will confesse the one, sure I will neuer denie the other.

The second fault you object is scurrilitie, to which I answer, that I confesse the objection but I denie the fault, and if I might know whether

whether he were Papist or Protestant that maketh this objectiō I wold soone answer them: namely thus; I would cite a principall writer of either side and I would proue that either of thē hath vsed more obscenous, foule and scurrill phrases (not in defence of their matter but in defacing of their adversaries) in one leafe of their bookes then is in all this. Yet they professe to write of the highest, the holiest, the waightiest matters that can be imagined, and I write of the basest, the barrennest and most witlesse subject that can be described.

Quod decuit tantos cur mihi turpe putem?

I forbeare to shew examples of it, least I should be thought to disgrace men of holy and worthie memorie.

For such as shall find fault that it is too satyricall, surely I suppose their judgment shall sooner be condemned by the wiser sort then my writings. For whē all the learned writers, godly preachers and honest liuers over all England (yea over all Europe, renew that old complaint,

Regnare nequitiam et in deterius res humanas labi.

When wee heare them say daily that there was neuer vnder so gracious a head so gracelesse members, after so sincere teaching so sinfull liuing, in so shining light such works of darkenesse;

nesse; when they crie out upon us, yea crie indeed for I have seene thē speake it with teeres, that lust and hatred were never so hote, love and charitie were never so colde, that there was never lesse devotion, never more division, that all impietie hath all impuritie, finally that the places that were wont to be samples of all vertue and honor, are now become the sinks of all sin and shame. These phrases (I say) being written and recorded sounded and resounded in so manie bookes and sermons, in Cambridge, in Oxford, in the Court, in the Countrey, at Paules Cross in Paules Church Yard: may I not as a sorie writer among the rest, in a merie matter and a harmelesse maner professing purposely *of vaults and privies sinks und draughts to write*, prove according to my poore strength to draw the readers by some pretie *draught* to *sinke* into a deepe and *necessarie* consideration how to amend some of their *privie* faults."

This work is frequently alluded to by contemporary writers; as in Shakspeare's Love's Labour Lost, A. 5. S. 2. and the several writers quoted by Mr. Steevens in his note on that passage. It is remarkable, that for writing the first two of these pamphlets Sir John Harrington fell into disgrace with Queen Elizabeth. Mr. Robert Markham writing to him two years after, in 1598, says, "Since your departure from "hence you have been spoke of and withe no "ill

" ill will, both by the nobles and the Queene
" herself. Your booke is almost forgiven, and
" I may say, forgotten, but not for its lacke of
" wit, or satyr. Those whome you feared moste
" are now bosoming themselves in the Queen's
" grace; and tho' her Highnesse signified dis-
" pleasure in outwarde sorte, yet she did like
" the marrow of your booke. Your great enemye
" Sir James did once mention the Star Chamber;
" but your good esteem in better mindes outdid
" his endeavours and all is silente again. The
" Queene is minded to take you to her favour;
" but she swearth that she believes you will make
" epigrams, and write MISACMOS again on her,
" and all the courte. She hath been heard to
" say, That merry poet her godson must not
" come to Greenwich 'till he hath grown sober,
" and leaveth the ladies sportes and frolicks.
" She did conceive much disquiet, on being tolde
" you had aimed a shafte at Leicester. I wishe
" you knew the author of that ill-deed. I would
" not be in his best jerkin for a thousand markes."

NUGÆ ANTIQUÆ, vol. II. p. 442.

See Dodsley's Collection of old Plays, vol. IX. p. 133.

The second Tract in this curious Volume by the same author, is this:

" AN ANATOMIE OF THE METAMORPHOSED AIAX.

Wherin

Wherin by a tripertite method is plainly, openly, and demonstratiuely, declared, explaned, and eliquidated, by pen, plot, and precept, how vsauerie places may be made sweet, noysome places made wholesome, filthie places made cleanly. Published for the common benefite of builders, housekeepers, and house owners. *By T. C. Traueller, Aprentice in Poetrie, Practiser in Musicke, Professor of Painting; the mother, daughter, and handmayd of all Muses, artes and sciences.*

Inuide quid mordes? pictoribus atq: Poetis
Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas.

At London. *Imprinted by Richard Field, dwelling in the Blackfriers.*"

The author thus whimsically introduces the presumed opinions of various readers on his former publication.

" Some layd to my charge, I was an idle fellow and shewed by my writings I had little to do. Alas, said I, it is too true, and therefore if you know any man that hath an office to spare, you may doe well to preferre me to it; for it were a bad office that I would not chaunge for this I haue taken upon me; and If I had another, I would be content this were deuided among you.

2. Some said I was such a foole to thinke seriously the deuise worthie to be published and put

put in practise; as a cōmon benifite, trust me that is true to.

3. Some supposed, that because my writings now lay dead and had not bene thought of this good while, I thought (as Alcibiades cut his dogs Tayle, to make the people talke of his curtall) so I wold send my Muse abroad, masking naked in a net that I might say,

*Nunc iterum volito viua per ora virum.*

Of my honor this is not true. Will you deny it on your oth? No by our Lady, not for a thousand pounds.

4. Some said plainly, because my last work was an other mans inuention, and that some fine phrase-making fellowes, had founde a distinction betweene a versifier and a Poet, I wrote this to shew I could be both when I listed, though I meane to be neither, as Thales Milesius, by making himselfe ritch in one yeare shewde his contempt of ritches. The deuill of the lye that is.

5. Some surmised against me, that because the time is so toying, that wholesome meates cannot be digested without wanton sauce, and that even at wise mēs tables, fooles have most of the talke, therefore I came in with a bable to haue my tale heard, I must needs confesse it.

6. Some said that in emulation of outlādish witts, and to be one of the first English that had given the venter to make the title of his worke the

the worst part of it; I was perswaded to write of such an argument, I will neuer denie that while I live.

7. Some affirmed that I had taken this laughing libertie to grace som that haue fauord me, and grate against some that had galled me: *guiltie my Lord.*

Alasse poore Gentleman (say the standers by) he will be condemned certainly for this that he hath confest already, if he be not saued by his booke: let us heare what he will answere to the rest of the inditement.

8. You did meane some disgrace in the letter afore the booke and in many passages of the Booke itselfe, to Ladies and Gentlewemen. Who I? God damne me if I loue thē not, I feare more to be damned for loving them too well.

9. You did thinke to scoffe at some Gētlemen that haue serued in some honorable seruices though with no great good successe. As I am a Gentlemā not guilty: neither do I meane any, but such as will needs be called M. Captains hauing neither carried out with them, nor brought home with them, worth, wealth, or wit.

10. You did seeke to discredit the honest meaning and laudable endevours of some zealous and honest men that seeke for reformatiō and labor faithfully and fruitfully in the word. To this in all & euerie not guiltie, prouided they rayle not against bishops nor against the Cōmuniō book.

You

You did intend some scorne to great Magistrats and men in authority, either alive or deceassed, under couert names to cover som knauery? no as God Judge me my Lord, not guiltie, the good yeare of all the knauerie and knaues to for me. By whō will you be tryed? By the Queene and the Ladies, by the Counsell and the Lordes. What sawcie younker will not meaner tryall serue you? No good Faith my Lord, I loued alwayes to be the worst of the companie.

Well since this is the judgement of the Court, that because there is hope you may prooue a wiser man hereafter, and that you haue some better friend then you are worthie of, you shall haue this fauour; if the inditement happen to be found you shall trauers it, and you shall chuse xij. freeholders *bonos & legales homines*, that shal enquire of the qualitie of your discourse, and bring in their verdict *quindena Paschæ*, & if they find guilty, you shall haue a hole bored in your eare. What to do? to weare my Mrs. fauour at? Now, God saue your Mrs. life, my Lord. Clarcke of the peace draw this endytemēt vpō the foure last articles that he denied, and vpō the Statute of Scādale, for I tel you we must teach you to learne the lawes of the Realme, as well as your rules of Poetrie Lawes? I trow I haue the law at my fingers endes.

*Aures perdẽtes super & sint Pillory stantes,*
*Scandala rumantes in Regis consiliantes,*
*Aut in magnates noua seditiosa loquentes,*
*Non producentes autores verba ferentes.*

*Their eares must on the Pillory be nayld*
*That haue against her highnesse counsell rayld,*
*Or such as of the Peeres fowle brutes do scatter,*
*And cannot bring their autor for the matter.*

Wherefore you shall find I will keepe me safe enough from scandaling, And if you do, it is the better for *you.*"

The Third Tract in the volume is

"ULYSSES UPON AJAX,

Written by Mesodiaboles to his Friend Philaretes.

Printed at London, for Thomas Gubbins.

1596."

This is a facetious piece of pleasantry upon the same subject as the former Tracts.

Taking the whole together, I do not know that we have any thing in the English language, which in style, manner and humour, bears greater resemblance to the performances of Rabelais.

You did intend some scorne to great Magistrats and men in authority, either alive or deceassed, under couert names to cover som knauery? no as God Judge me my Lord, not guiltie, the good yeare of all the knauerie and knaues to for me. By whō will you be tryed? By the Queene and the Ladies, by the Counsell and the Lordes. What sawcie younker will not meaner tryall serue you? No good Faith my Lord, I loued alwayes to be the worst of the companie.

Well since this is the judgement of the Court, that because there is hope you may proove a wiser man hereafter, and that you haue some better friend then you are worthie of, you shall haue this fauour; if the inditement happen to be found you shall trauers it, and you shall chuse xij. frecholders *bonos & legales homines*, that shal enquire of the qualitie of your discourse, and bring in their verdict *quindena Paschæ*, & if they find guilty, you shall haue a hole bored in your care. What to do? to weare my Mrs. fauour at? Now, God saue your Mrs. life, my Lord. Clarcke of the peace draw this endytemēt vpō the foure last articles that he denied, and vpō the Statute of Scādale, for I tel you we must teach you to learne the lawes of the Realme, as well as your rules of Poetrie Lawes? I trow I haue the law at my fingers endes.

*Aura*

documented to be printed in Scotland older than this Poem, or any thing so old, and I am humbly of this opinion, never any thing printed in Scotland before this having occurred to me in any enquiries nor have I observed any printer in Scotland before Thomas Davidson.

" This is thought to be printed about yē year 1525. In 1536 He printed Bellendens translation of Hector Boece's Hist. of Scotland and is designed then, the King's printer."

" AD SERENISSIMUM SCOTORUM REGEM JACOBUM QUINTUM DE SUSCEPTO REGNI REGIMINE A DIIS FELICITER OMINATO STRENA.

Tempora magnanimo que nunc felicia Regi
Sydera portendunt, dicere musa cupit.
Ausus ob hec nimium tenui cantare camena,
Incipiam auspitiis rex Jacobe tuis.
Puri dum tu dulce decus, concede fauorem
Edere judicio metra legenda bono.
Torpentes fracto reparcs cum pectine neruos,
Et moueas docilem per tua fila manum.
Principium bifrons anni Jam Janus apertum
Fecerit, et phebus celsius orbe micat.
Ipse potens rerum pater alta mente reponens
Omnia, fatales prospiciensq. vices,
Protinus aligerum coram subet esse ministrum,
Clausaque dat claris scripta ferenda deo.
Jussa peracturus tecto Jouis euolat alto
Nuncius, et rapidum flectitur ante deum,

Phebe

Phebe (ait) immensi magnus tibi rector olympi
Scribit epistolio que velit ille, suo.
Cura fuit phebo celeres cohibere Jugales,
Et cohibet, donec litera lecta fuit,
Nec mora, signatum diducit pollice ceram,
Et legit auratis talia verba notis.
Nos qui celestes positis digessimus orbes
Legibus, et certis voluimus astra modis,
Cura hominum nonnulla tenet terrena potestas
Summa nisi flaueant numina, nulla foret.
En mea progenies regni moderator auiti
Jam sceptrum arripuit, Scotica iura tuens,
Est illic pietas, illic reuerentia nostri,
Est illic pure religionis amor
Ut regem auersata fuit fortuna potentem,
Dura sub infausto sydere fata tulit.
Nam desperatis laniguet pessundata rebus
Scotia, que miseros ducere visa dies.
Factio, rupta fides, et pax simulata, tumultus,
Fulsus amor, cedes, lata rapina, dolus,
Regnandi cepere locum, concordia, fedus,
Pax, amor atq. quies, et sine cede manus:
Extorres abiere simul aurea veri
Gloria, iustitie lycia rupta iacent,
Nam vexat iustos immensa licentia furum,
Templorum passim diruta tecta cadunt.
Si quis in hac dignus est tempestate catonis
Nomine perpetuo, consilioq valens,
Ipsius catilina loco sceleratus honore
Fungitur, et tumido suspicit ore minax.
Elati incedunt mentita pelle lycurgi,
Is bonus est consul, qui mage fraudis habet,
Cogimur errores tandem componere tantos
Ne quis regnantem non putet esse Jouem.

Hoc Jacobus aget quintus rex stirpe suorum
Inclytus offitium, quod sibi Jure vacat.
Clarior haud bello quisqs̄, nec pacis amator
Ancus pace fuit, Relligione numa.
Mascula thoracem vertus huic pectora fortem
Induet, et galeam spes geret ampla suam.
Ferripidem urgenti viso calcaribus hoste
Aggressoq. hastam porriget alma fides.
Periure nulla dextre formidine pulsus,
Subuenief miseris, colla superba premens.
Hectore nec tantum sua troia superstite gaudens:
Nec fuit eacide gretia beta suo:
Quantum gaudebit promisso principe fatis
Scotia, solus erit ille daturus opem.
Omnia que tanto felicem principe terram
Effitiant, diuum sedula cura geret.
Eia age, phebe tuis circundes ignibus orbem
Et plaga feruores sentiat illa tuos.
Temperiem diffunde bonam, sit grata colonis
Ut veniat messis semine digna suo.
Nos quoq pro n̄re prolis faciemus honore
Quod bene susceptum, secula cuncta canent.
Delius ut cartam legit, gramioque reclusam
Condidit, expediam jussa totantis, ait.
Alipedes premittit equos, curruq. sequutus
Auriuomo, placida dirigit ora manu.
Vertice ceruleo summus se extollit olympus.
Et fugiunt toto nubila densa polo.
Hinc natura suas varie et subtiliter artes
Perq. astra exercet, viscera aperq. soli.
Id mirata, colunt Imasque numina terras,
Que degunt tremulis flumina clara vadis.
Frugiferum hoc celum (dixerunt) destinat annum.
Florescet leto germine terra ferax.

Scotia

Scotia (sentimus) tardo subjecta boete,
Rege sub excelso fenora larga dabit.
Mox capiunt fauni siluas, hortisq. priapus
Pomiferis prohibet sidere nudus aues.
Flora recens campos gemmato vestit honore,
Officio dryadum pascua leta virent.
Herbida gramineos exhalat terra sapores,
Inq. nouum pergunt, sponte fruteta decus,
Per valles blando lapidosas murmure serpunt
Flumina, nereides flumina clara tenent.
Seminibus paleata ceres fecundat opimis
Jugera, que nullo culta labore forent.
Ingentemq. auidi spem non lusura coloni
Sydere promittit grana legenda suo.
Pan curare greges, pan cogere montibus agnos
Armentisque studet claudere septa vagis.
Maiori redeunt spumantia mulctra colostro,
Et solito pecudes grandius vber habent.
Res Ita disposuit nostra clementia diuum,
Propitios meminit quis magis ante deos.
Interea Jouis ipse puer placidissima regni
Sceptra gerens, populo dat bona Jura suo.

Finis.

Impressum Ediburgi apud
Thomam Dauidson.

## Remarks.

James V. was born on the twelfth of April, 1512. He died on the fourteenth of December, 1542. He took upon himself the government

in July 1528. He obtained the supreme authority by expelling the faction of the Douglases, who, for their own selfish and ambitious purposes held him in a sort of thraldom.

The STRENA, printed above, was evidently addressed to King James V. on this memorable occasion of his triumph over a factious party.

The first manuscript note informs us how this Poem came into the King's library by purchase, at West's sale. The reference to Herbert's edition of Ames in this manuscript note, should be 1472. The following description which there occurs is curious enough.

" It is a thin quarto it is *unique*."

The second manuscript note, which is, seemingly, the intimation of a Scotish Antiquary of the last century, is quite apocryphal.

Davidson, who stands at the head of the second dynasty of Scotish printers was appointed printer to the King in December 1541. This STRENA was printed by him before this epoch of his good fortune, otherwise he would have been naturally proud, and have avowed the honourable distinction he had obtained.

I suspect, from various circumstances, that Daviesone, or Davidson, for there was no uniform orthography in these times, did not begin to print in Scotland before the year 1540, whatever the said Scotish Antiquary may affirm, or Herbert may intimate: and this year may be, in

my

my opinion, safely assigned as the real period when the Strena was printed.

As to its merit as a composition, no great deal can be said. The author seems to have been tolerably well read in the Classics, and has borrowed very freely from Ovid. As a whole, however, it is far from contemptible.

the worst part of it; I was perswaded to write of such an argument, I will neuer denie that while I live.

7. Some affirmed that I had taken this laughing libertie to grace som that haue fauord me, and grate against some that had galled me: *guiltie my Lord.*

Alasse poore Gentleman (say the standers by) he will be condemned certainly for this that he hath confest already, if he be not saued by his booke: let us heare what he will answere to the rest of the inditement.

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9. You did thinke to scoffe at some Gētlemen that haue serued in some honorable seruices though with no great good successe. As I am a Gentlemā not guilty: neither do I meane any, but such as will needs be called M. Captains hauing neither carried out with them, nor brought home with them, worth, wealth, or wit.

10. You did seeke to discredit the honest meaning and laudable endevours of some zealous and honest men that seeke for reformatiō and labor faithfully and fruitfully in the word. To this in all & euerie not guiltie, prouided they rayle not against bishops nor against the Cōmuniō book.

You

lonis tamen et Josephi tempora a quibus laudatur emissam constat."

Consult Simon Histoire Critique du Vieux Testament. L. 2. C. 2.

" Il est certain, que pour peu qu'on fasse de reflexion sur l'histoire d'Aristée en la lisant avec application, on sera convaincu que quelque Juif Helleniste a écrit ce livre sous le nom d'Aristée en faveur de sa nation. Les miracles qui y sont rapportés, et la maniere même dont tout le livre est écrit, representent parfaitement l'esprit des Juifs," &c. &c.

See also Dodwell de Veter. Græcorum Romanorumque Cyclis.

## CONSTANTINI LASCARIS BYZANTINI.

*Grammatica Græca, &c. Mediolani, per Dionysium Paravisinum. Anno* 1476. 4to.

THIS is one of the scarcest books in the world, and is the first Greek book that was printed.

See it imperfectly described by De Bure, No. 2217, who had only seen one copy, and that wanted the letter of Demetrius Cretensis, which is prefixed; which letter De Bure, in more than one place, describes as *Epitre Lascaris.*

See also Maittaire Annal. Typograph. Tom. I. p. 146.

" Latini jam ex omni penè facultate et scientia libri in eruditorum manus per plurimas passim Europæ partes Typographicæ artis auxilio venerant. Græca autem lingua non adeò frequentabatur; nec à prima artis origine usque ad annum 1480, ullus liber mihi occurrit integer eo sermone excusus præter Lascaris Grammaticam, ann. 1476."

The beautiful copy of this book, which is in the Cracherode Collection, was bequeathed him as a legacy by the learned Mr. Crofts, as appears by

by the following note in Mr. Cracherode's hand writing.

" Legatum ex Testamento amicissimi Viri Thomæ Crofts, M. A. Anno MDCCLXXXI."

This copy is perfect, and has the letter of Demetrius Cretensis both in Greek and Latin, which De Bure had not seen.

Dr. Askew's Lascar of this date was purchased for the Royal library for 21l. 10s. and this was very cheap. It would now produce at least 50 pounds.

There was no copy, either in the Pinelli or the Valliere Collections.

It is also not unworthy of remark, that an edition of Lascar was the first book published at the Aldine Press. It appeared in 1494.

# IGNATII SANCTI MARTYRIS EPISTOLÆ.

AN edition of the Epistles of Ignatius was published by Dr. Aldrich, of Christ Church, at the Clarendon Press in 1708.

In the copy of this work which is in the Cracherode Collection, we find the following letter in Dr. Aldrich's hand writing.

Excellentissimo atq. Illustrissimo Dom. D. Henrico Newton Serenissimæ Britanniarum Reginæ ad Celsissimum Etruriæ Principem Legato. S.

Excellentissime atq. Illustrissime Domine,

Qui inter ardua Reipublicæ negotia bonis unà literis inservire satagis; hisce S. Ignatii reliquijs vacare ne recuses, Quæ tua potissimum ope in publicum jam prodeunt. Pro Tuis, Vir Illustrissime, in rem literariam beneficijs, gratias per me agit Bibliotheca Bodleiana; Quæ inter pretiosa Veterum Scriptorum, monumenta M S M. a. Te donatum gratissimè conservat. Si quid Illa habeat, Tuis Studiis quoquo modo profecturum,

fecturum, Id Tibi pertubanter offert, minime dubitans, quin novam indies daturus sis gratitudini materiam.

Excellentiæ Vestræ

Cultor Humillimus

CAROLUS ALDRICH.

Æd. Chr. Oxon.
Cal. Jan. 8.
A. D. 170$\frac{8}{9}$.

Vogt thus notices the edition of S. Ignatius's Epistles, which forms the subject of this article.

" Ignatii Epistolarum septem genuinarum, Oxonii in Theatro Sheldonians An. 1708, in 8. typis exscriptarum, *centum duntaxat exempla impressa sunt.* Vil. Schelhornij Amœnitat. T. II. p. 391. 199."

# LACTANTIUS.

THERE were two editions of Lactantius published in the same year at Venice, viz. in 1478. One, "impendio Joannis di Colonia, Joannisque Manthen de Gheretzen, 27 Augusti," the other by Andreas de Pattasichis Catarensis and Boninus de Boninis XII. Martii. Both in folio. The last is the most rare, but the former by far the most elegant book.

The first edition of Lactantius was published, In Monasterio Sublacensi, in 1465. A copy of this most rare book was purchased for the King of France from the Valliere Collection for 1830 livres.

There is a most superb copy of this book in the Cracherode Collection, as well as of the edition of 1471. In this last is the following note by Mr. Cracherode.

"A vero aberravit Audiffredy, p. 124, dicens Adamum Lectantii hujus impressorem esse eundem qui Ciceronis Orationes Anno 1472 edidit; nulla enim est inter utriusque characterem paritas. Adeoque Adamus Lactantii Impressor longe discrepat ab Adamo Ciceronem imprimente,

# M. N. TENHOVE.

THE Memoirs of the House of Medici, from its Origin to the Death of Francesco the Second, Grand Duke of Tuscany, by Mr. Nicholas Tenhove, is one of the rarest productions in literature.

The account given of the author, by Mr. Roscoe is this:

"Mr. Nicholas Tenhove was a branch of one of the most respectable families in the United Provinces. His paternal ancestors were all high in office, and by his mother he descended from the family of Fagel, which had furnished the Dutch Republic with illustrious Ministers through several generations.

An easy fortune, and a previous stock of classical and historical knowledge, rendered him capable of deriving singular advantages from his travels in Italy and Sicily. The Memoirs of the House of Medici were composed at his ease, from time to time, and were printed piece-meal as they were composed. In the form in which he left them, they have rather the aspect of interesting materials for a great work, than that of a regular edifice. As he did not live to complete his design, he committed to the flames all

# ALEXANDER CUNNINGHAM.

THE Rev. Dr. Thompson, when he wrote the Introduction to the History of Great Britain from 1688 to the accession of George the first, left it a matter of doubt, whether Alexander Cunningham, the editor of Horace, and Alexander Cunningham, the author of that history, were the same or different persons.

I am able to pronounce, unequivocally, that they were different persons. Alexander Cunningham, the Historian, died in Westminster, and was buried in the Chancel of St. Martin's Church, on May the 15th, 1737. His will is deposited in Doctors Commons.

Alexander Cunningham, the Editor of Horace, died at the Hague in December, 1730.

In the Obituary of Mr. Professor Macky, he is described as "Literator eximius."

I am in possession, through the kindness of Mr. G. Chalmers, of a duodecimo edition of Horace, by Rutgersius, in 1699, crouded with manuscript notes by this Alexander Cunningham. It was presented to the late Marquis of Lansdowne, by Lord Buchan, with the following letter.

"Dryburgh

Dryburgh Abbey, Nov. 14th, 1800.

" My Lord,

I have sent by the hands of my nephew, whom I beg leave to recommend to your Lordship's attention, the curious original Ms. of the Horatius Cunninghamii, which you will see mentioned in that interesting Preface to Hollinbury's edition of the Translation of Cunningham's History of Great Britain, with a view to determine his identity.

This little book seeks for access to your fine library, as will the bearer, who is fond of literature, and is an admirer of your literary and political character. I desire to be kindly remembered to Lord Henry Petty, and am, with much regard,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's obedient humble servant,

BUCHAN.

To the most honorable
The Marquis of Lansdowne.
London.

With a book by David Erskine, Esq. of Holmes."

In the first leaf Lord Buchan has written thus:

" Mr. Cunningham's Horace, with his original notes, given me by Mr. George Paton, March 4th, 1786."

In the second page is written, " Notæ marginales in hoc libro scriptæ sunt per Alex. Cunninghamium."

The marginal notes are innumerable; not having the means of consulting an edition of Cunningham's Horace, I am not able to say whether the various readings which appear in this volume were there adopted, but many references to critical authors and passages appear in this volume, which would be of material use to every reader of this Poet.

This most curious little book was sold at the auction of Lord Lansdowne's library, and there purchased by Mr. Chalmers, for the sum of four guineas or thereabouts.

In the last page some person has written with a pencil, " Van de Waters Horatius, with Mr. Cunningham's MS. corrections and various readings."

M. N.

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the copies of these memoirs, excepting those which he had distributed to his particular friends in separate parts as they came from the press."

The copy of this curious work, of which Mr. Roscoe had the benefit, is the same which I have had the opportunity of examining. It was bequeathed by the late pious and learned Dr. Maclaine, the translator of Mosheim, and Minister of the English Church at Rotterdam, to Henry Hope, Esq., in whose possession it now is, and who kindly gave me the use of it. Dr. Maclaine had formerly lent it to the Marquis of Lansdowne, of whom it was borrowed by Mr. Roscoe.

It is thus entitled:

"MEMOIRES GENEALOGIQUES DE LA MAISON DE MEDICIS.

Medicumque Genus Stirpemque Deorum.
VIDA."

It is inscribed

"A l'heureuse memoire de FRANÇOIS FAGEL Greffier de leurs hautes Puissances les Etats Generaux des Provinces Unies.

Heritier des Vertus et des talens de ses Ancetres,
Collegue et Ami du venerable vieillard son Pere,
Favori des Peuples et des Grands,
Fragile Espoir de la Patrie,
Ami zelé des Lettres et des Arts,

Arbitri

Arbitre sur de l'elegance et du gout,
et
Meilleur moitié de même.

Mr. Roscoe gives this character of the performance.

" Although these volumes appear to be rather the amusement of the leisure hours of a polite scholar, than the researches of a professed historian, yet they display an acquaintance with the transactions of history, seldom acquired but by a native.

To a great proficiency in the literature of that country, Mr. Tenhove united an indisputable taste in the productions of all the fine arts, and a great knowledge of the state of manners and the progress of science in every period of society. The fertility of his genius, and the extent of his information, have enabled him to intersperse his narrative with a variety of interesting digressions and brilliant observations; and the most engaging work that has perhaps ever appeared, on a subject of Literary History, is written by a native of one country, in the language of another, on the affairs of a third."

I should be more particular in my description of this rare and curious publication, but that I understand it has been translated into our own language by Sir Richard Clayton, Bart. in two volumes, quarto. This translation appeared in 1797.

# ZUINGER.

DR. HORNE, the late venerable and learned Bishop of Norwich, in his Preface to his excellent Commentary on the Psalms, takes notice of a very beautiful paraphrase on the 122d Psalm, in Latin verse, by Zuinger.

Zuinger was Professor of Medicine at Basil; he flourished in the sixteenth century; and the Bishop remarks, that this paraphrase was the dying and triumphant effusion of Zuinger's Muse. Dr. Horne had inserted in his work an excellent version of this Psalm by Merrick, and observes that it was some time before he could procure a sight of Zuinger's original.

It is an act of justice to the memory and merits of the celebrated Buchanan, to make it known that this same original is, with a few slight alterations, particularly in the last stanza, the production of the Scotch Poet.

Buchanan's Poetic Paraphrase of the Psalms was first published at Paris by the learned Henry Stephens in the year 1565. This was twenty-three years before the death of Zuinger, and seventeen years before the death of Buchanan. Melchior Adam, who wrote the life of Zuinger, affirms, that this was Zuinger's last song, and composed

composed by him on his death bed. But this is a mistake. Zuinger probably retained Buchanan's composition strongly in his recollection, and in his last hours, ut inspicienti patebit, had adapted the Jewish parts to the language and sentiment of the Christian dispensation. I insert the two versions, and the reader may determine fo himself.

## BUCHANAN.

### Ps. 122.

O lux candida, lux mihi
Læti conscia nuncii:
Jam pleno stata tempora
Reddit circulus anno:

Jam festi revocant dies
Augustam Domini ad domum:
Jam sacri pedibus premam
Lætus limina templi.

Jam visam Solymæ edita,
Cœlo culmina, et ædium
Moles nobilium, et suo
Augustam populo urbem:

Urbem, quam procul ultimis
Terræ finibus exciti,
Petunt Isacidæ ut Deum
Placent more parentum,

Jussam cœlitus oppidis
Urbem jus dare cæteris,

Et sedem fore Davidis
Cuncta in sæcula proli.

Mater nobilis urbium,
Semper te bona pax amet:
Et te semper amantibus
Cedant omnia recte.

Semper pax tua mœnia
Colat: semper in ædibus
Tuis copia dexterâ
Largâ munera fundat.

Dulcis Isacidum domus,
Te pax incola sospitet:
Sedes Numinis, omnia
Succedant tibi fauste.

## ZUINGER.

### Ps. 122.

O Lux candida, lux mihi
Læti conscia transitus!
Per Christi nieritum patet
Vitæ porta beatæ.

Me status revocat dies
Augustam Domini ad domum:
Jam sacra ætherii premam
Lætus limina templi.

Jam visam Solymæ edita
Cœlo culmina, et ædium
Cœtus Angelicos, suo et
Augustam populo urbem:

Urbem,

Urbem, quam procul infimis
Terræ finibus exciti
Petunt Christiadæ, ut Deum
Laudent voce perenni:

Jussam cœlitus oppidis
Urbem jus dare ceteris,
Et sedem fore Davidis
Cuncta in sæcla beati.

Mater nobilis urbium!
Semper te bona pax amat:
Et te semper amantibus
Cedunt omnia recte.

Semper pax tua mœnia
Colit; semper in atriis
Tuis copia dexterâ
Largâ munera fundit.

Dulcis Christiadûm domus,
Civem adscribe novitium:
Sola comitata Caritas,
Spes Fidesque valete.

# ÆSOP'S FABLES.

EVERY modern nation has been studious to produce ornamented editions of these favourite moral lessons. Barlow's Æsop, in English, French, and Latin, (Fol. 1677) are particularly valued for the spirited etchings with which they were adorned by the Editor himself. There is also a French Æsop, published under the quaint title of "Esbatiment Moral des Animaux," from which Barlow seems to have caught the spirit, if not exactly the invention of his sculptures. They are in a very similar style, but more highly finished; and the frontispiece, representing a kind of theatre, where the lion and several other beasts appear on the stage, and a part of the audience is represented below, is a specimen of the most beautiful etching that can be seen; this principal print being surrounded by designs from several histories and fables, in very small medallions. The book was printed at Antwerp by Philip Galle, and the dedication is dated 1578. The engraver appears to have been Peter Heyns, who addresses a copy of verses to the reader, immediately after the dedication: each plate being marked with the initials P. H. Who the Poet was, does not

appear,

appear, for the dedication has no signature, but "Votre tres humble Esbatement moral." But the verses are said, by Heyns, to have been begun in London.

Et toy Poéte François, vray amateur des Muses,
Tu y verras aussi des Heroique vers
En Sonet bien troussez: qui par deux cornemuses
(A Londres entonnez et finiz en Anvers)
Font sauter, a l'ennvy, Oyseaux, bestes, et vers.

Each fable is comprised in a French Sonnet, placed opposite to the plate which represents the subject; and each plate has a French motto above, and one or two texts of Scripture underneath. The book contains 125 Fables, and as many plates, all well designed and well executed. The fables are not all Æsopian, but selected from various authors. Though the sonnets are not very excellent, yet, as the book is, I believe, of rare occurrence, it may be worth while to introduce one as a specimen. I take a fable which I do not recollect to have seen elsewhere. The motto is,

*Dissention des Amis les faict proye aux Estrangers.*

DE LA GRENOUILLE ET DE LA SOURI.

De cet aspre conflict des Raines et des Rats,
Qui dura si long temps (dont Homere n'a honte

En

En ses chants les plus doux d'en reciter la conte)
Il en vint en la paix mesme de grans combats.
Comme une Raine aprez voulant par ces appas
Tirer (pour se vanger) une Souri, fort promte
De luy promettre assez, luy dict qu'elle se conte,
De luy faire en son lieu un magnific repas.
Mais la Raine noia la Souri miserable,
E flottant sur les eaux, un vaultour effroiable,
La ravit, et son hoste, à ses jambes lié.
L'homme meschant qui tasche à nuire ainsi sus terre
(Die tant qu'il voudra, qu'on luy avoit faict guerre)
En la fin perira, sans aucune pitié.

The French are extremely fond of turning narratives into sonnets. But there is a curious book, executed by command of Louis XIV., in which the whole of Ovid's Metamorphoses is converted into Rondeaux. Of this truly Frenchified performance a friend of mine has a magnificent copy in quarto, which has all the appearance of being a presentation book, having the arms and crown of France splendidly stamped on the covers, and on the back, IMP. ROYALE, for Imprimerie Royale. The author was no less a personage than the famous Benserade, and the title announces the Royal order, for its splendid publication, at least, if not for the composition. "Metamorphoses d'Ovide en Rondeaux, imprimez, et enrichis de figures, par Ordre de sa Majesté, et dediez à Monseigneur le Dauphin."

Below,

Below, on a vignette plate, are the Royal Crown, Arms, and Orders. The date 1676.

As the French Rondeau is of all absurd devices the most absurd, exceeding in strictness, as well as in quaintness, the sonnet itself, it will be curious to some readers, without doubt, to see how this strange task was executed. I should not omit to say, that for the designs, the Royal painter Le Brun was employed; a letter from whom, to Benserade, on the design of the Frontispiece, stands first in the book. After that, every thing is Rondeau. There is a double Rondeau to the King, a Dedication to the Dauphin in a Rondeau, a Rondeau for a Preface; the Royal Privilege, and even the Errata are announced in Rondeaux. The latter, as containing a witticism of the author, on the subject of his own very singular work, may serve, perhaps, as a good specimen.

ERRATA

EN RONDEAU.

*Dans ce volume,* où sont toutes les Fables,
S'il s'est glissé des fautes peu notables,
Ou qui ne soient que de l'impression,
Manque de soin, et d'aplication,
Un mot pour l'autre, elles sont excusables.

D'autres

D'autres peut-estre, et bien moins suportables,
Comme au bon sens plus préjudiciables,
Mériteroient une correction,
*Dans ce volume.*

Pour moi, parmy des fautes innombrables
Je n'en connois que deux considerables,
Et dont je fais ma déclaration,
C'est *l'Enterprise*, et *l'Exécution*,
A mon avis fautes irréparables,
*Dans ce volume.*

The "Extrait du Privilege du Roi" is a witticism of a similar kind, and deserves also, perhaps, to be selected from a number of attempts in which the Poet had less scope for his wit.

## EXTRAIT

### DU PRIVILEGE DU ROI.

### EN RONDEAU.

*Il est permis* à quelqu'un du Parnasse
Qui de Marot cherche à suivre la trace,
De mettre au jour des Rondeaux qu'il a faits,
Pour estre en vente exposez beaux, ou laids,
Et défendu que l'on les contre fasse.

Le Roy plus loin étend la mesme grace,
Tout Acheteur qui du prix s'embarasse
Peut affecter de les trouver mauvais.
*Il est permis.*

S'aban-

S'abandonner au public quelle audace!
A moins que d'estre Virgile, ou le Tasse,
Le meilleur est de n' imprimer jamais,
On y hazarde, et l'honneur et les frais;
Mais qui voudra faire le Fat le fasse,
*Il est permis.*

Here the origin of the Rondeau is referred to Marot, to whom the French doubtless think it does honour. Though it is easy to conceive with how little advantage Ovid's tales must appear thus travestied, I will give one specimen of them. Among so many it is not easy to choose, but that on the Metamorphosis of Argus makes as good an Epigram, perhaps, as any among them.

## ARGUS EN PAON.

*Avec cent yeux* bien ouverts sur sa tasche
Le malheureux s'endort, Junon se fasche,
De s'estre ainsi confiée à ses soins,
Ille le change en un Paon neanmoins
Et sa pitié jusques là se relasche.

Ses pieds sont laids, il n'a point d'autre tache,
Son ample queue est comme une grand panache
Où de l'Iris l'arc, et les traits sont joints,
*Avec cent yeux.*

Gens clair voyans, pensez-vouz qu'on vous sçache
Beaucoup de gré de toute vostre attache?

Veillez,

Veillez, grondez, cherchez par tous les coins,
Il n'en sera pourtant ni plus, ni moins,
Le pauvre Argus ne sçeut garder sa Vache,
*Avec cent yeux.*

The plates accompanying these Rondeaux are neatly engraved, and not ill designed: but so many fantastical epigrams are very fatiguing. At the end are some Rondeaux which are Acrostics also. The whole extends to 463 pages. A singular monument of idle labour!

# SHIP OF FOOLS.

SEBASTIAN Brandt's Ship of Fools, written in German, is well known, as well as Locher's Latin translation, first published in 1488, and again in 1497 and 8; also the English translation of Alexander Barclay, published with the Latin, from which he translated it, in 1570. But there is also a Dutch translation published at Leyden, in 1610, which is entitled *Narren Speel-Schuyt*, or *van't Narren Schip:* which means the Ship of Fools for Narr in German and Dutch means a Fool. Hence the Latin title *Navis Narragoniæ* is formed: *Narragonia* being an imaginary country of fools, from that German term Narr.

This Dutch edition has a copper-plate vignette in the title, representing the ship with its passengers, very elegantly engraved, and 103 wood cuts, executed with force and spirit: in some of which the designs are the same as those in Barclay, but in others very different. It is a small quarto.

Prefixed to the Dutch edition is an account of Sebastian Brandt, written by John Trithemius, Abbot of Spanheim, during the life of the author; where he is also called *Sebastianus Titio*, which is a translation of his German name. Trithe-

mius enumerates several other works of Brandt, who was then 37 years old, and in high favour with the Emperor Maximilian. Of the Ship of Fools he says, "Compilavit præterea mirâ arte et industriâ, vulgari tamen et vernaculâ linguâ libellum quendam quem NAVEM NARRAGONIÆ appellavit, in quo causam et radicem omnium stultitiarum adeo eleganter expressit, mores hominum carpit, et quædam salutaria remedia tradit, ut non jure stultorum librum, sed divinam potius satyram, opus illud appellasset. Nescio enim si quid tempestatis nostræ usibus salubrius aut jucundius legi possit. Aiunt eum magnoperè anniti, ut Latinè, carmine pariter et oratione solutâ, illud quam primùm prodeat." This was written in 1495. It is known that Brandt afterwards relinquished the task of translating it himself, and consigned it to his pupil Locher. This account of Trithemius is not in Barclay's book.

Barclay's other translations, and his own original Eclogues, and other poems in the same volume, seem to have been less noticed than they deserve. The Dutch translation is in the Collection of the Rev. Mr. White, of Lichfield.

# G. WITHER'S EMBLEMS.

OF the origin of the designs, Wither speaks thus in his Address to the Reader.

" These Emblems, graven in copper, by *Crispinus Passæus* with a motto in Greeke, Latine, or Italian, round about every figure; and with two lines (or verses) in one of the same languages, (periphrasing those motto's) came to my hands almost twentie yeares past. The verses were so meane, that they were afterwards cut off from the plates; and the collector of the said Emblems, (whether he be the versifier or the graver,) was neither so well advised in the choice of them, nor so exact in observing the true properties belonging to every figure, as hee might have beene,

" Yet the workmanship being judged very good, for the most part; and the rest excusable, some of my friends were so much delighted in the graver's art, and in those illustrations, which, for mine owne pleasure, I had made upon some few of them, that they requested me to moralize the rest. Which I condiscended unto: and they had beene brought to view many yeares agoe, but that the copper prints (which are now gotten)

could not be procured out of Holland, upon any reasonable conditions."

These prints, in their original state, as published at Arnheim, are well worthy of notice. Their merit, in that state, is hardly to be conceived from the worn condition in which they usually appear in Wither's book. The work, which is a thin quarto, without date, but published by John Janson of Arnheim, has a frontispiece finely engraved, and full of emblematical figures of considerable elegance. There is also a singularly fine portrait of Gabriel Rollenhagius of Magdeburg (æt. 27) the author of the verses subjoined to each emblem, which Wither, not without reason, despises. Yet there are two Epigrams in praise of the author, subjoined to his portrait; and another in commendation of his unfortunate couplets. The portrait and the frontispiece are both engraved by *Crispian Pas*, in his best style. The latter has within it this title, also engraved. "Nucleus emblematum selectissimorum, quæ Itali vulgo impresas vocant, privatâ industriâ, studio singulari undique conquisitus, non paucis venustis inventionibus auctus, additis carminibus illustratus à Gabriele Rollenhagio, Magdeburgense. Ex Musæo Cœlatorio Crispiani Passæi."

This book of Emblems is only one out of in which much excellence of design and ving is exhibited; and sometimes in combination

uttermost of my Power, that all in whom I have any interest do the same.

RICHARD CROMWELL.

London, Printed by *D. Maxwell*, 1659."

Properly subjoined to the above Paper, may be given the following Proclamation from Authority; which, though containing facts very generally known, has some particulars of names and expressions, which are not usually given in our English histories. There are also some peculiarities of orthography.

" By the King. A PROCLAMATION To summon the Persons therein named, who sate, gave Judgement, and assisted in that horrid and detestable Murder of His Majesties Royal Father of blessed memory, to appear and render themselves within Fourteen days, under pain of being excepted from Pardon.

CHARLES R.

CHARLES by the Grace of God, King of England, Scotland, France and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c. To all Our loving Subjects of England, Scotland and Ireland, Greeting. We taking notice by the Information of our Lords and Commons now assembled in

# PASQUIN AND MARFORIO.

THE Spectator was not the first Englishman who adopted these Roman Personages as the vehicles of his satire. In the reign of Elizabeth they were made the sole interlocutors in a dialogue against Puritans, there called *Martinists*. The Tract, which is probably very scarce, has this quaint title.

"The Returne of the renowned Cavaliero Pasquill * of England, from the other side the Seas, and his meeting with Marforius at London upon the Royall Exchange.

"Where they encounter with a little houshold talke of Martin and Martinisme, discovering the scabbe that is bredde in England: and conferring together about the speedie dispersing of the golden Legende of the Lives of the Saints."

Beneath this is a device cut in wood, of a Caduceus, with Mottos; and below, these words.

"If my breath be so hote that I burne my mouth, suppose I was printed by Pepper Allie. *Anno Dom.* 1589." 4to. 16 leaves.

The squibs affixed to the Statue of Pasquin, are usually termed Pasquills, but here that

* So called throughout.

name

name is given to *him*. Pasquill gives this account of himself, correspondent to what is elsewhere given.

" If any desire to know what I am, tell him that I was once a Barbour in Rome (as some report) and everie chayre in my shop was a tongueful of newes. Whatsoever was done in England, Fraunce, Germanie, Spaine, Italie, and other countries was brought to me. The high and secrete matters of Lordes, Ladies, Kings, Emperours, Princes, Popes, and Monarchs of the world, did ring everie day as shrill as a bason about my doores. In memory whereof, as *Mercurie* turnd *Battus* to a stone for bewraying his theft, it is thought that one Pope or other, mistrusting the slipprines of my toung, blest me into a stone to stoppe my mouth. Others affirme that the Cittie of Rome, to requite mee with honour when I dyed, erected me a little monument of stone, with a bodie, heade, and hands thicke and short, answerable to my stature, and set it up in the open streete, where I assure you I have stoode manie yeeres in the rayne, my face is so taud with the Sunne, and my hyde so hardened with the wether, that I neither blush when I byte any man, nor feele it when any man byteth me.

" Marfo. I wonder how you wer able to continue there? Pasq. To heare every mans talke that passed by, was better then meate and drinke to me. In steede of apparrel in Summer,

I wore nothing but paper lyueries, which manie great men bestowed upon me to their great cost; in winter, I care for no colde, because I am a stone."

Of the Roman collection of Pasquills I have spoken above. We see here how soon they were imitated in England. This Tract also is in Mr. White's Collection.

# RICHARD CROMWELL.

ACCIDENT has put me in possession, of what may be termed, a State Paper, and which I think sufficiently curious for a place in this work. It is the formal and authentic abdication of the supreme authority by Richard Cromwell, and eminently exhibits his extreme imbecility of mind, and contrast of his character with that of his father Oliver. My paper seems, however, to be imperfect, being only a loose single sheet, which I literally transcribe, but in which, mention is made of a Schedule of Richard's debts, which, according to what here appears, was printed along with it.

" His Late Highnes's LETTER to the PARLAMENT of ENGLAND

*Shewing his Willingness to Submit to this Present Government: Attested under his Owne Hand, and read in the House on Wednesday the 25th of May* 1659.

I have perused the Resolve and Declaration which you were pleased to deliver to me the other night, and for your Information touching what

what is mentioned in the said Resolve; I have caused a true State of my Debts to be transcribed, and annexed to this Paper, which will shew what they are, and how they were contracted.

As to that part of the Resolve whereby the Committee are to inform themselves how far I do acquiesce in the Government of this Commonwealth, as it is declared by this Parliament; I trust my past Carriage hitherto hath manifested my acquiescence in the will and disposition of God, and that I love and value the Peace of this Common-Wealth much above my own concernments; and I desire that by this a measure of my future deportment may be taken, which through the assistance of God shall be such as shall bear the same witness, having I hope in some degree learned rather to reverence and submit to the hand of God, than to be unquiet under it: And (as to the late Providences that have fallen out among us) however in respect of the particular Engagements that lay upon me, I could not be active in making a change in the Government of these Nations, yet through the goodness of God I can freely acquiesce in it being made, and do hold myself obliged, as (with other men) I expect *Protection* from the present Government, so to demean myself, with all peaceableness under it, and to procure to the utter-

uttermost of my Power, that all in whom I have any interest do the same.

RICHARD CROMWELL.

London, Printed by *D. Maxwell*, 1659."

Properly subjoined to the above Paper, may be given the following Proclamation from Authority; which, though containing facts very generally known, has some particulars of names and expressions, which are not usually given in our English histories. There are also some peculiarities of orthography.

" By the King. A PROCLAMATION To summon the Persons therein named, who sate, gave Judgement, and assisted in that horrid and detestable Murder of His Majesties Royal Father of blessed memory, to appear and render themselves within Fourteen days, under pain of being excepted from Pardon.

CHARLES R.

CHARLES by the Grace of God, King of England, Scotland, France and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c. To all Our loving Subjects of England, Scotland and Ireland, Greeting. We taking notice by the Information of our Lords and Commons now assembled in

Parliament, of the most horrid and execrable Treason and Murder committed upon the Person, and against the Life, Crown and Dignity of Our late Royal Father CHARLES the First, of blessed memory: And that John Lisle, William Say, Esquires, Sir Hardress Waller, Valentine Wauton, Edward Whalley Esquires, Sir John Bourchier Knight, William Heveningham Esq; Isaac Pennington Alderman of London, Henry Martin, John Barkstead, Gilbert Millington, Edmund Ludlow, John Hutchinson, Esquires, Sir Michael Livesay Baronet, Robert Tichborne, Owen Roe, Robert Lilburn, Adrian Scroope, John Okey, John Hewson, William Goffe, Cornelius Holland, John Carew, Miles Corbet, Henry Smith, Thomas Wogan, Edmund Harvey, Thomas Scot, William Cawley, John Downes, Nicholas Love, Vincent Potter, Augustine Garland, John Dixwell, George Fleetwood, Simon Meyne, James Temple, Peter Temple, Daniel Blagrave, and Thomas Wayte, Esquires, being deeply guilty of that most detestable and bloody Treason, in sitting upon, and giving Judgment against the Life of our Royal Father; And also John Cooke, who was imployed therein as Sollicitor, Andrew Broughton and John Phelps, who were imployed under the said persons as Clerks, and Edward Dendy who attended them as Serjeant at Arms, have out of the sense of their own Guilt lately fled and obscured themselves, whereby they

cannot be apprehended and brought to a personal and legal Trial for their said Treasons according to Law. We do therefore by the advice of Our said Lords and Commons, command, publish and declare by this Our proclamation, That all and every the persons before named shall within fourteen days next after the publishing of this Our Royal Proclamation, personally appear and render themselves to the Speaker or Speakers of Our House of Peers and Commons, or unto the Lord Mayor of Our City of London, or to the Sheriffs of our respective Counties of England and Wales, under pain of being excepted from any Pardon or Indemnity both for their respective Lives and Estates: And that no Person or Persons shall presume to harbour or conceal any the persons aforesaid, under pain of Misprision of High Treason.

Given at our Court at Whitehall the sixth day of June 1660. in The Twelfth Year of Our Reign.

LONDON, Printed by *John Bill* and *Christopher Barker*, Printers to the KINGS most excellent Majesty. 1660."

## LETTER

*From John Evelyn, Esq. to Sr. Hans Sloan.*

IT seems reasonable to presume that this letter accompanied a Copy of his Discourse on Medals, ancient and modern.

" To
Sir Hans Sloane, Bart.

Worthy S^r^,

I no sooner send you this Book, with the *Errata* (of which I immediately gave an Account in the *Philos. Transactions*) but finding it too late to Recall what had been dis pers'd; you will easily guesse, how sensibly I was Afflicted; not onely to see how the *printer* had Abus'd me (by leaving out many the most material *Corrections*) but how ill I was dealt with by those, who in my Absence all the Sumer (in Surry, many Miles from London) undertook to supervise, and repaire my failings: I do not by this go about to Extenuate my Mistaks and Follys, (which are inumerable,) but to deplore my Rashnesse and presumption, in not consulting Mr. *Charleton*, and such other Learned

Learned Friends, as out of Tendernesse to my Reputation, would either have dehorted me from publishing it at all, or Incourag'd me with their kind Assistance: But, as I say'd, tis now too late; the Wounds so deepe, and so many; that the Crazy Vessel must never hope to make a more fortunate Adventur, unlesse Repair'd by such Masterly hands as yours: you would therefore infinitely Oblige me with your free Animadversions: I should, (I assure you) most thankfully Receive, and Acknowledge them, as becomes,

S',

Your most humble and

most Obliged Servant

I. Evelyn.

I have endeavord to reforme some of the grosser *Errata*, but the paper is so bad, that I should have but multiply'd faults instead of mending them. I have (in the meane time also) provided some considerable Materials for my own satisfaction and to leave it with some improvements, but without any intention of publishing them, after this miscariage."

## LETTER

*From the Duke of Portland, sent with a Copy of the Report on the Union, between England and Scotland.*

" THE Duke of Portland, presents his compliments to Mr. PLANTA and requests he will offer for the acceptance of the Trustees of the British Museum, a report on the union between England and Scotland, and the appendix containing the original papers, upon which the Report is founded.

When the question of Union between England and Ireland came under the consideration of His Majesty's Ministers, the Duke of Portland employed Mr. Bruce, the keeper of the State Papers, to collect in his office the Precedents in the History of the Union between England and Scotland; which might illustrate the subject, for the purpose of bringing in aid of the intended Arrangement with Ireland, the wisdom and experience of former times, by which investigation it will appear that many of the arguments which were brought against the Union with Scotland, and which time has completely refuted, are the same with those which the Opponents of an Union with Ireland, at present rely.

Whitehall, 15 Feby.
1799."

# A LETTER.

*Copy of a Letter written by Dr. Robinson, the Editor of Hesiod, to Egerton, Bishop of Durham, with a large paper Copy of the Hesiod.*

My Lord,

BEING prevented by the bad weather, and something else of more consequence to me, from paying my duty to your Lordship this year, I beg leave to send an old friend to wait upon you in my stead, and to make my excuses. He comes to you in a dress which, perhaps, some will think too gaudy for a gentleman of his age and character; but I considered what fine company he was to keep, if he should have the honour to be admitted into your Lp's library, and was therefore desirous to have him dressed in the uniform. Yr. Lp. is not unacquainted with the real worth of the man, and for the sake of it will excuse whatever has been improperly added to him, by,

My Lord,
Your most dutiful
and
Obedient Servant
T. ROBINSON.

Ponteland,
Oct. 8, 1756.

## THE CRUELL DEBTER.

AS fly leaves to an old book, of 1573, we find two complete, but not successive, leaves of an old play, entitled "The Cruell Debter." The Interlocutors who there appear, are Ophiletis, Rigor, Basileus, Proniticus, Flateri, Simulatyon. The names of the speakers are in the outer margin, and the directions to the actors. The whole in black letter, except a line of Latin, which is printed in Italic. This fragment begins thus:

*Ophiletis.* It was tyme to haue in redynes all thynge
For yonder cōmeth Basileus my Lord & Kynge.

*Rygor.* As far as we can let us stande asyde
Tyll he sendeth for you let us yonder abyde.

*Bas.* I thanke you Proniticus for your dylygence,
Doubt you not, but your paynes we wyll recompence.
I am pleased w$^{th}$. the accomptes that you haue taken
None of your bookes nor bylles shal be forsaken
The moste part of my debtters haue honestly payed
And they that were not redy I have gently dayed.

*Pron.*

*Pron.* If it plese your grace we haue not finisht your mind,
Thear is one of your greatest debtters yet behind,
We haue perused the parcelles in your bookes set
And we find hym ten thousand talents in your debt,
So we assigned hym before your grace to come
And to make a rekenyng for the whole sūme.

*Bas.* I wene it be that unthryfty fellow Ophiletis.

*Pron.* Yea truly, if it like your grace, the same it is,
I cōmaunded hym to be redy here in place,
That we myght brynge hym before your grace.

*Bas.* Wyth all .... tie I wolde haue hym sought,
And before myne owne presence to be bronght.

*Pron.* I perceyue that he is euen here at hand,
I see that in a redynes yonder he doth stand.

It is very evident, from the specimen thus preserved, that the subject of this drama was the unjust debtor in our Saviour's Parable; who, being forgiven a large debt by his Lord, persecuted his fellow-servant for a small one.

The above is in the possession of the Rev. Henry White, of Lichfield.

# FRAGMENT OF A POEM

## TO LORD WARWICK.

RUNNING TITLE

"A NUE YEARES GIFT."

TO MY LORDE OF

WARWICKE.

Page

1 To presēt Mars w^t^ paper skrowlls
that sword and target lieks
And ioyes in clattringe coets of steel
and goodly armed pieks.

It wear as I should giue a reede
whear lawnce is clapt in rest:
And warlike armour at the need,
defends the noble brest.

2 But whear thear is no weapons bright
that fit is for the field:
A man is foerst from barrain tree,
baer trifulls for to yeld.

Yet had I Cressus wealth at will,
my wants to furnish throw:
I skarce could tel what gift wear meet,
for worthy Warwike now,

3 And

3 And waginge sens I was your man,
I passe my bounds I feare
To yeilde my maister other fruet,
than simple soile doth bear.

This argues but my greate good will,
as farre as duetie goes:
Or may be cald for chaunge of spetch,
a foile that vertue shoes.

4 Of him whose natuer from the Nurs,
hath bin so noblie bent:
That with his life both staetly courte,
and country stands content.

And sayth that heer we haue to few,
or noen like him at all:
In sondry pointes of honour suer,
that we most noble call.

* * * *

Then follows a chasm, of what length is uncertain.

5 If enuye barke at well wonne faem,
it calls mens acts to minde:
And still reuieus the lamp with oyle,
that els would waest with wind.

If world but wist, what good doth ries,
throw enuies deepe disdaine:
With bieting words it would not seeke,
mans credite to distaine.

6 Who clipps renowme, is lieke a foole,
that faine would robb the Sunne:
Or one that sporns and kieks at Faem,
that worthies well haue wunne.

Twear better striue to win like lawds
by blotles life in deede:
Than shaek the head or bend the brow,
at uerses that you reed.

7 Of others prayse, but God be thankt,
the hatefull are so weake:
(And uoyde of strēgth) the happy needs
not caer what babblars speake.

The learned hath a mortall foe,
of him that knothing knoes:
The floure is malliest by a weede,
that for no purpose groes.

8 Well: whear that noble nature dwells,
and parfait honour is:
Thear vertue harbreth in the hart,
and rests the God of blis.

Take wel in worth my Nueyeares gift,
for whiells your vertues liue:
And I maye write, I minde like verse,
to you or yours to giue.

Finis q goodwill.

This is all in black letter, and forms two fly leaves to Neville "de furoribus Norfolciensium Ketto duce." In the possession of the Rev. Mr. White, of Lichfield.

THE

# THE DUCHESS OF SUFFOLK.

THE following curious old Ballad has never appeared in any collection, and seems well worthy of being preserved. It was originally printed in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

" THE MOST RARE AND EXCELLENT HISTORY OF THE DUCHESS OF SUFFOLK, AND HER HUSBAND, RICHARD BERTIE'S CALAMITIES.

To the tune of " Queen Dido."

I.

When GOD had taken, for our sin,
That prudent Prince King Edward away,
Then bloody Bonner did begin
His raging malice to bewray;
All those that did GOD's word profess,
He persecuted more or less.

II.

Thus while the LORD on us did low'r,
Many in prison he did throw,
Tormenting them in Lollards' Tower,
Whereby they might the truth forego,
Then Cranmer, Ridley, and the rest,
Were burning in the fire, that CHRIST profess'd.

III.

Smithfield was then with faggots fill'd,
And many places more beside;
At Coventry was Saunders kill'd,
At Worcester eke good Hooper died;
And to escape this bloody day,
Beyond-sea many fled away.

IV.

Among the rest that sought relief,
And for their faith in danger stood,
Lady Elizabeth was chief,
King Henry's daughter of Royal Blood;
Who in the Tower did prisoner lie,
Looking each day when she should die.

V.

The Dutchess of Suffolk seeing this,
Whose life likewise the Tyrant sought,
Who in the hopes of heavenly bliss,
Within GOD's word her comfort wrought;
For fear of death was forc'd to fly,
And leave her house most secretly.

VI.

That for the love of GOD alone,
Her land and goods she left behind;
Seeking still that precious stone,
The word and truth so rare to find:
She with her husband, nurse, and child,
In poor array their sighs beguil'd.

VII.

Thus thro' London they pass'd along,
Each one did take a several street;
Aud all along escaping wrong,
At Billingsgate they all did meet:
Like people poor, in Gravesend barge,
They simply went with all their charge.

VIII.

And all along from Gravesend town,
With journey short, on foot they went;
Unto the sea-coast came they down,
To pass the seas was their intent;
And GOD provided so that day,
That they took ship, and sail'd away.

IX.

And with a prosp'rous gale of wind
In Flanders they did safe arrive;
This was to them great ease of mind,
And from their hearts much woe did drive;
And so, with thanks to GOD on high,
They took their way to Germany.

X.

Thus as they travel'd still disguis'd,
Upon the highway suddenly,
By cruel thieves they were surpris'd,
Assaulting their small company;
And all their treasure, aud their store,
They took away, and beat them sore.

XI.

The nurse, amidst of all their fright,
Laid down the child upon the ground;
She ran away out of their sight,
And never after that was found.
Then did the Dutchess make great moan,
With her good husband all alone.

XII.

The thieves had then their horses kill'd,
An all their money quite had took;
The bretty baby almost spoil'd,
Was by the nurse likewise forsook;
And they far from their friends did stand,
And succourless in a strange land.

XIII.

The skie likewise began to scoul,
It hail'd and rain'd in piteous sort,
The way was long, and wondrous foul,
Then may I now full well report,
Their grief and sorrow were not small,
When this unhappy chance did fall.

XIV.

Sometimes the Dutchess bore the child,
As wet as ever she could be,
And when the lady kind and mild
Was weary, then the child bore he;
And thus they one another eas'd,
And with their fortunes seem'd well pleas'd.

XV.

And after many a weary step,
All wet-shod both in dirt and mire;
After much grief their hearts yet leap,
For labour doth some rest require.
A town before them they did see,
But lodged there they could not be.

XVI.

From house to house then they did go,
Seeking that night where they might lie;
But want of money was their woe,
And still their babe with cold did cry;
With cap and knee their court'sy make,
But none of them would pity take.

XVII.

Lo! here a Princess of great blood
Doth pray a peasant for relief,
With tears bedewed as she stood,
Yet few or none regard her grief:
Her speech they could not understand,
But some gave money in her hand.

XVIII.

When all in vain her speech was spent,
And that they could not house-room get,
Into a Church-porch * then they went,
To stand out of the rain and wet;

* Of St. Willebrode, at Wesel, in Germany, wherein the Dutchess fell in labour, and was delivered of a son, called Peregrine, afterwards Lord Willoughby of Eresby.—See Collins's Peerage, &c.

Then

Then said the Dutchess to her dear,
" O, that we had some fire here!"

XIX.

Then did her husband so provide,
That fire and coals they got with speed;
She sat down by the fire-side,
To dress her daughter that had need:
And while she dress'd it in her lap,
Her husband made the infant pap.

XX.

Anon the Sexton thither came,
And finding them there by the fire;
The drunken knave, all void of shame,
To drive them out was his desire;
And spurning out the Noble Dame,
Her Husband's wrath he did inflame.

XXI.

And all in fury as he stood,
He wrung the church-keys from his hand,
And struck him so that all the blood
Ran down his head as he did stand;
Wherefore the Sexton presently
For aid and help aloud did cry.

XXII.

Then came the officers in haste,
And took the Dutchess and her child;
And with her husband thus they past,
Like lambs beset with tigers wild;
And to the Governor were brought,
Who understood them not in aught.

XXIII. Then

XXIII.

Then Master Bertie brave and bold,
In Latin made a gallant speech,
Which all their mis'ries did unfold,
And their high favour did beseech.
With that a Doctor sitting by
Did know the Dutchess presently.

XXIV.

And thereupon arising streight,
With looks abased at the sight;
Unto them all that there did wait,
He thus broke forth in words aright:
"Behold! within your sight, quoth he,
A Princess of most high degree!"

XXV.

With that the Governor, and all ths rest,
Were much amaz'd the same to hear!
Who welcomed this new-come guest,
With rev'rence great, and princely cheer;
And afterwards convey'd they were
Unto their friend Prince Casimir.

XXVI.

A son she had in Germany,
Peregrine Bertie call'd by name,
Surnam'd the good Lord Willoughby,
Of courage great, and worthy fame:
Her daughter young, that with her went,
Was afterwards Countess of Kent.

XXVII. For,

XXVII.

For, when Queen Mary was deceas'd,
The Dutchess home return'd again;
Who was of sorrow quite releas'd
By Queen Elizabeth's happy reign;
Whose godly life and piety
We may praise continually.

# THE GOLDEN LEGEND.

WE have all of us admired in our youth the notable judicial decisions of Sancho Pancha in his government, without being at all disposed to question their claims to originality. One of them, however, may be traced as far back as the Golden Legend. By placing both passages before him, the reader will be able to determine for himself.

"There was a man y$^{t}$ had borrowed of a Jewe a somme of money, and sware upon the awter of saynt Nycolas that he wolde rendre and paye it agayne as soone as he myght, and gave none other pledge. And this man helde this money so longe that the iewe demanded and asked his money. And he sayd that he had payed him. Than the iewe made hym to come before the lawe in judgement, and the othe was gyven to y$^{e}$ dettour, & he brought with hym an holowe staffe, in whiche he had put the money in golde, and he lente upon y$^{e}$ staffe. And whan he sholde make his othe & swere, he delyvered his staffe to ye iewe to kepe and holde whyles he sware, and than sware y$^{t}$ he had delyvered to him more than he ought to hym. And whā he had made the othe he demanded his staffe agayn

of the iewe, & he nothynge knowing of his malice delivered it to him. Than this deceyvour went his waye & layd him in the way & a cart with foure wheles came with grete force & slewe him, and brake the staff with golde, that it spred abrode. And whan the iewe herde this, he came thyder sore moved, & sawe the fraude. And many sayd to him that he should take to him the golde. And he refused it sayinge. But yf he y$^{t}$ was deed were not raysed agayne to lyfe by y$^{e}$ merites of saynt Nicolas, he wolde not receyve it. And yf he came agayne to lyfe he wolde receyve baptysm and become chrysten. Than he that was deed arose, & the iewe was chrystened.

GOLDEN LEGEND. IMPRYNTED AT LONDON IN FLETESTRETE, AT THE SYGNE OF THE SONNE BY WYNHYN DE WORDE XXVII August CCCCCXXVII."

JARVIS'S TRANSLATION OF DON QUIXOTE. 8vo. edit. 1749. Vol. II. 257.

The next that presented themselves before him were two ancient men, the one with a cane in his hand for a staff; and he without a staff said: My lord, some time ago I lent this man ten crowns of gold, to oblige and serve him, upon condition he should return them on demand. I let him alone a good while, without asking for them, because I was loth to put him to a greater

strait to pay me, than he was in when I lent them. But at length, thinking he was negligent of the payment, I asked him, more than once or twice, for my money, and he not only refuses payment, but denies the debt, and says, I never lent him any such sum, and, if I did, that he has already paid me: and I having no witnesses of the loan, or he of the payment, I intreat your worship will take his oath; and if he will swear he has returned me the money, I acquit him from this minute before God and the world. What say you to this, old gentleman with the staff? quoth Sancho. To which the old fellow replied: I confess, my lord, he did lend me the money; and if your worship pleases to hold down your wand of justice, since he leaves it to my oath, I will swear I have really and truly returned it him. The governor held down the wand, and the old fellow gave the staff to his creditor to hold, while he was swearing, as if it encumbered him; and presently laid his hand upon the cross of the wand, and said it was true indeed, he had lent him those ten crowns he asked for; but that he had restored them to him into his own hand; and because, he supposed, he had forgot it, he was every moment asking him for them. Which the great governor seeing, he asked the creditor what he had to answer to what his antagonist had alledged. He replied, he did not doubt but his debtor had said the truth, for he took him

to be an honest man and a good christian; and that he himself must have forgot, when and where, the money was returned; and that from thenceforward, he would never ask him for it again. The debtor took his staff again, and bowing his head, went out of court. Sancho seeing this, and that he was gone without more ado, and observing also the patience of the creditor, he inclined his head upon his breast, and laying the fore finger of his right hand upon his eyebrows and nose, he continued, as it were, full of thought, a short space, and then lifting up his head, he ordered the old man with the staff, who was already gone, to be called back. He was brought back accordingly, and Sancho seeing him, said: Give me that staff, honest friend; for I have occasion for it. With all my heart, answered the old fellow, and delivered it into his hand. Sancho took it, and giving it to the other old man, said: Go about your business, in God's name, for you are paid. I, my lord? answered the old man: what! is this cane worth ten golden crowns? Yes, quoth the governor, or I am the greatest dunce in the world; and now it shall appear whether I have a head to govern a whole kingdom. Straight he commanded the cane to be broken before them all. Which being done there were found in the hollow of it ten crowns in gold. All were struck with admiration, and took their new governor for a second

second Solomon. They asked him, whence he had collected, that the ten crowns were in the cane. He answered that, upon seeing the old man give it his adversary, while he was taking the oath and swearing that he had really and truly restored them into his own hands, and when he had done, ask for it again, it came into his imagination, that the money in dispute must be in the hollow of the cane. Whence it may be gathered that God Almighty often directs the judgments of those who govern, though otherwise mere blockheads: besides he had heard the priest of his parish tell a like case.

# MISCELLANEOUS OBSERVATIONS.

I SHALL employ the small space which remains, to correct a few errors, and make some casual remarks on the preceding parts of these volumes.

## VOL. I.

Page 10. *for* traits *read* Tracts.

P. 74. *for* Da Merechal *read* De Marechal.

P. 75. *for* Editonem *read* Editionem.

P. 115. *for* Mille's *read* Millii.

P. 121. I have in this page asserted that in 1471, none of the Printers were in possession of Greek types. I have since discovered that this was not the case.

P. 151. *for* Willer *read* Willett.

P. 228. *for* Fusii *read* Frisii.

P. 328. I have here mentioned, that the first Play published with Engravings was the Empress of Morocco, by Elkanah Settle. I should have added, that the Engravings were by W. Dolle.

P. 353. *for* Rajan *read* Ragau.

P. 393. *for* Cocke Lorells Vote *read* Cock Lorells Bote.

## VOL. II.

Page 134. *for* Pray to images in Lattaine, *read* Pray to images and all in Lattaine.

P. 182. *for* MAMILLA *read* MAMILLIA.

I may take this opportunity of adding to the list of Robert Greene's performances:

1. Nusquam sera est, or a Treatise decyphering particular Vanities, &c. 1607. 4to.

2. Pandosto. The Triumph of Time. 1629. 4to.

3. Camilla.

P. 204. GABRIEL HARVEY.

The subject of this writer's compositions is by no means exhausted. I find, on further enquiry, that he wrote various other things than are here mentioned; particularly many Verses in Primers and Almanacs. See Nashe's Saffron Walden, and more particularly E K's Letter prefixed to Spenser's Shepherd's Calendar, and his Notes on Ecl. 9. where many of Harvey's works are noticed.

P. 211. The "pleasant conceited Historie, called the Taming of a Shrew" cost the Duke of Roxburgh Five Guineas.

P. 232. MORLINUS.

This book has lately been reprinted at Paris, but, as it is said, only twenty copies were taken off. Many of Straparoles Novels are from Morlini.

P. 263. DR. DEE.

I wish to apologize for the extreme length of this article. It was transcribed by an amanuensis, and I was not aware that it would occupy so large a space.

P. 349. "The Expedicion in Scotlande" was, I find, reprinted at Edinburgh in 1798, with Fragments of Scotish History.

P. 368. Fylostrato was re-printed at Paris in 1798, in Octavo, by Didot.

THE END.

Printed by Law and Gilbert, St. John's Square, Clerkenwell.

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